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THE GREAT PROBLEM OF AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP IS TO GEAR AMERICAN CHRISTIANITY TO AMERICAN POLITICS. THE ONLY AVAILABLE MACHINERY FOR THAT IS A WORKING UNION OF GOOD MEN AND WOMEN, AND TO EFFECT SUCH A UNION THE ANTI-SALOON LEAGUE HAS FOUND THE WAY

THE CALL OF AN EPOCH

By JOHN G. WOOLLEY, LL. D.

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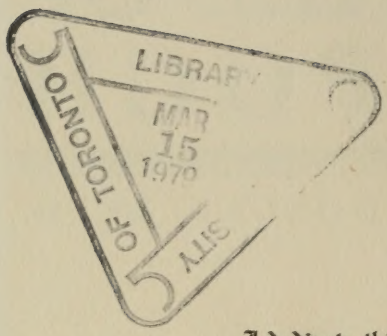

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I dedicate this book to

My Wife

THESE MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS
MADE THEIR FIRST FLIGHT FOR YOU,
HERE THEY COME, IN A FLOCK,
OUT OF THE LONG STORM, TO YOU

JOHN G. WOOLLEY

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PREFACE

THIS PREFACE is, of course, a postscript. It is also quite superfluous, since the motif of these and all of my many public speeches is aggressively obvious and monotonously recurrent. It is prefixed here with the same idea—whatever it is—that musical composers have, who finish with a rush at the same chord they began with, but louder.

My old friend of other years, THOMAS FITCH, a great man, who would have got a high place in our history if he had not known so much, once made a petulant but friendly comment on my mental equipment. He had brought an ominous looking lawsuit against a rich client of mine and appeared at the trial with a wonderful brief. I had none, but beat him promptly and conclusively. As we walked away together from the Court House, he said: "It is of no use to be a good lawyer. I knew all the learning of that case, from Moses to the morning paper, and you didn't know anything except where to kick me."

At my first survey of the case against the liquor traffic I saw precisely where to kick it. The Church was the logical plaintiff and it was an ollapodrida of temperamental temperance societies that made merely a number of slight ripples in the main stream of liquor power, without checking or disturbing it. Like the old woman that lived in a shoe, she had so many children she didn't know what to do, while the liquor traffic was a compact, fighting political profiteer, with a single political issue, a perfectly definite program and no party, no pity, no patriotism and no conscience. The temperance societies and evangelists were doing a noble work and, in a small way, successfully. But the scale of operation was the same as that of the benevolent Samaritan who, on his way somewhere else, gave first aid to one of many victims of a band of thieves who themselves would not have resented the charity. And while they towed one derelict to the inn of abstinence, the licensed saloon beat up and robbed a dozen more. It was like throwing a scrap of suet to a sparrow while the world was buried in snow.

The atmosphere of the movement was charged with a kind

of low pressure criticism, rivalry and dissension. There was no organized, full time, determined opposition *to the business.* Temperance prayer meetings were entertained in saloons and the placards of temperance speakers were given space in saloon windows. The liquor dealers themselves joined with the saints and the job chasers to praise and even to support temperance meetings that were conducted with a care to keep the subject out of politics; which in effect meant that the business should be kept from mortal harm. Mrs. Foster split the Woman's Christian Temperance Union for going into politics, as later, Mr. St. John split the Prohibition party for not going in deeper. Temperance preaching was devoted and eloquent, but liquor practice was dominant and indefatigable.

The performance of the Church then, makes me think now of an automobile without any clutch, or a clutch that would not clutch. It had a good steering geer, a remarkable cooling system, a powerful engine, excellent materials in construction, fine lines, good lights and a loud hooter, and it went like a hurricane internally. But relatively to the surface of the earth it was stationary. It had no grip on the main shaft of the democracy that would transmit the power of the engine to the cogwheels of politics in the rear axle. So, it appeared to be entirely occupied in cranking itself. This was not wholly futile, of course, for it kept itself lubricated and in condition to move whenever and if ever something should happen to stop the leak of power and start it going somewhere. But for the time, and a long time, it was stuck on the King's highway with a roaring engine and a smoking radiator, running in neutral, watching the red tail light of liquor juggernaut chugging insolently ahead, to the city hall, the legislature and the National Capitol.

Along came the Prohibition Party, young, honest, pious, intelligent but raucous, clear-sighted as a prophet, but near-sighted as a mechanician, and shouted: "Power is of no use without ability! What is the good of your engine, if you can't move the hind wheels? Throw in your clutch." Which was absolutely true in fact and sound advice. The quantity of motion in any church is determined by its ability to connect its spirit to the civic life. The engine of this democracy is Christianity. But the power engages in the rear axle, which is poli-

tics. But the advice was easier to give than to take, for the only clutch mechanism is a sincere, logical, practical Christian electorate. To function as a clutch good men and women, the natural enemies of the saloon, must act together, just as in grasping anything, the thumb and fingers must close upon one another.

Right there the Prohibition party failed. It was completely successful in fixing the Great Reform in politics; but as completely failed to combine the enemies of the liquor trade and throw in the clutch that would make piety and politics a solid shaft of power. On the contrary, it stimulated division and increased the difficulty of union by the very quality that made it a great agitator. It won its case but lost its client.

The locomotive possibilities of the Church lay in the friction of the hind wheels with the earth. These hind wheels were the two great political parties. When one was inflated the other was flat. The Prohibition party, seeing that on a keel so uneven the course of movement would be in a circle, and being more anxious to go straight than to go at all, proceeded to puncture the inflated tire. This got attention, of course, which was very useful, but also bitter antagonism which paralyzed progress, and after twenty years of prophesying, that would have made Jeremiah uneasy, there was nothing doing but noise and an unpleasant odor of heated bearings.

Then came the Anti-Saloon League, with no new word of prophesy, no criticism, no competitive program. But it was an expert Christian mechanician. Almost immediately we got under way, in low gear, to be sure, but going strong. And going straight, for it began by pumping up both the old party tires impartially—a surprising performance that looked like crass opportunism, and near treason to the Church, but for that reason a performance of great publicity value. Then it got under the car to study the clutch.

To get a united, gripping constituency between the crankshaft and the differential, was the problem, and it looked pretty hopeless. Denominational lines were tight and close, and party lines run up like Jack's beanstalk. The League made only one boast, but a big one. It said that it could take the Church to the end of the road to Prohibition under its own power by co-

ordinating the Prohibitionists of all denominations and all parties, playing no favorites, sending out for no new parts, nor turning out for any other thing, however desirable. Its fairness, reasonableness and sureness of touch began immediately to get confidence.

It went into a legislative district where the popular sentiment was strongly Christian, strongly Republican, and strongly dry, and approached the dominant political leaders in private and the masses in public meetings, with substantially this proposition, "This is a Republican district. You have the right to keep it so, if you can. But it is a dry district and entitled to a dry representative in the legislature. I have no purpose, or desire, to help the Democrats, as against you. But you must be fair to the dry sentiment. Nominate a dry Republican and if the opposition does the like, I keep hands off. If a wet Democrat is put up, I will support you with a corps of dry Democrats. On the other hand, if you name a wet Republican against a dry Democrat, I will support the Democrat with a battery of dry Republican speakers and in time we will beat you. This is no threat. It is simply good politics for both parties in any case."

Very soon, in multiplying districts, we had Republicans and Democrats competing for the dry support. Party lines grew dim as the light of Christian patriotism brightened, and Church lines disappeared altogether, as to Prohibition. The temperance societies ran together under the new leadership, as hope and the joy of clean conflict revived in the hearts of Christian voters. Small victories were consolidated into larger advances, local gains began to affect larger units and presently, State Legislatures took action and on the sixteenth of January, 1920, the clutch was shifted into high gear and the Church, with every cylinder hitting, was eating the road.

It is an inspiring story, perfectly true, and honorable to us all. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union put Prohibition into the public school. The Prohibition Party put Prohibition into national politics. The Anti-Saloon League put Prohibition into action. America put Prohibition into the politics of the world.

THE CALL OF AN EPOCH

An address before the National Convention of the American Anti-Saloon League, at Columbus, Ohio, November 10, 1913

MAKE A CHAIN; for the land is full of bloody crimes and the city is full of violence!"

So rang out the clarion voice of a great prophet, on the muffled ear drums of the sentimental, factional, unorganized and ineffective good citizenship of ancient Israel.

A nation that thought it worshiped God; that He had chosen it for His own and led it out from tyranny to independence; that its law was of His own making, and its destiny to make itself a blessing to all the nations of the earth, was settling like a mired brute in the quicksand of partyism and moneyism. Common labor was impaled on the bayonets of capital. Public honesty was hamstrung. Practical religion was a hookworm. Law was a plaything of the rich. Trade was degraded to a kind of brigandage. Weights and measures were false. Crime, organized into a creed, a business and a political science, gorged itself like a hideous black leech, over the vitals of the body politic, and city government was a clearing-house for master thieves.

I am not now speaking of New York, or Chicago, but Jerusalem. Yet it is a dull ear that does not hear that same persistent trumpet note of right reason and pure religion here and now; for prophecy is only intensive common sense calculating in eternal values—the logic of certainties. It is pertinent and valid whenever and

wherever the struggle after social righteousness is going on. Short of fulfillment it never ceases, and it never fails. Israel keyed down to base ideals and administered in expert corruption, for special interests, in contempt of the general good, must die, does die, can do nothing else but die. But Israel born from above to righteousness, and organized to win it, and wear it, for a civic crown, shall live and reign forever.

"If thou take away from the midst of thee the bar (not 'yoke'), the putting forth of the finger, and draw out thy soul to the hungry, and satisfy the afflicted soul, then shall thy light rise in obscurity, and thy darkness shall be as the noonday, and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

"Make a chain!"

The theocratic democracy against which the inspired statesman thundered was no more entitled to the name "Israel" than is the United States of America. "Israel" is the generic term for Christian civilization. Literally, it means "God fights." And whenever and wherever mean-minded majorities combine business and politics in such a way as to produce, condone and facilitate crime, and create conditions of lawlessness in the congested, restless, dangerous centers of population, the standing order of Jehovah to the children of light is: "Make a chain!"

A democracy is a parallelogram of political forces exerted by two groups of citizens, one lifting, as the sun lifts, and one dragging, as the sea drags when the tide is running out. The social sag is easy and constant. It gets

the flabby multitude. The social lift is dynamic and intermittent. It depends on the few, the vital, the decisive. That explains why one lifter can chase a thousand drifters, and why the combination of two heavenward fighters multiplies their chasing power by ten.

The vicious always have the cowardice of their lack of convictions and self-respect; and instinctively they combine loosely and treacherously, like a pack of wolves.

The virtuous are brave, proud and refractory. They tend to stand apart. They combine slowly and with difficulty, like the stars in their courses. The secret of civilization is to get the sunward elements of society in conjunction, pulling together.

"Make a chain!"

A chain is a series of links, so engaged with one another as to express and exert their strength as a unit. It is never a rival of its component parts, or of links fit to be added. It is nothing but a method by which its members, qualitatively strong, but weak in prehensibility, can add grappling facility to intrinsic strength and apply it as power, to the load.

To become a member in a chain never lowers, but always raises, the dignity of the link. If a link scorn to coöperate with others of its kind, it may rejoice in its quality of material and power of resistance; but, without grip and availability, it remains a metal doughnut, a quoit for gamsters to pitch back and forth, an iron cipher, a mockery of power, a protest in a scrap heap. Membership is never a surrender of character, but always a conquest of adaptability and reach.

"Make a chain!"

Heterogeneous links, unequally yoked together, make a weak chain. That is the natural history of our two too permanent political parties. They are scrap products, combining churches and breweries, schools and saloons, in equal honor; their strength, as in all chains, determined by the weakest link. They hold together only by avoiding strain, and, at their best, barely and precariously support their own weight. So, necessarily, they make their patriotic calculations in the lowest terms of citizenship—cunning, prejudice, and spoils—and so, necessarily, contract the vices of their quality, cowardice, corruptibility, treachery. The lamprey eels of politics thrive in them. But the leviathan passions of progress have to fight for every breath of life. Their poverty of genuine power drives them to political quackery, not that they love the country less, but that they love the spoils of office more. They use an emasculated proverb of efficiency, "Whoever is worth doing is worth doing well."

"Make a chain!"

What the prophet meant by a "chain" was a league. He was not a stump-puller, but a constructive statesman. A league is a living, thinking chain, evolved from the gregarious social habit that in a cruder age produced political parties, but new-forged, for new occasions and composed of honest, similar members, equally yoked together, for character, service, availability, and the last ounce of present power and staying power, in the wide-open and on high principle.

Every great triumph of civilization has been won by a league. History is full of illustrations. Take the American union as a shining example. It is doubtful if ever a

more upstanding, diverse and independent lot of thinkers got together than the delegates to the Constitutional Convention, and the Colonies themselves were like their representatives. The speech of Benjamin Franklin in that debate is the greatest commentary on chain-making, in any language. The high test was found; and how that old chain-cable of 1789 has held! How it has toughened with the mighty strains that have been put upon it!

"The era of good feeling," when James Monroe was President, was an early prophecy of the day now dawning, when permanent political parties melt under the sunglasses of social education, and leagues of open-minded, high-minded, free-minded citizens extend themselves, unfoolable and unbreakable, across the runways of the demagogues.

It was no personal eccentricity, but a healthy reaction to the spirit of the new age, when Woodrow Wilson took his great commission from the great civic league unnamed, as yet, but coming steadily into power, with these immortal words: "This is not a day of triumph; it is a day of dedication. Here muster, not the forces of party, but the forces of humanity. Men's hearts wait upon us; men's lives hang in the balance; men's hopes call upon us to say what we will do. Who shall live up to the great trust? Who dares fail to try? I summon all honest men, all patriotic, all forward-looking men, to my side. God helping me, I will not fail them, if they will but counsel and sustain me."

"Make a chain!"

In the Prohibition movement, for a hundred years, we have been making links, tough drop-forgings, but hard to

couple together—working in brilliant but stationary detachment. But tonight we make a chain. That is the prime significance of this Convention. The tested links, of flawless loyalty to country and to humanity, open here to each other and close upon each other, in a bond of the purest patriotism ever struck in the republic.

It is the beginning of the end of partyism among Christian men. It is the repudiation of moneyism. It is the inauguration of an epoch. It is the constitutional convention of the united churches of America, in national action against the crime of crimes.

What is this crime of crimes?

I shut my eyes, and on the wings of thought, fly to some lofty eminence, whence, looking down, I can take in the nation, at a glance, in all its wide extent. I hear the roaring oceans, East and West, and ever and again between their mighty voices I catch the murmuring of woods and streams, the ring of axes in the forest, the clang of factory bells, the crash of looms, the hum of traffic, and the shouts of playing children. But always persisting in the midst of the pervading harmony, I hear another sound of utter discord, so high and like a wail, so low and like a groan, so piercing like a hiss, so constant and so penetrating that it outruns the mighty music, and never ceases to be heard, or rather, felt. So weird, so piteous, so maniacal it is, and such a mystery, that my heart sinks and a nameless fear comes over me. The other sounds I understand, for I can see the oceans, rivers, trees, the mills, the rushing trains, the playgrounds, the palaces where yawning idleness endures itself, and the cottages where low-voiced women go singing about

their daily cares. I see the yellowing harvests, kissing the sun and bending in the breeze and beckoning the joyous husbandman. I see the mountain-sides veined up their granite breasts with seams of gold and silver, and coal and iron bursting from the overflowing providence of the hills. I see flocks and herds fairly burrowing in the lush pastures. I see fishermen drawing nets that break with their abundance, into boats that signal help lest they founder with the rich spoil of the sea.

Yet still those unplaced voices rise like a stench of sound. It seems like the yelps of frightened animals.

But stop! What is that black spot on the glowing landscape? I overlooked it in its darkness. Does that sound come from there? God! It sounds like *people*, perishing. See the smoke and hear that awful cry as of a city shrieking out its dying agony.

Ah! I see. That smoke is from the spewing chimneys of distilleries and breweries, and that black crater is a city foul to see, maddening to hear, and smelling rank to heaven. It is the liquor traffic with its victims, seceded from the sober union. It has taken up a valley deep set in mountain fastnesses, and founded there a liberal government of its own, free from blue laws and the meddling of reformers. Now I see why the country looked so happy. Now I understand that awful sound. What a city! As big as Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago. Ten millions of people, and not one quiet heart among them all. Thousands of miles of streets, and not one happy home. Groups of madmen, fighting. Long lines of idiots, epileptics, paupers, criminals. And no escape. It is a walled city fortified inward with the

deadliest batteries ever trained on men or beasts. First a circle of mountains, difficult even for sober feet to scale. Then an endless chain of distilleries, raking the streets with delusion and despair. Then a ring of breweries, nozzling yellow swill upon the mutinous. Then a belt of prisons, another of brothels, another of madhouses. Then an inner tube of saloons that, end to end, would reach across the continent. Police to match, and a city council passing crimes, for law. Ribald talk. Filthy society. Seven days of personal liberty a week. No Sunday, no church, no sweet night's rest, no God. Two hundred men die drunk there daily, a baby every ten minutes, and all the foul infections and contagions fester and spread and kill, and drive men and women mad. It is like a consolidation of the leper colonies of the east, multiplied by a million of horrors. It is a colossal madhouse with the added terror of locking in thousands of sane, but broken-hearted, women that refuse to be rescued, because they love the brutish, red-eyed madmen that never touch them but to wound, and never speak to them but in the dialect of shame.

Do I exaggerate? Not by one poor word. I have overdrawn nothing. I have left out of the picture a thousand hideous particulars that might well be painted in, had you the heart or I the art for it. I simply assemble the superficial symptoms of a lawful business so you can see it in a lump. It escapes attention scattered as it is.

That business must go. Day and night we will pursue it, locally and at large. We will crowd it to the ropes. We will not break away in the clinches. And when it lies dying among its bags of bloody gold, and looks up

into our faces with its last gap and whispers: "Another million of revenue for just one breath of life," we will put the heel of open-eyed national honor on its throat and say: "No! Down to hell! and say we sent thee thither."

* * * *

JEHOVAH DEMOCRATS

Delivered at the National Convention of the Anti-Saloon League, Washington, D. C., June, 1919

Ladies and Gentlemen:

I SPEAK particularly today to the small body of comrades who have invested their lives without reserve in the greatest of reforms.

There is perhaps a touch of presumption in my supposing that you need to hear such a speech as this, but there is no doubt whatever that I need to make it.

We have come a long way, apart and together, and this is a day of victory, to be sure. But it is far more a time for deep down consecration to the unfinished business. And as I have been looking out over the sea of problems that cannot be evaded and that cannot be settled without reconciling things and thoughts that appear to be incompatibles, and at the same time have been feeling the day of my own measure of usefulness passing into a not too happy evening, it has been necessary for me to pull up several holes in the belt of my natural optimism, and this, very naturally, has led me to devote this half hour to some reflections on centripetal reform, or centripetal democracy which is the same thing, for democracy is reform. Centrifugal motion is the push of

momentary force. The call of it is for speed, more speed, as speed grows incoherence increases, and the end of it is junk. Centripetal motion is the pull of the infinite power that holds gently and steadily and waits. It never spurts. It never relaxes. It never ends. It has no call, but fairly shouts its message to the thoughtful soul, "Jehovah reigneth, let the earth rejoice."

In the south seas, where the land distances are short and the villages slant upward sharply from the beach, it is the habit for those who embark on a long voyage to linger long on deck and watch the fascinating landscape draw back into the blue haze—as mothers cover their faces when their sons are leaving home. And presently mysterious discs of light begin to play across the faces of the voyagers and then one knows that from some balconies on the mountain side friends, or lovers, with small mirrors, are flashing valedictories too late and too far for words. They cannot individualize these sky-borne benedictions, can send no voices, likenesses, or personal clues. No heart on board can claim one of the signals for itself alone. The light that bears it kills the germ of exclusiveness in transit and nothing arrives but a certain glow of knowledge that the love of God is speaking in the sunshine and the love of man is calling from the hills.

So sometimes a great poet, with the sun glass of his lofty mind flashes across the centuries a world of wisdom in a single note of cheer and warning, to the seaports of more abundant life where the soldiers of sacrifice board the cruisers of reform with sealed orders for destinations all unknown.

The psalmody of David is the most distinguished

illustration. It is, in effect, a combination of compass and gyroscope to the mind of the reformer. There is a sense of lodestone in it that pulls unceasingly toward the magnetic center of existence, and its stabilizing implications keep the high prows of reform from upsetting when the winds of doctrine whip the waves of doubt and fear into a storm.

The author, at once a poet, a prophet, a king of men and a reformer, is superlatively fit to admonish us who in greater times and greater ways fare forth in the uncharted lanes of life to abolish the sag and sorrow of a poisoned world.

I need not and do not shrink from saying that every one of us however lowly, who however feebly serves in this astounding project, is of the line of David to which the ancient slogan of the royal singer appertains.

"Wait for Jehovah!" That is the burden of the poetry. It is the shout of a king to the kingly of all time. The way of the reformer is straight and narrow, but it is long and dark and crossed by many trails, and this challenge lifts up the eyes of his inevitable perplexity clear and steady to the pole star of our origin, our hope and our destiny, puts the iron of authority and certainty into his blood and heartens his faith with the assurance that the seeming chaos of humanity is not a galley of pi, but has an author who conceived and is composing it and who could not have started something that he cannot finish.

The world is like a great print shop. Men and women are the living, conscious, self-determining types that set themselves in the composition—long primer and non-

pareil, capitals and lower case, each in its place. Reformers are italics—words, phrases or sentences. Nations are paragraphs. Civilizations are chapters. Revolutions are footnotes. The compositor being a free agent can dispose of himself as he will, but he must make sense in the context, or the proof reader will get him. The lethal blue pencil is not an instrument of vengeance. It is but the nemesis that has trailed error from the foundation of the world. It is not cruel. It is not merciful. It is the sword of the spirit of the author, without wrath and without bowels of compassion. If a word does not follow copy, cut it out. If a sentence is impertinent, kill it. It must read true or go back to the melting pot. That is the order. There could be no other order. It is not individual punishment, it is mass help; it is not individual death, it is community life. There is no punishment. There is no death. Heaven and hell are opposite ends of the same process, of which democracy is the middle. Suffering is the refractory ore that yields the precious metals pity and sympathy, and sin is the raw material of humility and charity.

This automatic composition of the human Iliad explains the cryptic answer of Jesus, to the casuists who asked, "What shall we do that we may work the works of God?" and thus provoked his greatest epigram: "This is the work of God that you should know what He is about." With this knowledge and the will to win, petty personal ambition will expand to cosmopolitan altruism, and democracy will demonstrate as the bone and muscle of divinity when that knowledge fills the whole earth.

This working knowledge that Jehovah is an author

and not a tinker, a trafficker, nor a prosecutor, is the difference between the reformer and the performer. The covenant with Abraham was not a bargain but a flash light on facts implicit and obvious in the nature of things. Democracy is three measures of meal, the governor, the governed and the government and the Kingdom of Heaven is hidden in them all. Knowledge, willingness and obedience will win the world. That is the plan, without any alternatives and without any delay beyond the insignificant millions of years that are necessary in order to make Jehovah democrats of a world of crude, free, savage human material. We talk loosely about the unimportance of method. But method is vital in our business and there is but one. The earth is a Jehovah democracy and the call to every reformer is to *be* a Jehovah democrat and then just "carry on." Time is no element of the problem. Neither is happiness, and personal ambition is the zero of reform. The self-centered agitators, the Cæsars, Napoleons and Hohenzollerns stick, in the great enterprise, like flies in a barrel of tar. The river of history shows thousands of interesting eddies. But nothing will reach the sea but the whole stream.

Consider Abraham — the pace-maker of centripetal democracy. He was an autocrat, a pioneer, a business man in a large way. He was intensely human and faulty, "even as you and I." The great idea came to him at his tent door in Haran. He went to Moreh and was there a long time, but the record is carried in nine words, "And there he builded an altar to Jehovah." He moved from there to the mountain east of Bethel and the same nine words contain that history. Then he took over the rich

plain of Mamre and the sacred chronicle remains unchanged. Everywhere doubtless he traded with the natives. He employed labor. He increased his power. He got rich. But everywhere the altar to Jehovah was the sign and the power house of the civilization that he represented and promoted. So that he was decorated by the common people with the simple but transcendent title, "The friend of Jehovah."

Meanwhile, Lot, the get-rich-quick self-seeker, was in Sodom watching the market and the weathercock of stand-pat politics, seducing his own daughters and advising "Business as usual." His way was the quick, easy, personally conducted, "Me und Gott" way, but today, all the Sodom civilizations are out of business except to furnish pots and pans to archæology. America is pledged by her solemn beginnings and the motto on her coinage to the Abraham way; and by just so much as we genuinely justify to that ideal we shall raise the level of our own country and the world.

The civilizations that get themselves deleted from the great composition are those that build their temples to a flock of gods, like Greece and Rome, or to a great philosopher, like China, or to a hero, or a party, or a church, while the children of Abraham, in spite of monstrous sins and incredible persecutions, are even now, after all the unhappy centuries, treking back to Zion, "With songs and everlasting joy upon their heads." Pile blocks of marble to the sky for Washington, consecrate Monticello to the love of liberty forever. Stretch your Lincoln highways from sea to sea and lay out your Roosevelt parks. But remember that unless the altar of Jehovah dominates the

monumental symbolism the ticket reads to chaos and oblivion. Except Jehovah purge the shambles of alcohol this League will wait in vain. Except he build the American home, they labor in vain that build it. Except He cast the devil of war out of the demoniac social systems the league of peace will be "a scrap of paper."

What I am trying to say is that religion is the one sure philosophical reform proposition in existence and the sole hope and mission of the reformer. It is the centripetal or Godward pressure of humanity. The word religion means simply, "binding back." Not creed, nor dogma, nor definitions, nor articles, nor encyclicals, but the one great inclusive and compulsory certainty of a conscious and responsible connection with the author and publisher of human life, which whatever it is, is a complete plan in a master mind, call that what you will.

This alone will bind back human liberty to divine law, lust to love, politics to piety, greed to generosity, labor to loyalty, capital to equity, and in the end make "the measure of a man the measure of an angel."

This alone will give order, consistency, unity, continuity and morale to the inward urge of mankind, without which civilization is a fantastic illusion.

This alone can make a new creature of the man behind the guns of the Almighty, and give him the audacity to ignore the sneer of sinister appearances and count on justice and gentleness when all the facts seem hard. This alone will release the clutch of moods and send the soldiers of sacrifice singing into the Balaklavas of personal defeat. The heaviest yoke rides easy when one knows that the other bow is on the shoulders of Jehovah. The

sorest burden cases when one feels the everlasting arms harden against his own.

The organic redemption of a world of men, who are free to balk and to refuse and who tend to slump as the sparks fly upward, is an incredible absurdity otherwise. There is no human salient in which to form that battle. There is no human strategy adequate to that campaign. No human calculus can figure out the differentials of human liberty and human weakness, when as we know, the underworld reaches up to the summits of society and the slums eructate from the capitols and the palaces. Apart from the fundamental purpose of Jehovah, reform is a muttering delirium, half farce and half funeral. Even at the best it looks like a game of chance and the only thing that makes the reformer hold clean-handed and quiet-hearted on his way is the inspired hunch that the dice are loaded for the love of God to win. The agitator who says in his heart there is no God is no reformer. He is a fool.

"Wait for Jehovah!" He is no statue. He works. He is going somewhere. He knows where. He will arrive, not by might nor by power, but by the spirit and reason of the plan. He has elected to rule by the divine right of mankind. He deals with us as fellow sovereigns of the world. He is not deaf. He hears every lisp of human aspiration. He is not dumb. He answers every soul that "hath ears to hear." He is fair. He does not leave us blind to lead each other into the ditch. He meets His directors at the round table of reason and marks the witness corners of victorious character upon the tressel board for the pure in heart to read. He is slow, by the

jerky nerves of mortal anxiety. But righteousness by the organization of democracy cannot make haste.

"Wait for Jehovah!" Never try to beat God. There is a bumptious, Bolsheviki virtue that goes too far and gets captured into service of the enemy. Reformers are the top-sergeants of progress. We are not filibusterers but teachers, and it is the body of the army that must win, and it must win all, or nothing. The phase of skirmishes is past. When the world was younger and there were great spaces to be had for the occupying, groups of reformers could board their Mayflowers and set up outposts of revolutionary and intensive redemption. So this nation had its fateful beginning. But the frontiers are gone. Even the sea and the air are getting crowded and the whole earth is in travail bringing forth the ultimate centripetal democracy.

"Wait!" This is no human handicap. It is the common lot of God and man. When the Creator installed in us the machinery for perception, reflection, reason and choice, he accepted the limitation that astonishing act involved, and, like any other father, became in a measure, a servant in his own household. The way to bring up a child is to look out for the atmosphere and wait. Wait for him to be born, to know, to walk, to speak, to choose, to marry. So Jehovah with omnipotent docility waits on His baffling but indispensable democracy.

"Wait!" It is the hardest lesson in the world for ardent men to learn and the old soldier of sacrifice who has bucked the trenches of a mighty wrong in the lean unplanted years when there were no harvests to gather and the pay roll was reckoned up in disappointments,

needs uncommon quietness and confidence to see the active checking account of his own usefulness charged off to a meager balance in the shaky savings bank of memory. The fires of faith burn hot in the fiber of the reformer. Things that are far away seem near. Things hoped for have high visibility, invisible things take solid form and substance, and this vividness of functioning persists through all vicissitudes, from the first onset, with the blood of youth pounding in his temples, and the lust of quick victory blazing in his eye, down to the day when the bands and banners of the consolidated rear divisions sweep past him to the enemy's crumbling lines and he is looking out for some soft rock to lean on while he slips back into the great silence.

"Wait!" It is the acid test of loyalty. The Gethsemane note runs through every Marsellaise: "If it be possible let us have a fiat victory!" But it is never possible, the slow way through liberty and reason is the only way. We cannot win—Jehovah cannot win, except by winning men. The early enthusiasm in a reform is the white, swift water that proclaims the presence of power, but the streams of power flow up hill. Up stream and ever upward rise the impounding reservoirs where loud, shallow, showy minorities become deep, silent majorities to grind the grists and saw the timbers of the world. From dam to dam, in labor and experiment we have to develop the power of the back lying hills of public sentiment, and every honest effort—though it fail—is of the common glory of the United States of human divinity and it behooves us today to lay out greater campaigns than ever and to be as modest as we are jubilant in this

triumphant convention. The victory belongs to errors bravely and patiently corrected and steadfast toil. No man is the hero of it, nor any party, or society. By far, long, slow ways we have been coming together and every phase of the Prohibition movement has begun and persisted by building our altars to Jehovah. As vision grew we stretched up to it. As opportunity opened we went in.

The Prohibition party saw the great reform that had been gathering for three-quarters of a century, weak by division and the foolishness that politics, business and religion offered their gifts at different altars, and with splendid audacity threw the whole subject into the riffle of party politics, only to find after magnificent effort that a party is a vain thing for safety. The stream was too shallow to float the load. But the diagnosis was absolutely right and the treatment heroic to a fault. It massed the arguments, it wrote the songs, it exposed the quackery of keeping religion and politics apart. It laid the bastard licensing system on the doorstep of a smug and formal church. It was splendid, but it was party politics, and therefore weak centrifugal politics, and unconvincing, when to convince was the core of the whole enterprise, and instead of achieving a working union of all the enemies of the saloon, in a new party, it aggravated division in the church, and the mighty wrong lived on and prospered.

Then the Anti-Saloon League, the child of that error, took counsel of the consecrated strategy hamstrung with faulty tactics, and took command. It was as blind as justice to the party lines, and fair as the scales of justice to its motto, "This one thing I do." But it insisted that

men who agreed must walk together in that agreement, or brand themselves as political hoboes. It was very simple, but it was Jehovah democracy at the highest power ever developed in any nation. It began in communities where the church was virile and open minded. It interned both parties under the catapults of independent voting on one plain issue of common decency. And in a quarter of a century the party whip has lost its terror and today a united Prohibition church is encamped in force in the Constitution of the United States. And as the liquor traffic dies a rigor runs through the whole body of human wrong. The other countries will have to fall into line. A drunken Europe cannot compete with a sober America. We have won the planet for Prohibition. Henceforth America in war and peace bears Abraham's nickname, "the friend of Jehovah." The sun of righteousness and the moon of human liberty are coming into conjunction and the tide of a centripetal democracy is coming in.

"On the far reef the breakers
Recoil in shattered foam.
But still the sea behind them
Urges its forces home.
Its song of triumph surges
O'er all the thunderous din.
The wave may break in failure
But the tide is sure to win.

"The reef is strong and cruel.
Upon its jagged wall
One wave, a score, a hundred
Broken and beaten, fall;

Yet in defeat they conquer,
The sea comes crowding in.
The wave may be defeated,
But the tide is sure to win.

"O mighty sea, thy message
In clanging spray is cast,
Within God's plan of progress
It matters not at last,
How wide the shores of evil
How strong the reefs of sin;
The wave may break in failure,
But the tide is sure to win."

* * * *

THE SPIRIT OF THE ROAD

An address delivered before the National Convention of the Anti-Saloon League of America, at Atlantic City, July 6, 1915

I HAVE been listening to the voice of the greatest of the prophets. Twenty-five hundred years have shorn it of no resonance. The freshness of the unspoiled intellectual morning of the world still breathes in every cadence. The urge of elemental power still vibrates in every tone.

You, too, have heard it many times. But it will be good spiritual strategy for us to open up the sounding galleries of our cloyed and tired modern minds together, and let this ancient, level-headed Titan pitch the opening note of this convention.

His thesis is a perfected democracy. His contention is that democratic government means *distribution* of right, of power, of opportunity, of responsibility, and that dis-

tribution is fundamentally a road problem. His objective is the merger of religion and politics, for the development of a God-centered civilization wherein "all the nations of the earth shall be blest," and which already is crudely and potentially anticipated in cosmopolitan America.

Listen and let me read to you article one, section one, of an inspired constitution for a Christian democracy, in any age:

"A *high road* shall there be. It shall be called the road *set apart* for righteous dealing. The foul thing shall have no legal foothold *there*. Wayfaring men, though fools, shall not go wrong *thereby*."

We cannot make the whole wide plain of life fool-proof, to be sure—and the fool we have always with us. We cannot make it brute-proof, either—and many men, as yet, are mere noxious animals. We cannot compel men to be clean, honest, sober, industrious. But we can keep an authoritative suggestion of clean, fair, forward-looking character constantly and increasingly before the eyes of the people and beneath their feet, in the lay and upkeep of the King's highway, flying, from end to end, the bannered warning of the law: *"No thoroughfare for thieves!"*

There you have the true meridian base line for democratic social engineering, certified by elementary common sense, the plain facts of history and the highest Scriptural authority.

Rocks are the bones of any nation. Soils are the muscles, where the fires of progress never die. But roads are the arteries, veins and capillaries that cleanse, nourish

and knit together the human particles and make the body politic a living soul.

Roads rule this world—not kings nor congresses, not courts nor constables, nor ships nor soldiers. The road is the only royal line in a democracy, the only legislature that never changes, the only court that never does injustice, the only police force that never sleeps, the only army that never quits, the first aid to the redemption of any nation, the exodus from stagnation in any society, the call from savagery in any tribe, the high priest of prosperity, after the order of Melchisedec, without beginning of days or end of life. The road is the umpire in every war, and when the new map is made, it simply pushes on its great campaign of help, hope, brotherhood, efficiency and peace.

The Roman Empire has been dead for centuries. But Roman roads still stretch their mighty arms in full beneficent efficiency untouched by time; for kings may come and dynasties may go, but roads reign on forever.

The union of England and Scotland, two hundred years ago, was not effected by the fighting of their armies or the bargaining of their kings, but by the laying of the great north road from London to Edinborough and on northward to the sea.

Civilization is first of all a good roads proposition. Highways have always determined the location of colonies, the swarming of new communities and the increase and utilization of the public wealth. The seven seas and the rivers that make into them are the inter-continental highway, laid by the Almighty, in the heart and members of the globe, to suggest and effect a world-wide inter-

soul commerce—to organize the great whirling, wind-swept, wastrel world and fulfill it, "Thy way is in the great water!" says the Psalmist.

So New England came to the new world and planted the political right of conscience around the rim of Massachusetts Bay, up the Connecticut, the Merrimac, the Kennebec, the Penobscot, because the great, cosmic, level, self-repairing Atlantic road was open thither. So French simplicity and thrift crept up the St. Lawrence, while La Salle, Vancouver, Marquette and Joliet sought out the headwaters of the Ohio and the Mississippi. So imperturbable Dutch thoroughness possessed New Amsterdam, the Hudson and the Mohawk. So the Cavaliers took up the watershed of the James. So the Catholics sailed into the Patapsco with the flag of ancient and infallible authority. And so the Quakers pre-empted the Delaware in the name of Divine and human friendliness, the finest political doctrine ever framed.

Then, for a hundred and fifty years, the Westering star of empire hung aground upon the Appalachian mountain tops, and the dead hand of hereditary privilege held us hard and fast, across three thousand miles of sea, because it had the power of the road.

Then we began to stretch the sea by *building* roads. Quaker Philadelphia, Dutch New York and Puritan Boston ran together, on the great turnpike. As the nineteenth century was opening, Henry Clay, the Columbus of internal improvements in America, promoted the national road from the District of Columbia to the Ohio river. Then Cumberland Gap was negotiated into the heart of the Southwest, and the barren briars of barbar-

ism began to bear the roses of religion and reform. Then the Santa Fé trail bored through the wilderness, the desert and the Rocky mountains, into the land of gold. Then the Oregon trail crept down Snake river to the mouth of the Columbia, and a new race of men, Americans, a new form of government, a representative democracy, a new nation, with a new name, America, were born, and a new world was in new hands, for good or ill.

From these instinctive beginnings of American development, up to the baffling perplexities of these days of ethical adventure, it has been the magnetism of the road, that drew and drilled and ruled the people.

Our internal history is a romance of trapper's trails and corduroy bridges across the marshes, then of the evolution of wagon roads and bridges, then of canals and railroads, then of telegraphs, telephones and pipe lines, then of the miracle of aeroplanes, and the Phœbus Chariots of harnessed lightning flashes racing across the sky, and now, at last, of the welding of the two oceans at Panama, into the greatest act of creative energy since the morning stars slid singing down their shining ways. The conquest of the sea, the earth, the sky, and thus the organization of the new world, of matter, mind and spirit, always proceeding by the slow, sure, unceasing, unswerving law of the road.

The march of the continent, up from savagery to the right of line in world-wide civilization, has camped upon three economic levels—the road, more roads, better roads, every new altitude discovering new horizons of vision, power and obligation. This is the epoch of better roads. The frontier has gone. The whole land is a gridiron of

what Isaiah calls "paths to dwell in," and the problem of the union of politics, economics and religion—the real business of democracy—takes on new phases, higher and more difficult phases. Night has fallen on the Babel tower of quantitative America. It is the morning dawn of qualitative democracy, in matter and in spirit.

In the Southwest, awhile ago, I saw acres of melons going to waste in the fields, for lack of transportation. In the Northwest I saw the fruit of many orchards rotting on the ground. In the West I saw them burning corn and hay, for fuel. The stoves and swine were eating up the choicest products of the soil, for which men, women and children were suffering in the cities, while the incorporated swine of Wall Street were eating out the vitals of the railroads themselves, that were the keys to the problem. That situation calls simply for better roads, and the answer is coming visibly and rapidly, in lower grades, fewer curves, more double track, less stock-jobbing, honester railroading, so that the shivering prairies may have coal at call and in abundance, and the hot homes of the city cheaper bread and meat and fruit, freer freedom, more remunerative labor, more abundant life.

The Christian era was launched as an agitation for a better road. When John, the forerunner, unlimbered the field battery of his mighty eloquence, on the bank of the Jordan, his challenge was not to greater ceremonial devotion, to tighten up the cork jackets of the elect, but to aggressive, broad, concrete fundamental political action, to save and to prevent the wastage of humanity. He did not call his country to more washings, fastings, public prayers. They had already washed the color out of their

religion, even as we have done. They had already fasted the red blood out of their atrophied convictions, as we do here. They had already degraded prayer to a bad habit, as some do now. They had already tithed mint, anise and cummin, until the dry rot of mouldy formalism had eaten up the bread corn of civic virility, as even now we do. They had in effect set up the working maxim that scapegoats exalt a nation, and laid the foundation of the modern doctrine, that a crime that controls votes and pays a liberal rake-off to the revenue can be taxed and protected as a business, with no great reproach to any people. They had made the degradation of the masses natural and automatic, as we do today.

"Cast up the highway!" That was the Jordan statesman's proposition. Break up the bandit businesses that prey on manhood, on the King's highway. Close up the lurking places of the villages—the "blind pigs"—where human hyenas puff at piety and pity and lie in wait to catch the weak and poor. Move up the accent of the covenant, from rams and new moons and sabbaths and assemblies and incense and nonsense, and, on the honor of a godly man and to the honor of a manly God, make good as "peculiar" democrats!

It was no accident that the eloquent reformer whom Jesus called "more than a prophet"—a constructive statesman—centered his appeal on "the way of the Lord," not a new definition of his indefinable character, not a new creed concerning his unfathomable mind, not a new liturgy wherewith to worship in a church, but the old way, laid out in nature, charted in revelation, but ruinous and perilous, then and now, from lack of patriotic work

and care—*transportation facilities* for order, help, mercy, justice, peace, good will among men, so that his covenant can be *seen,* "running with the land," from the capital to the last outlying colony, "from the rivers to the ends of the earth." Make his *paths* straight. Level down the hard hills. Level up the rough valleys. Gather out the stones of stumbling and offense. Make straight living the line of least resistance. Make poverty, monopoly, corruption, ignorance, vice and crime abnormal and difficult. Make the public policy a visibly wide-open hospitality to health, happiness and a fair chance all around. So that all flesh—everybody—the weak, the poor, the reckless, the defective, as well as the strong, the rich, the prudent, the well-born, shall hear "wisdom cry in *the street,*" and *see* the salvation of God, in the life line of civil government, in actual, physical operation before their eyes, their feet, their imagination and their will. Make temptation—the subtlest, busiest spirit of the earth—cease to wait exclusively on failure, and employ it as the servant of more abundant life.

The road is the most inclusive and far-reaching fact in the history of civilization, and the most constant and comprehensive answer to all the major problems of democracy. Look at the map! The backward countries are the roadless countries.

The road is the supreme psychologist of public teachers, and prime minister of public rule. It is the main stream of popular tendency. It is the field marshal of enterprise. It fixes prices; it opens markets; it raises social standards; it concentrates public sentiment; it

multiplies efficiency; it conserves energy; it even regulates the law of suppy and demand.

The good roads movement now sweeping over the land is not the selfishness of automobile owners or manufacturers. It proceeds from the highest patriotism and on the deepest economic law. The government cannot break and enter the hearts and homes and businesses of men, to control and improve them. But it can make a good road, mentally, morally and materially, and so maintain and honor it as, in a great measure, to rule the land by suggestion—the greatest, justest, gentlest force on earth, or in heaven, over the minds, manners and motives of men.

It goes without saying that the big business of democracy, or Christianity, which is the same thing, is not force but service, and the road is a vast, permanent, public, physical expression of that idea. That is what a road *is*, service. It does not preach nor drive, chide nor punish. It simply suggests and waits and serves. It is the patient, irresistible meekness, that is to inherit the earth. It is the master key to good government. They say that the enactment of public sentiment into law ought to be slowed down, to wait on the temper for enforcement. That is true. But the unit of enforcing ability is the *road* and not the remote corners of the community, where, rightly and necessarily, the parent, pastor, physician, teacher, are the body servants of progress.

They say that Prohibition does not prohibit, and neither does it, in the secluded places, where piety, philanthropy, morality and affection are deployed in the long

siege for human redemption. But on the road the sovereign is a weakling if he does not have his way.

The school is for instruction and discipline. The Church is for moral suasion and for prayer. The home is for love and admonition. The hospital is for mercy, patience, skill. The shop is for bargaining and fair exchange. The farm is for laborious faith in God. But the road is for politics and thin-lipped law and power.

The cry of the world is for help. Everybody needs it. Everybody can give it. The call is loudest from the neediest. The obligation of the strongest is the greatest. If you could lay your ear upon the bosom of humanity tonight, you would hear at every thrust of the great, sad heart the syllable: Help! Help! Help! And it is the highest duty and the deepest joy of life to respond, in sane, sure ways, without imposition on the one hand, or impertinence on the other. And, speaking broadly, the only scheme of help that is certain not to be a blunder, or a tyranny, is the road, which does nothing but suggest and help and helps only those who try to help themselves. How can I help? That is the great question of manliness, of love, of patriotism, of religion. Not, how can I rebuke? That is the petty prayer of the prig and the Pharisee. How can I help? That is the riddle of social existence; and the road is the answer. Being rich, how can I help with money? Being poor, how can I help without money? Being strong and untempted, how can I transfuse strength into the stricken soul? Being a husband, how can I help my wife? Being a parent, how can I help my child? The needy one is perhaps your son. You begot him without his will. You owe him every-

thing. You love him perfectly. What can you do? Nothing much, except to keep the home life high going, and early set his feet in a plain road that leads somewhere. Nagging will do no good. Beating will not avail. Money will probably ruin him. The road is the answer. It is your country. There, too, the road is the answer. Great men answer in great ways and lesser men in lesser ways, each after his kind. Stevenson answered with the railroad and revolutionized the business of the world. Morse answered with the telegraph—a wire road for correspondence, that obliterated time and distance. Bell answered with the telephone, a road of semi-precious metal that would carry the very tones of anger, truth and sympathy. Field answered with the submarine cable—an insulated road on the bottom of the sea, that dragged the continents from their far moorings and made them sail together like a fleet. Marconi answered with the wireless—a daring road in the magic of the ether, that brought the desolate, wild wastes of the sea within call of shore and ships and succor. Roentgen answered with the X-ray—a road of violet light, through flesh and wood and stone.

Alaska lay for centuries in a welter of worthless wealth. Intrepid explorers surprised its secrets of gold, silver, copper, coal, water power, wood and soil, and returned to pound upon the doors of the capitol, crying, "Salvation for Alaska!" And only just now, after half a century, Congress answers with an appropriation of forty millions and an order to the executive: "A highway shall be there."

The world lay darkling in superstition and the farce

of futile forms. Jesus Christ walked forth from the wilderness and the darkness and, with the calmness of omnipotence, said: "I am the way"—a road through service to knowledge and universal dominion. This law of the road antedates America, Jesus, John, Rome and all the prophets. It is written large in the very article of evolution. Primitive plants have no sap channels. The difference between an oak tree and a cactus is that the oak, responding to various positive and negative conditions of light and heat, has developed a wonderful internal road system for the distribution of the vital protoplasm of the earth. So the oak lords it in the forest, mills, buildings and furnishings of the world, while the cactus hoards its scanty drops, with barely life enough to protest with its thorns.

Now let us move up abruptly to the summit of the subject—the ethics of the road, where happily the whole nation is beginning to arrive. I have indulged myself, perhaps at too great length, in these material and historical reflections, in order to lay in the broadest and deepest foundation for the particular argument to which the circumstances of my own stormy life have committed me, and which is the life blood of this convention.

The highway of American life, instead of being the universal inspirer and helper of the people, debases, misleads, mires, maims and murders multitudes. The pathway to prosperity and independence has too many blind alleys, that turn out to the scrap-heap, the prison, the madhouse and the grave. And just as, along with every muscle of the body, runs an attendant nerve of clean, gray brains to give it power, purpose and moral direction, so

there is a broadening white line of public sentiment that is the soul of the road, and in these culminating, fascinating days, lights up the highway philosophy with the legend, seen so often now, in cities, shops, ships and railway stations, "Safety First."

The road, where men must walk in weakness, weariness and ignorance, must be made safe. It must be made free from preventable sinkholes, where life, fortune and character stick and smother. We, of orderly lives and steady habits, familiar with every rut and rotten plank in the brief ways we travel, are apt to forget the stream of men behind, who do not know, who cannot know, who travel in the dark and in emergency—the reckless, the defective, and, to our shame, the known bloody, ravenous, gray wolves of human kind, that make loot and lechery the purpose and business of the road. But if prompter delivery of mail and merchandise, and to diminish the tally of crushed bodies of men, broken legs of horses and shattered wheels of wagons, are important, as certainly they are, the blighted prospects, dissipated ideals, broken homes and stranded souls of men are more important, and these are equally perils of the road. For while only the strong and gifted few break new roads, all men follow roads. They are created to do it. The running gear of human movement is flanged, so to speak, like car wheels, and tends to keep to the way. And it is by no means an extravagant generalization to say that, as the road is, so are the people, in any country. And a Christian road is indispensable to Christian civilization.

By "a Christian road," I mean simply a road that tends to save the lost and the confused. Any railway

manager will tell you that even necessary switches are a peril to the line and so are sparingly put in. But the highway of American life fairly bristles with open sidings, falsely showing safety lights, that run, point blank, into the ditch, without one atom of counterbalancing utility. I have crawled out of the wreck to devote my broken life against one of them—the worst of them—but your clear minds will make the analogy to them all.

The ghastly tragedy of organized, standardized, commercialized vice on the one hand, with the pitiful farce of empirical charity on the other, is, at the last analysis, but a story of the degradation of the road, where character, as well as feet and hoofs and wheels, must travel.

The saloon is the supreme example, because it is the only licensed turnstile into the criminal dumps and pitfalls, that make up the hell of human damnation while alive. It is peculiarly a road problem. Where the most men and the weakest men and boys must pass, the painted door is set swinging, to catch the poor, the ignorant, the reckless, the homesick, the discouraged, and silently shut them into the reek of a leprosy that eats off the fingers of opportunity, eats away the lips of truth, eats out the eyes of ambition and the heart of hope. Just at the point where Christian civilization ought to brace and cheer a faltering man, it shunts him downward, by the legalization of the saloon.

The liquor trade, with a brazen, brutal magnificence of effrontery, offers to submit to police surveillance its organized boy-baiting, wife-beating, larceny and homicide, and pay any price for the infamy, because it gets an easement in the public road, and gets the power of the

road to draw or drive the human game to its decoy. But two hundred and fifty years of failure have demonstrated that the public cowardice that will make such a bargain with such a gang, to do such a business, is incapable of enforcing even the ridiculous restrictions it imposes.

The liquor trade asserts that outlawry swells its sales. It lies, like the premeditated criminal it is, for it fights at any odds for a license, at any price and on any terms of infamy to itself, because the right of way goes with it, which is the chief asset of any footpad.

The liquor trade asserts that Prohibition breeds "blind pigs." It lies. Licensing areas are the habitat of such defective swine. But, at any rate, they are not creatures of the road at all, but of the back lots, cellars, caves. It is the *road* that we must fight for, first, and decent politics can keep that clear. There are still wolves in the woods, but they dare not hunt in the road. There are still rattlesnakes in the rocks, but they do not coil in the street. There will still be saloons in the cellars, but they are scurrying from the road. There will still be pot stills in the mountains, but not in the road. There will still be decanters on the sideboards of careless or selfish people. But the road ought to be, and is going to be, made safe from the whole treacherous thing. "No lion shall be there, nor shall any noxious beast *go up* thereon. They shall not be found *there*. But the redeemed shall walk there *safely*, and the ransomed of the Lord shall return to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads."

The twentieth century opens a new vision toward the fulfillment of that prophecy. The old politics represented by—. But stop: I will not defile this hour with their

names—. The old politics flouts that vision, and sticks to the old level, serving, and being served by, the saloon. But the new politics, represented by such men as Daniels, Cummins, Clapp, Sheppard, Kitchin, Kenyon, Webb, Bryan, and Woodrow Wilson, already mounts the rise to plant Old Glory on the heights of progress. The decent citizen must meet the liquor traffic there, at the forks of the road, and make good, with local, state and national Prohibition and officers to match.

I congratulate my country that it is now in the act of accepting the argument here made. The licensed disregard of life and character has become abhorrent to decent minds. The pusillanimous prostitution of the police power to the uses of spoilsmen and the threats and demands of public poisoners is passing forever. The arrival of this great elastic, non-partisan league of Christian men, at the front of the age-long fight for a safe road, has set us free from the drag of old partyism, and new partyism as well, and opened wide the everlasting doors of political opportunity to independent voters everywhere. Intelligent Christian coöperation saturates the old guard of Prohibition. Conservative, business America is lining up for "the safety of the people," which is the highest law, and the Church of Jesus Christ, that has led us all for twenty centuries, still leads.

* * * *

THE FOURTH DIMENSION

An address delivered at the General Conference of the Methodist Church, at Saratoga Springs, May, 1916

LISTEN! *"And the city lieth four square. The length is as large as the breadth, and the breadth and the height of it are equal. And I saw no temple therein, for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it. And the Nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it, and the Kings of the earth bring their glory and honor unto it!"*

When the history of these times shall have been written, it will appear that the monumental achievement of the crusades for Prohibition is not the mere suppression of the liquor business (and thus, the liberation of the appertaining drunkards, loafers, lunatics, paupers, defectives, incapables, degenerates and criminals and the relief of their families), but an immeasurably greater thing—the throwing of the mechanism of American democracy into "low gear," to diminish its speed by multiplying its power, for a long, steep drive up to higher levels of general patriotism.

This means, of course, to engage a new set of cogs in the machinery of transmission—a new set of political working facts in the equation of popular government, and first of all, this, that no reform, any more than a man, or a business, a community, or a nation, liveth unto itself, or dieth unto itself.

We do well, today, to celebrate the length and breadth and height of the Prohibition movement; for instead of

turning out to be only the emotional reaction of excitable reformers, to some incidental shocks of human misery, it has rolled up its cumulative argument, in every field of human interest, from fact to fact, from vision to vision, and science to science, through a hundred years of apathy, misunderstanding, ridicule, obloquy and treachery, until, today, it towers, unique, unchallenged and unapproached, as the most normal, convincing, inclusive, educational and inspirational embodiment of sane and balanced statesmanship, in the annals of organized society—revolutionary yet conservative; spiritual yet material; prophetic yet historical (dating back at least to Rechab and his sons); idealistic yet scientific; theoretical yet constructive; philosophical yet practical; injuring nobody, favoring everybody, combining civic righteousness with worldly wisdom; recognizing no class, sect or section, no personal selfishness, no party rivalry; involving no uncertain dogma; advancing no disputed fact, save one. (It is denied that, even in the ranks of the majority, progressive enough to demand the law and strong enough to force it into the Constitution and the statutes, enough brave and honest men can be found to carry it into execution—an impudent absurdity, beyond which folly and dishonesty could no further go.) It is sheer, uncomplicated Christian democracy, in a rally to the colors of common sense, common conscience and the common weal. Stretch up to it, men! It is the longest, broadest, highest, straightest, surest, squarest politics that ever ploughed the brains of any nation.

But there is a crowning greatness of this greatest politics, not to be told in length, breadth, or height, or

symmetry, and not easy to tell at all. It is this, that in it all and through it all, as in the city of the apocalypse, worship works to the limit of its opportunity and the Church, unweighted with any brick and mortar drapery, unswathed with any bandages of ritual, innocent of any creed refinements and sect lines, breaks away from the graven images of any technical orthodoxy, whether grotesque effigies or stately domes, and "makes good" in the midst of the masses, as the citizen overcomer of the world. This is the Fourth Dimension and the glory of the Prohibition movement.

A reminiscent college mate of mine, who has stuck to the profession that we entered together, and made his million, said to me a while ago, "You were a better student than any of us and you could have made a great success in life, if you had not gone off after a shadow."

Our friendship was tough enough to stand straight speech, and I replied with a broadside of more or less excusable gasconade. "What do you mean by success in life—aye, or success in death? Honor, is it? Well, you got rich, protecting incorporated money-gluttons against the righteous wrath of the people they exploited, while I got poor fighting the pander politics that sold the public birthright for a mess of spoils. But, now, in the afterglow of a long, hard day of fighting for life as well as truth, I, your failure, your shadow-chaser, with the smell of the saloon still in my nostrils, am one of the attorneys in the greatest trial ever brought to bar, with fifty millions of people for a client, with forty-eight sovereign states for a jury, and with the government of Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln on the bench; and although

the final judgment has not yet been entered, the whole world, including the shackled homicide in the dock, concedes our certain victory. Wealth, is it? You have made a million timid dollars, that you have to watch like a hawk, for fear they roll away, and that will drop from you like barnacles from a ship's bottom when you 'cross the bar.' I have made ten millions of brave men and women sit still and think of God and home and country, in terms of political power; and when I enter the Valley of the Shadow I shall have my undiminished fortune belted to my soul." Chasing a shadow! Stand up, you millionaires who have a more substantial investment than I have.

This reform, I say, does not and cannot come on alone. We do not raise a political tower of Babel; we bring down the new Jerusalem out of the clouds. We do not dig a trench, we till a continent. We do not serve a narrow specialty; the stars of heaven and the stripes of latitude and longitude are in our flag. Long after the saloon has become a mere bad dream, we shall still be working out a four-square civilization, wherein religion, politics, trade and personal ambition will show dimmer and dimmer lines of cleavage, until the perfect day.

To put this nation under Prohibition, well enforced, by a loyal constabulary and honest magistrates, means many things besides that. It means the emancipation of the slaves of the party habit that for so long has led good men to forswear the high points of their own private thinking, and burrow down to the choke-damp, instead of stretching up to the brain-clearing, heart-quieting ozone. It means the sterilization of the national quagmire of

materialism, where the sodden fires of spiritual decay hatch the drone and the grafter, the Siamese twins of political corruption. It means the fertilization of the civic eunuchs, that look like voters, but are too weak in patriotic desire to function at the ballot box. It means a re-definition of bravery. It means a re-appraisal of social values. It means a re-birth of self-respect and respect for law. It means a pulling up of the sag of private character in public life. It means a new national preparedness; compared to which "watchful waiting" is creeping paralysis, and great standing armies and great fleets of dread-everything are flimsy toys. It means, above all, a pentecost of divine mobilization, in which Christian men of many tongues will speak as one voice at the polls, and a flame of patriotic enthusiasm will leap from the head of a real "church militant," armed with breech-loading opinions and independent ballots — the white bayonets of peace and good will toward men— that will assert and guarantee the right of Christian "kultur" to "a place in the sun," and make her a victor instead of a victim in elections—a mundane locomotive, instead of a heavenly windmill, in the actual redemption of the world.

The vision that John saw was the apotheosis of Christian democracy, projected on the message of Jesus, to the old priestly, pictorial, temple religion of laundering sin. That message was and is this: "I am the normal life of a Son of God, and you have power. Lift me up and I will lift the world." The Church organized the message and honored it, and will honor it, but embalmed it in a figure of speech, and it has taken her nineteen hundred

years to get out of the eddy of an improved and refined idolatry, where she has circled, to the point of exhaustion, with her power hitched to the wrong end of the weight, straining at the impossible and trying to draw the crowd up to a pallid exhibition Saviour, sequestered in a stained glass cage, and bring to birth a Christian dynasty, in a sort of "twilight sleep," without the labor pains of settling with Cæsar.

To lift up and to keep lifting up the revelation of this normal life is the supreme problem of Christian democracy, and it is already crudely and empirically begun in America. It is so elemental, obvious and human that, in a measure, we have overlooked the working end of the meaning, and called the Church "the sanctuary," in the old barbaric sense—a refuge for fugitives from the wrath of God.

Lift it! That is an active, transitive verb in the imperative mode. It denotes continuing action. It means organization. It means money. It means votes. It means watchers at the polls. It means resistance, unto blood. It means "do it yourself," which is precisely what democracy means. That was not done when the Disciples scattered like autumn leaves, and from the distance saw alien politicians and visionless citizens try to murder the greatest idea that ever struck the world. It was not done when they reorganized and toured the land with the good news, yet to be confirmed by any government, that God loves anybody but the rich. It was not done by crowning the hills with temples in His name. It was not done by composing liturgies for His praise, or chanting litanies to His mother. It was not done by crusading for possession

of His bones. It was not done by scattering spasmodic largess to the poor, or the sporadic healing of the down-and-out. Christian politics is the power crane for that uplifting. Good government is the prince of preachers to the poor. This implies no dreaded union of Church and state, but an "open shop" labor union of Christians unashamed to work, "rightly analyzing the word of truth" and standing together, in politics, for high, plumb, four-square, reinforced concrete, Christ-building, under the open sky of the national life, with the noiseless tools of consecrated, concentrated suffrage.

The business of the Messiah, primarily, was with them that believe, and his gift to them was no celestial sugar plum of hope and comfort, but an everlasting obligation to "make good" in more and more abundant life, until the nations of the earth shall own their leadership. And the crux of this reform is to lift up, into civic efficiency, the smug and ineffectual believers, rather than to resuscitate the "dead in trespasses and in sin." The present and final "perseverance of the saints" is the whole thirty-nine articles of our doctrine. We are not pumpers of a pulmotor; we are the ushers of an era in which *"Anno domini"* already begins to mean "In the year of the shoulders of Jesus Christ, with the government of the United States upon them, and His enemies under His feet." This is no fanciful interpretation; the Roman Empire rotted down from the top; Spain lost her grip on the world and the future, not because the masses were degraded, but because the classes degraded themselves, and the peril of this country is not the dull illiterates that swarm upon us, but the arrested development of believers,

to the manor born. The Declaration of Independence and the Constitution have gone lame from the first, and they will go staggering into the future, unless and until the Christian manhood that laid the foundations of the government and that has made it what it is, for good or ill, goes headlong, heartlong and lifelong into politics.

The dangling believer, born again, in the dogma, but still-born, in his politics, is worse than futile; he is a monkeywrench in the wheels of faith, and the peculiar mission of this incomparable campaign is to pull him out and put him in a man's place at the loom of political action and reaction, where the seamless robe of the ultimate Christian citizenship is weaving.

The treason of the license system which, for half a century, has been the sheet anchor of the liquor trade and its concomitant political corruption, is "the red light district" of a money-logged civic virtue.

The blinded and embruted liquor dealer never asked nor hoped to buy from Christian patriotism, letters patent for such an unthinkable respectability. They had to be forced into his itching palms. Our fathers crossed the sea to find freedom to worship God. They did find it. They defended and established it. But even while they wrote that splendid chapter of human history, they began to bow the knee of politics to Baal. Long ago the use of alcohol as a drink would have ceased to be a serious menace to the soul and body of the nation, by the ordinary reparative processes of civilization, but for the fact that a stunted piety dropped its eyes before the high lights of social and economic progress, commercialized light and knowledge, levied an ordinary domestic dog tax on the

wolf of trade and let it run, with a tag on its collar and a firebrand on its tail, and in its wake, a holocaust of moral, industrial and political devastation. This moved up the liquor problem from the sphere of physiology and private morals to the right of line, upon the battleground of politics, where we have it now, and where, at last, we are beginning to close the gap between the right of Christian piety, already achieved, and the duty of Christian politics, now shaming the conscience of the country. Justification by justice, in the light of faith, is the gospel that we preach, to the high man first, and also to the low.

"He shall set justice in the earth and the isles shall wait for His law."

The men that serve this greater ministry are the same men that will reform the civil service; scotch the treason of invisible government; cut out the gangrene of the sloughing cities; make the sovereign power of taxation an open and businesslike collection of justly apportioned dues, instead of a thimble-rigging adventure of lying and larceny; open up the divine right of competition to the daylight of fair play; enfranchise the prayer meeting and the heart of home, by giving equal suffrage to women; reconcile, on honor, the rights of labor and capital, and compel corporations to remember their Creator, not only in the days of their callow youth, but also in the sclerotic insolence of their obese old age.

These things and such things these men will do, by no victorious assault on any single monster in the way, but by proceeding, like Theseus of old, when he went, full armed and vigilant, from fight to fight, up to Athens, to the Palace of his Father and his King.

These men are of the Church. We have the accent now, and very properly, on secular efficiency, but the Church, for all the crass malingering of its withered members, still leads and still will lead.

When Constantine embraced the Christian faith, he lined his followers up along the river, in his imperial, barbaric way, and had them baptized, by sprinkling, with the boughs of trees dipped in the stream and shaken over them. That was a crude but dramatic foreshadowing of what we see today. Conviction of an inadequate Christianity has gripped the nation and is marching the Church out of its bandbox and into active membership in the open-road communion of the Son of Man. We call it "the new politics," and some worthy but windy reformers are obsessed with the idea that they are the authors of it, but it is the voice of a liberated and enfranchised Christ, that calls, in the Prohibition movement. The masses recognize it vaguely, but gladly and increasingly, and our business, as the captains and sergeants of the militia, is to lead them to advance, in solid formation, and deliver it in volleys at the polls; and the preliminary victory that we shall celebrate, when the thirty-sixth Legislature votes for National Prohibition, will be the conversion of the lost tribes of Christian "slackers" and their baptism, by immersion, in the stream of the most abundant life.

The pestilence of our politics is a murrain of shirks in the electorate, that makes possible, in office, the crooks and grafters, that are the offal of butchered elections. I could give you many illustrations. Here is one. The Evanston legislative district, in Illinois, is a distinguished center of culture and of character. Subjectively, there is

no better region on the continent. Churches and schools jostle each other, and happy homes crowd vice and squalor to the outer lines. Its representative in the Legislature became famously infamous, in the Lorimer inquiry, in the United States Senate, as the disburser of what was called the "jack-pot" corruption fund, among his fellow knaves, in the bathroom of a hotel at St. Louis. He was put under indictment for bribery, but nothing daunted, stood for re-election at the next primary. He was re-elected, although only nine hundred votes were cast in his favor. But on that election day, when the honor of the Church, in that most churchly community, was at stake, when the credit of the decent voter, in that most decent of sections, was put to the test, when, in a measure, the safety of the great commonwealth of Illinois was in peril, twenty-four thousand high-grade, registered voters remained away from the election, where every rogue and thief and thug and pimp and plugugly and hobo and swineherd of blind pigs, in the district, made good by being present at the election and getting his ballot into the box, for the kind of man and the kind of anarchy that he stood for. The political potentials of honor and shame, in that district that day, were, roughly, as twenty-four thousand to nine hundred, and honor lost, with twenty-four thousand decent, registered idle votes to spare.

The shirking Church is the problem of the unemployed, at its worst. In the circumstances, our most dangerous class is not in the slums but in the mansions and on the quiet farms where short-weight believers live like the thrifty fool of the parable, playing at piety and

love of country, by simply being decent and comfortable, serving themselves, and prattling prayers, betimes, that are the veriest Mother Goose jingles of worship.

Let me paraphrase one of the parables, by way of emphasis. The Goddess of Liberty made a great feast on the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November, and bade every legal voter. When the appointed hour came, her officers opened the polls and made announcement, "Come, for all things are now ready." The men of conscience, substance and intelligence, were the first to get the invitation because they heard it first and understood the meaning of the festival. The derelicts of the streets and alleys, the maimed, the halt, the blind, were dull of hearing and of apprehension, and slow to come. They would never come, unless the men that knew would go and fetch them, but twenty-four thousand of these good men "began with one consent to make excuse"—twenty-four thousand quibbles with duty, every one an insult to loyalty and, in effect, a paltry lie, a lot, a steer, a wife, with passive and contemptible treason to the state, that gives title, protection and honor to them all!

Meanwhile, the clever rogues, wise in their sordid generation, got busy in the purlieus. The waifs and strays, the drooling degenerates and hoboes of the hedges, came crowding and swearing to the board; they gorged themselves with power; they stole the offices, the golden vessels of the sovereignty; they cursed the stars of glory in the flag; they spewed upon the stripes of sacrifice, and at midnight the meanest of the mean were making merry, in their sodden scorn of God and man, while the decent

twenty-four thousand snored, in their beds, oblivious of the orgy and the tragedy.

There are those, even in this amazing country, who say that Christian democracy is a dream, that fades out as the world awakens, and they are right, if the jackals of the electorate can outwit, outwork, outorganize and outfight the "lion of the tribe of Judah," in the political arena. Such a possibility would be far less sinister if, by preponderance of numbers, weight, worth, wealth and influence, these base men were able to force their loathsome will upon the public. But it is not so. Decent men are immeasurably more powerful, man for man, and in the mass. When they fail in politics, it is not because they have to fail, but because they strike the colors of their civic trusteeship and shirk the battle.

This astounding menace to democracy is no new thing. It is as old as the struggle for good government. Three thousand years ago the King of Israel went to his knees, under the weight of the same problem. You may read it in the Twelfth Psalm, in poetry as modern as Kipling, and statesmanship that might have been voiced by any President of the United States:

"Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth, for the faithful fail."

"They speak vanity, every one with his neighbor."

"With flattering lips and with a double heart do they speak."

"The wicked walk on every side, while the vilest men are exalted."

Who is it that "ceaseth" in the long struggle for efficient, front-looking, upstriving democracy? The

grafter and the scoundrel do not cease; the political vermin take no vacation; the liquor dealer never fails to register, never loses his vote, never hibernates between elections. If a storm falls on election day, the troops of darkness breast it like a rock, but the legions of light dissolve like men of salt.

Who is it that "faileth" in the supreme civic opportunity? It is the dangling believers that fall down there; the foul know their issue and their candidates and back them, rain or shine. No political party can break the line-up of the liquor dealers.

That Twelfth Psalm was and is a most illuminating political document, expressed in noble literature. The royal diagnosis is as correct today, in America, as it was in Asia, three thousand years ago. The royal prayer is as futile today as it was three thousand years ago, save as a distress signal to derelict patriotism. The life of democracy is in the hands of the good citizen, in the liberty of his own will and the light of his own vision. The godly man, with God's help, but in his own integrity, must quit being a quitter; the faithful man must keep faith; the upright man must not crawl; the true man must loathe a pantomime lie, in politics, as well as a spoken falsehood, in the private intercourse of gentlemen; the strong man must not weaken; the brave man must not whine; the honest man must not accept a bribe of ease, or peace, or popularity, any more than vulgar pieces of silver; the straight man must not play double with his ideals; the man of vision must scorn to be led by a political cur; the exaltation of the vile, by the suffrage or the sufferance of the virtuous, must be fought, tooth

and nail; the multiplication of weaklings, by the default of the strong, must disappear. These are the fundamental teachings of the Prohibition movement. They go to the root of private character, or the root of democracy, which is the same thing. They tend to church union, which is more important than church extension, and to independence of party, which is the master-key to party usefulness. They are poison to the political boss and tonic to the Christian anæmic.

And we are winning! The malady yields to treatment. The crisis passes. The new era begins to revolve on its own axis. Never was there such solidarity of civic decency as there is today, nor so adequate conception of the bigness of Christianity. The Prohibition movement teaches character and efficiency, in the schools; it teaches courage, in the church; it teaches religion, in politics; it has put a new note in the press; it has spread panic among the captains of commercialized vice; it has planted the yeast of service in the three measures of subsistence—labor, capital and transportation; it has invested the Federal jurisdiction from the Indian reservations and the immigrant stations, to the District of Columbia. It is ringing the doorbell of the White House, and the next President will answer the door.

This is the place, in this speech, for a eulogy upon the Anti-Saloon League, if I had one to deliver. But I have none. I have spoken of the Prohibition movement, in the immensity of its scope and the magnanimity of its spirit, I have no patience with the cavil as to the "who's who" of its many agencies and allies. The what's what of the situation is that, in the evolution of the great reform, the

Anti-Saloon League has become the one overwhelming Christian power development in politics. But it is entitled to no adulation for that. It did not make itself. It is an effect, in which all of its contributing causes will find abundant glory for themselves, when the historian makes out the pay-roll of fame. I would as lief pronounce a panegyric on the North river yonder. Hendrick Hudson discovered it, because it was there and he came. Robert Fulton touched it with the possibilities of human genius, and the business world made it the greatest roadstead on the hemisphere because it could carry the traffic. It did not make itself. The Lord God Almighty kept dropping His silent snow upon the hills, "years through and through." It melted, in His sunshine, and the lay of His land determined the course and volume of the flow. Pass pretty compliments on that? No! Study the range lights; honor the signals of other traffickers, and use it to the limit, sinking the pirates, thanking God.

Well, the same Snow-Maker kept dropping the love of life and kin and friend and neighbor and health and mercy and order, into the high hearts of the nation. Slowly, as we count time, it dissolved into the sentiment of self-respect and the law of self-defense, and His hands moulded the landscape for the channel that we call the "Anti-Saloon League." The homes and the schools were the hills that held it, on the right, and the churches were palisades. Across from these, the sloping lower-land of economics and the dykes of social effort laid a parallel retaining barrier for it, and the people packed it with the business of the movement, because it could carry it. It is the aristocracy of democracy, where the best men, with-

out respect to sect or party, run together, by providential gravity, into the penstocks of the turbines at the capitals. It has the height of all the churches; it has the breadth of all the parties; it has the reach of all the statesmen. The liquor dealers hate it; the Legislatures respect it; the people trust it; the Church—it is the Church pouring the power of God upon the mighty wheels of politics. Rivalries, now, are pure folly, for the river *is* its tributaries and the two shores are one, beneath the stream. Dr. Billy Clark, here in this country, with his little abstinence society, in 1808, was the Anti-Saloon League beginning, and the Anti-Saloon League, here today, in 1916, with its income of two millions a year, wearing the laurel, is Dr. Billy Clark, finishing, by the grace of God.

So, the Fourth Dimension fluxes the others, in America, the trysting place of nationalities. The grip of needless poverty is letting go. The banners of preventable disease fly at half mast. The task-masters of child labor surrender to the play-ground and the school. Watch dog publicists are in full cry after the furtive thieves of public property. The drag of tax dodgers and vote dodgers grows small by degrees and beautifully less, where women walk with sons and husbands to the polls. The reptiles of organized vice scuttle to cover. The mercenaries of the temple back away, with the welts of the plaited small cords of public sentiment upon their cheeks. War blows its trumpets with apologies to all mankind. The vision of Patmos takes substantial form and the representatives of all nations walk in the light of it. The kings of the earth are spending millions for publicity in the hope of having their honor underwritten

by the great republic, and the Lord God Almighty, and the Lamb, are the temple of humanity. A four-square democracy is in sight today. The Anti-Saloon League is the core of Christian unity, in politics, and Christian unity in politics is "The victory that overcometh the world."

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THE RAPE OF THE LAW

An address delivered before the Ministerial Association in New York City, May 8, 1911

IN ALL the vast inheritance of the Anglo-Saxon family there is nothing that can show more stable values, or more distinguished fame, than that great body of jurisprudence that we call the common law of England, or the common law of America, which is the same thing. It was conceived in an unqualified acceptance of the *divine* authority. It was founded on general and particular customs that had existed—according to the ancient formula—"time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary." It has been steadily corrected and supplemented by legal fiction, equity and statutory enactment, in order to keep up with the restless and resistless evolution of the social consciousness. It has grown in grace, reason, righteousness and facility directly as the growth of the social conscience and intelligence. It is not extravagant to call the accumulated decisions that record it the sacred literature of the race that leads today and largely dominates the progress of the world.

The British and American court reports are the serial story of a thousand years of orderly contention about concrete questions of right and wrong between parties that were alert, sincere and in dead earnest, with able, learned and honest judges on the bench looking out for

the purity and integrity of the law; with juries of average citizens in the box winnowing out the controverted facts, and with the best-trained scholars of the community as attorneys for the parties, fighting inch by inch for the verdict, the true word, man to man and man to sovereign. There is nothing nearer to inspiration in English literature.

A glance far back into the history will make this very clear. The earliest notion of a British law proceeded on the theory that it was by no means a mere enunciation of human power and opinion, but, on the contrary, a present inspiration from the author and builder of humanity, uttered in an actual controversy by the lips of the divinely chosen and anointed strong man of the society, the king.

Upon the body of divine judgments so created, customary law took root and flourished; under which in time it became competent for litigants to hark back to former rulings in similar matters and say, "Thus it stands decided, and the decision binds sovereign and citizen alike."

Then came legal fiction—a kind of covered way out from behind the stolid walls of precedent into the open, visible merits of the living, actual case at bar.

Then organized conscience took a hand, and, setting up a court of chancery, compelled the letter of the law to walk behind the spirit of it, in the interest of common sense and common fairness.

And finally came statutes and written constitutions, deriving their authority from mere power, to codify and to preserve.

We live now in the régime of legislation. But the eternal goodness and justice and reasonableness which were the basis of the system are still the heart and soul and brain and blood and bone and sinew of the law. And, for all the failures and wrongs of courts and statutes, the

law remains the prophet and apostle of the gospel of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.

We do well to speak, as we often do, of the *majesty* of the law; for, of all human phenomena, the law most notably suggests that quality. Politics at the best, is half barter and sputtering. War is always disorder and destruction. And, O business, "what crimes are perpetrated in thy name!"

There have been unjust judges, corrupt jurors, lying witnesses, tricky lawyers and venal legislators and prosecutors. But nevertheless, any student of our history will be ready to take off his hat to a courthouse, as the place where civic power, at its best—such as that is, in the given community—strives openly and constantly to see the right and to do it.

And undoubtedly the knowledge that over and above all our conflicting church creeds, and race prejudices, and party bitterness and selfish personal interests, a majestic spirit sits, to hear and to determine; that its judgments, if more or less alloyed with human error, are incorruptible, and its power, for all time, supreme; is the nation's best hope for social order and religious liberty.

That fine passage of Richard Hooker's comes to mind in this connection, where speaking of law, he says: "Her seat is in the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world. All things in heaven and earth do her homage, the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power?"

No man can sound a higher, timelier note of American patriotism today, than to exhort the people to a deeper, truer reverence for law, as law. Law-making is in no danger of falling into abeyance. The executive makes it by the mere silent pressure of his mighty influence; the legislature makes it, regularly and directly, as in duty

bound; the judiciary makes it over in the calm afterglow of sober second thought.

What this country needs, above everything else, is a revival of old-fashioned, British law-honoring and law-obeying, by the citizens, in office and out of office.

Up through this continent of actual and effectual judications, a mountain range of legal maxims has thrust itself. These maxims are the vertebræ of the backbone of our civilization. Through them the vital marrow runs that gears our ideals to our earthward parts, the *feet* of our citizenship, our business and our politics.

Among these mountain peaks of human wisdom, one towers pre-eminent. In the shine and silence and coolness of its lofty summit, the baffling vapors of the turmoil of the world condense, and precipitate white crystals of free truth, that return presently in running streams of social and economic principle, to refresh and enrich the plain. This is the greatest legal maxim of the English: "*Salus populi suprema lex*"—The safety of the people is the highest law. And this, by even the briefest reference to the United States census, shows ninety million reasons why a liquor license is bad law, bad morals, bad patriotism and bad business.

A license law is an invitation from the people, to start a saloon. The licensed dram-shop is the sovereign's suggestion to the citizen, to buy and to drink. To many it is worse than that. It is a poisoned sacrament, in which the legislature, the lord and prophet of the State, offers the cup of mockery and lies and says, "Do this in remembrance of me."

It is quite true, that the solicitation of the saloon is not compulsory. But that fact gives no color of virtue to the license. There are many who will not decline it. There are many that do not know enough to decline it.

There are some, God pity them! who can not decline it. There are millions of parents, wives and children of its patrons and its victims who are denied any volition in the premises. And the man that buys there loses his money, his family's money, his employer's money, his creditor's money. And the man that drinks there puts body, mind, family, country, employer, property, prospects, posterity, in jeopardy.

But does he? Does the man that buys alcoholic drinks lose his money? Does the man that drinks alcoholic liquor take on sure peril with his dram? He certainly does. The fact is so old it is tiresome. It is so scientific it is a joke. It is so obvious, that to assert it earnestly provokes a smile.

But surely, it has not been proved that necessarily, it injures a man to take a glass of beer! No, certainly not; it depends on the man. It has not been proved that necessarily it injures a boy to win ten dollars on a horse-race; it depends on the boy. But the broad rule in human experience and observation varies as little as the magnetic needle, that it is demoralizing to play the races, that it is injurious to drink beer.

I call no expert witness to verify the statement. It is the commonest of common knowledge. Habit is as inherent in alcoholic drink as gravitation is in matter. And, as applied to the liquor habit, "temperance" is the idiot of abstract nouns.

This fact stands out plain as a pike-staff, in the midst of the whole problem of human felicity and efficiency—that any alcoholic drink habit in a healthy body, lines up on the wrong side of every vital proposition.

I sat through a long voyage, at the captain's table, on a Pacific liner. Other passengers at the same table, from time to time extended to the captain the hospitality of

their private bottles of wine and spirits, which he quietly and invariably declined. One day after we had got well acquainted, one of the men railed him about his rigid abstinence, and said: "Do you think it would hurt you to have a whisky and soda?" He answered, "No, not at all." Then another said, "Are you afraid of the stuff?" And I could see the broad shoulders of the grizzled viking bulk themselves back a little, as he replied deliberately: "No, I don't know as it would do me any harm, and I am certainly not afraid of it. But there is a lot more to it; don't you know? I am the master of this ship. My standing in my profession and my livelihood as a man depend on the confidence of her owners and the board of admiralty. I have worked hard for many years, have been careful, and have had good luck. But the best of skippers may run his ship upon the rocks, without any fault whatever of his own. If I were to do that to mine today; aye, and go down with her, after getting the passengers off in the boats, I should rather not have the newspapers report, that I had been seen drinking with you. Or, if I were to get back to port, with the rest, and with only a crippled vessel to account for before the inevitable court of inquiry, my explanation of my behavior in the premises would carry more weight in my favor, if I could back it with the record of a total abstainer. This would be true even in the minds of men accustomed to drink liquors freely and frequently. One drink, and that perfectly harmless in itself, would with absolute certainty, put me —dead or alive—more or less, at a disadvantage with the court and the public; for in the investigation of a calamity or a tragedy, everybody is predisposed to think that the ship master who sometimes takes a drink, sometimes takes many drinks, and the safety line through the shoals of 'How many' no navigator's chart has ever located." Is

the liquor traffic safe for the people? Not for the people at sea.

I went forward, with others, to congratulate the engineer who had drawn our special train, in a glorious burst of speed, between two stations where the track was straight and firm. One jovial passenger, filled with enthusiasm and other stimulants, passed up into the cab a pretty flask, covered with silver open-work and partly emptied, saying: "Keep the bottle, old man, as a souvenir." The gift was laughingly but emphatically declined, and the giver, as good-naturedly, asked why. The engineer said reflectively, without the faintest odor of preaching: "Well, there are four reasons, and maybe more. In the first place, the company might fire me. This company, and every great railroad company in America, considers that no man is fit to hold the throttle of an engine, if he takes alcoholic drinks in any quantity or in any form. In the second place, some of you fellows, back in the coaches, might object to having me pull the train, on a ticklish trip like this. In the third place, I want to make a good engineer out of my boy here, that fires for me, and his chances are better without the brandy. And in the fourth place, this train might go into the ditch; and if she should, an empty flask beside my body under the cab would look bad to the coroner's jury. Everybody knows that 'temperance' is the star liar of the dictionary." Is the liquor traffic safe for the people? Not for the people on railways.

I was at a hospital when an ambulance came tearing to the door with a man whose leg was crushed to a pulp from the mid-thigh down. He was placed upon the operating table, restless and moaning. "Oh, doctor," he said, "will it kill me?" And the good, blunt man of science answered briefly, "No, not the leg, but the beer may do

you up." And it did. The limb was removed quickly and skilfully. But the clean, aseptic cut had no chance to heal, for the general physical degradation of beer no surgeon's knife can amputate. When life and death clinch, beer stabs life in the back.

A friend of mine was stricken with pneumonia. He was a splendid specimen of young manhood, forty-six inches chest measure, and set up like a Greek god. To the amazement of his friends, he died almost in the first onslaught of the disease. The doctor's comment in private, was curt but eloquent: "You can't bank on a fine physique when pneumonia grips a drinker." When health and disease have a tug of war, drink takes the graveyard end.

Wherever the situation is in the nature of a crisis and the tension of responsibility is very high, alcoholic drink is a saturated solution of peril. Even if it do no visible and direct harm, it gives off an *atmosphere* of uncertainty and suspicion that makes for injustice and failure. It is the fast friend of shipwreck and train-wreck and home-wreck and business wreck and life-wreck. Shakespeare, for once at a loss for a word, proposed to call it "devil." But it is entitled to no such honor. It is no prince of darkness. It is no prince of anything. It is the cock-roach of human industry. It is the louse of human liberty. It is the San Jose scale upon the orange trees of youthful ambition. It is the cut-worm, the Hessian fly, the canker worm, the caterpillar of the growing crops of character. It is the coddling moth of the trees of righteousness. It is the filthy-footed house fly of domestic love. It is the fever-bearing mosquito of politics. It is the flea-bearing plague-rat that plants pus in moral fiber. It is the slug that eats life's roses from the cheeks of happy wives. It is the pander of syphilis, insanity and crime. It is the

world's most accomplished sneak thief, and it does its larceny in broad daylight as well as in the dark.

The drink peril shows up more commonly if less dramatically, in competitions. Take two college athletes, exactly equal in age, weight, skill, measurements, training and spirit, matched in an endurance race of any kind. When the race is called, one, as the final act of preparation, takes a drink of whisky. He will feel the stronger and the swifter for it, not because he has more strength, but less judgment. That feeling is the ancient physiological lie, whose monument, in the world's greatest literature, is the proverb, "Wine is a mocker; strong drink is raging, and whosoever fools with it at all is not wise." The lusty old falsehood will seem like self-evident truth, to the stimulated competitor, in the first stretching of his muscles. But failure will dog his footsteps down the course and in the last, dire heart-thrusts near the finish, where the winner is decided, he will be far more liable than the other to go to pieces. The liquor traffic is dead against the whole tribe of prize-winners.

All other things being equal, the abstainer completely outclasses the drinker, no matter what the race or what the prize. Science says this—not fanaticism. Infallibly, in the supreme moment, the drinker slumps from the uttermost of his own possibilities. Alcoholic drink never on earth put any man at his best. It has degraded millions. It always picks a loser. There is but one promise that it keeps; it does make "good fellows" of dull and idle men in a crowd. This gives it its banqueting value. But it levies blackmail on the nerves, in the reaction.

Throughout the voyage of life, with muscle or mentality, at work or at play, the drinker's compass points below.

It rests on scientific demonstration, that the effect of

alcoholic drink determines to the higher, finer brain cells, to degrade and paralyze them, in the inverse order of their development, that is, in the direct order of their dignity. A man—packed with history, packed with destiny—is every kind of a man, from the thumbless, chinless, club-footed brutedom, whence he came, up to the chrism of a messiah. And the drink is a frost, that bites back the newest, tenderest shoots of the growing divinity in him—back, back, bruteward, gutterward, slimeward. Some go back farther than others. Some go back faster than others. Some go back only a little way. But from first to last, the man that has alcohol for a partner in the investment of his vital powers heads steadily badward from his own possible best.

In all the fields of human confidence, no fact is more universally recognized than this. For the drinker there is never room at the top. Let us take the testimony of some great men on this head. Andrew Carnegie says: "I am not a temperance lecturer in disguise, but a man who knows and tells you what observation has proved to him; and I say to you that you are more likely to fail in your career from acquiring the habit of drinking liquor than from all of the other temptations likely to assail you."

Emperor William requires a chauffeur for his automobile. Not only for his own sake, but also for the fatherland, the kaiser must ride safely. It is the land of beer and personal liberty. A certified machinist, of unblemished character, applies. He seems an ideal man for the place. But the royal agent takes no chances. "Do you use alcoholic liquors?" he says. The man confesses to an occasional glass of beer. The agent shakes his head. The man makes haste to say: "I was never drunk in my life." The agent answers, "Yes, but many men are a little drunk, who think they are particularly sober

—the vision a little blurred, the hearing a little dulled, the touch a little numbed, the attention a little slowed, the judgment a little confused." The man says angrily: "Do you deny that I am a good chauffeur?" The agent says, "Not at all. But one must be a superlative chauffeur to drive the kaiser's car. No beer drinker is superlative, for safety."

Luther Burbank, in his revised and specialized third day of creation requires an assistant in the making of new fruits and flowers, nuts, thornless cactus, and rich forage for the desert. Here comes a young doctor of philosophy, earnest, brilliant, skillful, trained. But he smells of beer. Send him away. His very finest sense of touch, sight and judgment is more or less dulled. This work is for the finest and malted brains are never the finest.

The other day the Catholic Order of Foresters, with a quarter of a million membership, voted to exclude all liquor dealers, on the ground that they are extra hazardous lives. That makes the sixty-fifth benefit fraternity to take such action. There was no spitework in it. There was no vague sentiment about it. It was a cold business declaration that that occupation is on the deathward side of life insurance.

Sir Frederick Treves, the foremost physician in England, was with the British Army on the march to the relief of Ladysmith. It was a forced march. Terrific consequences hung upon the issue. Only a large remnant arrived. Only a large remnant of these were fit to fight. To the rear, the line of march was thick with stragglers and failures. And Sir Frederick reported that the determining element in the trial of endurance was the grog. The drinkers fell out, or were dead beat. The abstainers arrived and were fit. The liquor traffic is against the safety

of the soldier. The argument of army officers in favor of selling beer and light wines, in the army canteen, is as sound as the two unsound assumptions on which it is predicated—that the enlisted men *will* drink, and that the state governments will give aid and comfort to saloons outside the camps. It is the tippling officers that *will* drink. The men only adopt the official morale and follow the official example. With abstaining officers, and state governments coöperating with the federal law, we should not be long in mustering and maintaining a sober army. The liquor traffic is against "the honor of a soldier."

The testimony of arctic and antarctic exploration is unanimous, that no drinker is fit for that glorious adventuring, where success turns on hairbreadth margins of vitality.

When Doctor Lorenz was entertained at a banquet in New York, he turned down the wine glasses and said: "I am a surgeon. I put my hands upon the lives of men, women and children. I must keep my nerves at their best, or be untrue to those that trust me in transcendent business."

I refrain from statistics. They can not be accurate. They are hard to understand. They are too cold to be convincing. I rest this case on the bare reference to things that are perfectly plain to everybody. The common, unlearned judgment of the thoughtful community supports my thesis even without the recitation of any facts at all. Enlightened imagination is as sure as science, here.

Imagine two young couples, exactly equal in age, breeding, health, wealth, culture, love, ambition and opportunity, happily married and setting out, in neighboring houses, on the journey of life. These two abstain, on principle. The beer wagon makes regular calls on these

others. Which will you back for health, happiness, prosperity and peace as they go down the westward slope of the hill? It would be bad manners and bad morals to bet on such a case. No sportsman bets on a sure thing. Every trip of the beer wagon hauls away something of the hope of the road. It is a hearse.

I am not saying that either home will fail utterly, or either be superlatively successful. Homes where drink was served have turned out well. And homes where abstinence was the rule have failed. But assuming equality in all other particulars, the one that bars the drink has the better equipment. The liquor traffic is against the safety of marriage.

Imagine a baby boy arriving at the same time in each of these homes. Which has the better chance for the best things in a man's life? The question admits of but one answer, save for the contingency that the beer home or the beer club, or the beer saloon, may spoil the son of the abstainers. The liquor traffic is against the safety of boys.

Take a longer look ahead. Imagine the two babies, girls, and that the whole future of motherhood in the two lines is wrapped up in them. In which will the investment of posterity be most secure? Why, don't you know, that if one of them drink intemperately, and if she drink at all, there is that peril—and bear a daughter, she, the granddaughter, will be unable to suckle her daughter; who, if she drink freely, will be incapable of child-bearing? Two generations of inebriate mothers close the chapter of reproduction in that line. The liquor traffic is against the safety of motherhood.

What great voice, in science, statesmanship, philanthropy, or leadership of any kind, speaks well of the saloon on the score of the safety of the people?

Call up William E. Gladstone, the greatest statesman of the nineteenth century. Is the liquor traffic safe for the people? And that wonderful voice answers: "It has done more injury to England than war, pestilence and famine, all combined."

Call up John Morley, his greatest lieutenant. Is the liquor trade safe for the people? He says: "England must put a stop to the liquor traffic or it will put a stop to England."

Call up the Lord Chief Justice of England. Is the liquor traffic safe for the people? And the astounding statement comes into this record: "If sifted, nine-tenths of the crime of England and Wales could be traced to drink."

Call up Abraham Lincoln. Is the liquor traffic safe for the people? And the deep pathos of that mighty voice replies: "The liquor traffic is a cancer in society, eating out the vitals and threatening destruction. Attempts to regulate it will not only prove futile, but will aggravate the evil."

Call up William McKinley. Is the liquor traffic safe for the people? And the most genial and charitable of statesmen answers:

"The liquor traffic is the most degrading and ruinous of all human pursuits. By legalizing this traffic we agree to share with the liquor seller the responsibilities and evils of his business. Every man who votes for license becomes of necessity a partner to the liquor traffic and all its consequences."

Call up the foremost private citizen of the world. Is the liquor traffic safe for the people? And like steel bullets from a gun comes his opinion:

"The liquor traffic tends to produce criminality in the population at large and lawbreaking among the saloonkeepers themselves."

Call up Terence Powderly, the old grand master workman of the Knights of Labor. Is the liquor traffic safe for the people? And his answer is ready:

"Had I ten million tongues and a throat for each tongue, I would say to every man, woman and child here tonight, throw strong drink aside as you would an ounce of liquid hell. It sears the conscience, it destroys everything it touches. It reaches into the family circle and takes the wife you have sworn to protect and drags her down from her purity into that house from which no decent woman ever goes alive. It induces the father to take the furniture from the house, exchange it for money at the pawnshop, and spend the proceeds for rum. It damns everything it touches. I have seen it in every city east of the Mississippi river, and I know that the most damning curse to the laborer is that which gurgles from the neck of the bottle. I would rather be at the head of an organization having one hundred thousand temperate, honest, earnest men than at the head of an organization of twelve million drinkers, whether moderate or any other kind."

Call up John Mitchell, the present leader of the labor world. Is the liquor traffic safe for the people? And his calm, careful words respond:

"I have no sympathy with the statement, so often made, that the manufacture and sale of liquor has contributed to the industrial development of the nation. On the contrary, I believe that liquor has contributed more to the moral, intellectual and material deterioration of the people and has brought more misery to defenseless women and children than has any other agency in the history of mankind."

Or face about in the other direction and inquire.

Consult the oracle of the alleys, where pauperism

writhes and reeks and rots. Is the liquor traffic safe for the people? And the two great experts on the subject, The Massachusetts Bureau of Labor Statistics, and the famous Committee of Fifty, produce the figures to show that not less than 39 per cent of pauperism is due to drink.

Take the wretched testimony of the brothel. Is the liquor traffic safe for the people? The answer is instant: The soul of the brothel is the drink—not lust, drink.

Call up the white slave trade that catches girls and hawks them in the dissipation market, as fishermen take fish and sell them. Is the liquor traffic safe for the people? And every dirty pander of them all acknowledges that drink is the working capital of the business.

Call up the jails, the forcing beds of crime, and put the question. Is the liquor traffic safe for the people? And they answer that 50 per cent of the jail horror is the drink.

Call up the insane asylums. Is the liquor traffic safe for the people? And no man puts the figure at less than 50 per cent for the drink.

Call up the scrap-heap of broken homes and lost prospects. What is the matter here? Many things, but mostly drink.

The schoolhouse cries: Keep the saloon away from me, and even the license law agrees to do it.

The church cries save me from the sacrilege of a near saloon, and even the license law tries to do it. Election day cries, shut the saloon while I am passing. And even the license law does it. Sunday, the rest day, the day of home and worship, cries for protection from the saloon. And even the license law agrees to give it.

No, you will listen vainly for one brave, honest word, among all the voices of the century, that speaks in favor

of the beverage liquor traffic on the score of safety for the people. Listen to Frances Willard:

Write it on the workhouse gate,
Write it on the schoolboy's slate,
Write it in the copy book,
That the young may on it look:
"Where there's drink, there's danger."

Write it in the nation's laws,
Blotting out the license clause;
Write it on each ballot white,
So it can be read aright:
"Where there's drink, there's danger."

Write it on the ships that sail,
Borne along by storm and gale,
Write it large in letters plain,
Over every land and main:
"Where there's drink, there's danger."

Write it over every gate,
On the Church and halls of State,
In the hearts of every band,
In the laws of every land:
"Where there's drink, there's danger."

If the danger to the people stopped at the drinker, we might perhaps charge off the loss, to the "personal liberty" account, and depend upon the growing health of abstinence, to run away from the disease. But the liquor peril does not stop at the weak and the vicious. The bulk of it, indeed, falls on the innocent and the strong. We stand, or fall, together. My drunken neighbor burdens his wife's heart, or breaks it, leaves a trail of defective children, defaults his obligations as a neighbor and a citizen, or becomes an active agency of vice and crime. But the sober and industrious foot the bills, in money and in misery; and the clean homes suffer with the vile.

We have been told for many years that the license system is a scheme to oppress and weaken the liquor trade. If that be true, the scheme is an outrage, not very different from highway robbery—to hold up with a strong hand, a recognized business and compel it to pay for its own destruction.

But that was never true. The license system was always in effect, an endorsement and an encouragement of the liquor traffic. It found the business in the tap-room of the tavern and the back room of the grocery, with the liquor dealer, as such, commercially, socially and politically insignificant. Centuries of this "oppression" have so highly specialized the liquor seller and so strongly fortified the liquor business, that they have moved up to the street front and to the center of the stage, in politico-economic efficiency. The barrel-head, or the cheap deal table that formerly served as a bar, has evolved from the shadows and cobwebs into a gorgeous but tawdry scheme of decoration; and the proprietor, by virtue of his proprietorship, has become the chartered and insolent defier of the law and the backer of every corruption, from crooked politics to the red-light district.

Within my own memory, the license "oppression" has been increased tenfold, and in the same time, the political power and the social havoc of drink have increased in higher ratio.

The credentials of the license system are furnished by the trade that it "oppresses."

J. M. Atherton, president of the National Protective Association, the foremost organization of distillers and wholesale liquor dealers, says:

"The true policy for the liquor trade to pursue is advocate as high a license as they can in justice to themselves afford to pay."

Peter E. Iller, the most prominent distiller in Nebraska, says:

"I believe that high license is one of the grandest laws for the liquor traffic and for the men interested, as well as for the people at large, there is."

Henry S. Wuhfeldt & Co., distillers of Chicago, say:

"We think the trade in any state should favor high license."

Devereaux & Meserve, wholesale liquor dealers of Boston, gave this advice to their patrons in Nebraska in 1890:

"Advocate high license and reach all the politicians and others of influence. Do not think you can silence the pulpit, but you can induce some of them to advocate high license on moral grounds."

Bowler Bros., brewers of Worcester, Massachusetts, say: "Your battle cry must be high license versus Prohibition."

Metz & Bro., the leading brewery of Nebraska, wrote from Omaha:

"High license bars Prohibition. We are positively certain that were it not for our present high license law, Nebraska today would have Prohibition."

During the movement for an increase of the liquor tax in Ohio the liquor men outwardly opposed its adoption, but when it became a law the Wine and Spirits News boastingly said:

"It cannot be denied that an immense revenue will accrue to the state making the liquor business of Ohio indispensable to the state. It will be more difficult to assail the traffic from a legislative standpoint in the future. . . . The state will have learned to lean on that revenue and will not be in a position to despoil itself merely to please the whimsical notions of theorists

and wild-eyed cranks. In this respect at least the $1,000 tax will be a benefit."

The liquor traffic is a public enemy and the license system is its friend.

If the safety of the people is the highest law, the license system is the world's masterpiece of legislative imbecility or treachery.

This fact, at last, is rising like an apocalyptic vision before the people. And they have set about their own deliverance, by laying the axe of Prohibition at the root of the organized degradation. The active enemies of the trade have abandoned the license system as a remedy, and the strife over methods of suppression is subsiding. In the rapid increase of prohibited areas, the Beer Belshazzar reads the writing on the wall.

It has been a long, hard fight, and many of us bear the scars of it in our lives and fortunes. But the party Prohibitionists made no mistake in carrying the case up to the supreme court of national agitation. Politicians may plant and political parties may water; but as one body, the people rule. We have been charged with the foolishness of trying to force Prohibition on the majority. But no intelligent Prohibitionist has ever sought, or hoped, to drive a law through an unwilling nation. Force is folly in a republic except moral force to make people think.

Absolutely the whole effort has been and is to drive home the argument to the head and heart and hand of the majority, until it shall desire and demand and then obtain and then enforce a law that will forbid the wasting and the poisoning, and eventually abolish them.

I am on reflection not disappointed that the final movement has taken the form of progressive local option, although I did what I could for a more summary method.

The general battle has not come in the way that I

expected and intended. But it has come. I welcome it gladly and gratefully, as a greater plan than mine, since it carries not only the rout and ruin of the liquor traffic, but also breaks the strangle-hold of the party habit on the people.

I don't apologize for local option? I surrender, unconditionally to it, as the only visible way out of the morass of license legislation into which we have fallen. When enough counties in a state clean up, by their own clear-eyed good sense and good conscience, they will rescue the sodden remnant as by the hair of the head. And when enough states shall have emerged, and the interstate commerce regulations shall have ceased to baffle and defeat them they will unite on some first Tuesday after the first Monday in November, and drain the whole swamp dry.

True, the liquor plague is not local. It crawls and flies and burrows. But neither is state or county reformation local. It cries aloud. It preaches across the border. It works into the whole lump, like yeast. The counties are the state, and the states are the union. We are all members, one of another. Real reform may begin anywhere, but it does not stop short of the dome of the national capitol.

Even now the record of progress is magnificent. The reform began a hundred years ago in terms of the individual. Now, it speaks by counties and state; and it almost has its hands upon the halyards of "Old Glory."

What we see about us, north, south, east, west and at Washington, is National Prohibition marching by army corps, regiments, and companies—that is to say, by States, Territories, counties and towns—into the plain of Armageddon, where manhood and womanhood, the king and queen of the earth, and their armies are gathering to

make war on the scarlet-colored beast without regard to local boundary lines.

The objection that local option concedes to the majority the right to do wrong is mere cant—the whine of a weakling or the swagger of a pharisee. This government is not a pious oligarchy, where absolute moral values are put up in sealed packets by the elect and marked, "none other genuine," but a democracy, where right and wrong are always relative terms, and not rarely very vague terms. And local self-government is the American rule of the road for those who seek to arrive at the right and to carry it out successfully in civic forms.

What is called the "conscience argument" contains a snare for *little* men. One sometimes hears a man speak about conscience as if the whole visible supply belonged to him, and so it does—that which is visible at his particular pin-hole in the curtain of the mystery of the world. These men are probably as conscientious as they think they are. But they underrate the rest of us. We have our pin-holes, too, and eyes and minds and consciences.

The pronoun of individual conscience is "I"—not "he," not "we," not "you," not "they." "I"—one stroke, one letter, high, straight, narrow, aloof, vertical. It does not work; it is. It does not go; it witnesses. It does not mix; it stands pat. It implies absolute independence in the polling booth. It rejects all claims of parties and majorities to command; and, like a seed in the earth, abides alone until it dies and bears.

The pronoun of democracy is "we"—"I" and "thou" and "he" and "they" together. It is a syllable. It is a word. It is a crowd. It is a fusion. It is a compromise. It is collective conscience moving horizontally. It works; it is a business. It goes; it is an engine. It combines; it is a brotherhood. It implies full, equal competition for

wheat and tares alike until the true law arrives with scythe and flail and power.

I shall stand here, where God put me, and do right as He gives me to see the right. That is the voice of conscience, on picket duty. Take off your hat to it.

We of this county, we of this territory, we of this nation, will have a show of hands on this proposal and abide the issue without a snarl or a whine. That is the voice of democracy—conscience on the march. Take off your hat to that, too.

They, the representatives of the people in office, and they, the people themselves out of office, shall obey the majority, while counties and states work upon each other and work themselves together into a national policy as upright, patriotic and glorious as the flag. That is the voice of law and order—conscience in command. Take off your hat to that also.

This is our case in the symbol of the era:—Conscience, the stem, in one dimension, height; democracy, the arms, in the second dimension, breadth; economics, the grip of the soil—conscience, in the third dimension, length. It is the true cross of Christ, and in this sign we conquer and shall conquer.

The charge that prohibitory law cannot be enforced is a sloppy mixture, about one-third the bluff of the criminal liquor trade, one-third the feebleness of flabby good people, and one-third the dishonesty of quack statesmen.

Perfect enforcement of a law that revolutionizes the habits and the policy of ages is manifestly impossible, all at once and immediately. But the no-license policy is already more perfectly enforced and far more respected, in the localities that have adopted it, than the restrictive features of the license law have ever been enforced and respected anywhere. And the indirect efforts of recent

local option victories are very striking in extent and character.

So long as license was the accepted policy, the attitude of the trade to restrictive regulations was that of sheer contempt. Which was only natural, because the system of licensing a thing that does evil and only evil to the people, is intrinsically and incorrigibly contemptible. But now, with Prohibition sweeping through the counties and the states and haunting the corridors of the national capitol, a mighty change has come over the spirit of the liquor dealers' dream and the most truculent and mean spirited of trades is in a hysteria of vain desire and effort to amend its ways. The beer lord, for the first time in history, is at the mourner's bench of restriction, crying: "Good lord, good devil, regulate me, better me, rob me, despise me more, if possible, but let me live," and the whole country looks on in wonder and disgust and says: "Behold, *he* prays."

But there are, and for a long time yet will be, disappointments in the prohibitory régime. These disappointments arise from two causes; negligence in choosing officers, and the evaporation of emotional majorities, as against the actual fighting-weight of public sentiment. Human nature is negligent and the best human nature is the most negligent in managing servants.

The popular enthusiasm over moral reforms that involve trouble and threaten invested money, is extremely volatile. The quick, tough, aggressive will-power of the masses has pertained, and will pertain mostly, to their economic development. The temperance achievements of the fifties were swept away by the business problems of the sixties. And many an electorate won to difficult Prohibition, by the popular enthusiasm, in emotional

campaigns, goes back, now, to easy license, for lack of fixitive in the popular will.

The explanation is very simple, and the cure is close at hand. The temperance movement, until recently, has been almost purely religious. And the dogma of the separation of church and state has been attended with a popular confusion of ideas as to the relation of moral interests to material interests. The two have been treated as distinctly separate and even antagonistic; and the moral reformer has been tempted to expect victory, in the form of a religious revival, suddenly and completely, ignoring, rebuking and coercing business.

Of course it could not and can not come in that way. Religious revivals are only flashlights for conduct; and business is the conduct of the world. The new and steady light, now rising on the situation, is the dawn of enlightened common sense and common interest in the business world, coming to reinforce and realize the night vision of religion.

And this is the doom of the license system. The slow-going, late-bearing scions of religion, engrafted by our fathers on the hardy trees of trade, are bending now, with the fruit that religious enthusiasm vainly hoped to produce miraculously from the inserted twigs, without the tedious intervention of woody growth, and age-long labor. The problem is still religious; but the accented element, in the temperance movement today, is business, and what Business sets out to do, it does, slowly but relentlessly. And being business, it naturally takes the form, on its political side, of progressive local option by counties, territories and states; for business always takes the way that is visibly practical and shows actual results in the day's work.

It all means that the greatest of reforms has come

into bearing, with a method of husbandry, that is at once religious, democratic, popular and practical, and all the signs point to victory.

The key-note of the future is free-hearted, broad-minded, clean-handed, coöperation in welding the local units into a prohibitory nation.

The fires for that welding are glowing red on the forges of the people; and all the anvils of democracy are ringing with the hammers and sledges of reform. The states rebuke the arrogance of parties, and the counties repudiate the boss.

The people, of their own initiative, in their own name and their own way, have gone behind old partyism, behind bi-partyism, behind third partyism, back to the old maxim, back to the elemental principle of self-defense; back to the divine doctrine of human brotherhood, and organized a neighborhood wolf-hunt, to round up and finish up the saloons; and, by appropriate federal legislation, to stop the breed.

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PROHIBITION: WITH THE PEOPLE BEHIND IT

An address delivered at the National Convention of the American Anti-Saloon League, December 11, 1911, in Washington, D. C.

AT LAST the time has come when a speech against the liquor business can begin, and must begin, with a strong, high note of cheer.

Not that the deep, dark pathos and outrage of the thing have greatly diminished; they have not; but because the apathy, the ignorance, the subserviency of decent citizens, in the matter, is disappearing like the valley mist at sunrise; and the sparse and sorrowful Prohibition militia of former days has grown to an enthusi-

astic army of invasion, keen and fit for war to the finish.

To those of us who bore the heat and burden of the movement in the lean, gray years of preparation, this day has seemed a long time on the way.

When Doctor Billy Clark promoted the first temperance society of modern times, in Saratoga county, New York, he did not dream of anything so extravagant as a campaign to stop the trade; that lawfully, respectably, and as a matter of course held out the cup that curses while it cheers, to all ranks and conditions of society. Even the expectation of little human salvage in his own neighborhood seemed fantastical.

That was in 1808.

It was a forlorn hope of all but ruined men that formed the Washingtonian society, in the forties. And in the fifties, when that movement burst into a flame of righteously indignant legislation, that would have swept the liquor business from the map of trade and did in fact abolish it in fourteen or fifteen of the states, the earthquake of civil war came and engulfed it in a tidal wave of blood and beer and graft and bossism.

That was in the sixties.

How vividly we can still recall the sound of tears in Frances Willard's voice when, like a glorified Peter the Hermit, she went sweeping from state to state, half angel, half nemesis, pleading, arraigning, inspiring.

That was in the seventies.

The Prohibition party, with set, sad countenance, did a great work greatly. It built a road for political liberty of conscience, from the bi-partisan quagmire that followed the Civil War, to the open sea of actual, ethical, intellectual, effectual Christian Democracy.

If there is any human activity in civil or moral engineering entitled to be called fundamental and eternal,

it is that of casting up highways for the people. The Roman Empire has been dead for centuries; but Roman roads still stretch their brawny arms in full, beneficent efficiency, untouched by age; for kings may come and dynasties may go, but roads rule on forever.

A road is an atonement, laid in economics. The spirit of God is the togetherness of men, in the name of progress—"two or three," or a billion. It was no accident that Jesus never said, "I am the vehicle, or I am the organization, or I am the man," but "I am the way."

The Prohibition party was the bridge builder of the great reform; a rough mechanic, but its work abides and will abide. It fixed the hated word "Prohibition" in our political language and put its sneering rival, "personal liberty," in deep and permanent contempt. It drove the tough, straight-grained and seasoned tree trunks of accomplished knowledge, conscience and conviction into the shifting sands of party politics, down to the hardpan. Its persuasions fell like blows, vexing and spattering the Christian voters encamped supinely by the party streams, until for very shame, they stood erect, at attention, caught the key and rythm of the pile-driver, enlisted not in the party but in the minute-men regiments of the Anti-Saloon League, crossed the Rubicon of Christian-democrat belligerency, and threw their party badges in the stream. So that tonight we stand before the very gates of victory.

But that means only that we have got a chance to fight. This is the net achievement of a hundred years, that we have made the enemy come out from his distilleries and breweries, his warehouses and saloons, his clubs and speakeasies, his drug stores and canteens, his gambling houses and brothels, into the open and into battle form.

And this is why we cheer as we go forward; not be-

cause the fight is finished, but because, after a baffling century of challenging and skirmishing, it has begun.

But our present cheers must not shut out the voices of the future. We shall have hot work, from now on. Villainy takes naturally to strategy; cruelty dies hard. This cowardly, low-browed, foul-breathed, cold-blooded, false-tongued degenerate of trades, driven farther and farther into a corner, will fight like hell. That is to say, will strangle with the brimstone fumes of slander, will mine the thoroughfares with murder, will trap and torture with the flying cavalry of lies.

Yet we do well to cheer, in celebration of the simplified conditions of the conflict. After all the carking years of tricks and bribes and betrayals and compounded political felonies, the liquor trade, hemmed in by mountains of public sentiment and rivers of popular knowledge, turns at bay, takes up our gauge of battle, and with satanic, idiotic impudence, proposes a "campaign of education."

This itself is victory, and the beginning of the end. And if democracy is not a failure our complete triumph is assured.

All the signs are auspicious. In the first place, a finer, braver spirit runs through our own ranks. The critical attitude among ourselves is dying out. It was excusable and inevitable in the boom days of mere agitation, and did little harm.

Looking back, we see abundant justification, and even abundant credit, for us all. Every move, however roughly made, was well worth while. Every rivalry promoted zeal and sharpened the focus of the public mind. But the period of mere agitation has passed, and the methods and manners of the mere agitator should pass with it. The accent has shifted from salvage to con-

servation, from agitation to construction, from zeal to efficiency, from benevolence to business. And looking forward, we see that divisions would be illogical and hurtful. Coöperation is the key-note for the future. The right hand of fellowship among ourselves is the best formation we can use against the enemy. A man that can't fight beside another man who differs from him incidentally is not a good soldier now.

Shaking hands is good training for the grip and heart muscles, and these are what we shall use mostly. With hearts of oak, we must close our ballots, the white fingers of our Christian citizenship, on the throat of the liquor traffic, and squeeze its accursed gullet till it quits forever.

There must, of course, be a few cavilers where so many are engaged. They are hard to understand. They are impossible to reconcile. But we who compose the great, free, untrammeled working body of the movement ought to adopt and are going to adopt as a great working commandment, "Thou shalt not whine at the success of a comrade."

In the second place, we have learned slowly and reluctantly, but surely, that economics is the bones of public morality: clothes, shelter, food, efficiency, diversion, justice man to man. Moral muscles and religious nerves that do not articulate to these produce mere political hysteria. The present turn of the tide, in this long war, came when the Blucher of "business" brought its burley re-enforcements of argument into action. And now at length, we are as willing as we are able to meet the economic argument where it is, without any show of condescension or affectation of superior virtue.

The economic argument is on the ground, on the counter, on the bench, on the desk, in public service, not public services. The organized liquor trade is base and

crooked to the core; but many a citizen who knows that, is yet dimly but honestly persuaded that the license system, poor as it is, is all the Prohibition that is practicable at present. Such men are not now to be belittled, or railed at. They must be met and brought into our camp with the facts.

In the third place, the height and the length of our endeavor, no longer blind us to the breadth of it. The variations of local sentiment and local symptoms have come to be recognized as clearly, and taken as seriously as the great central purpose. County-manship is seen to be as worthy in its way, as statesmanship, and primarily more necessary in a democracy. The doctrine of the parable looms large in reason and experience, as well as authority, that the faithful over a few things is in the true line of honorable service and promotion.

It is a pity that the charge may yet be heard, sometimes, that local option is immoral. For one thing, the statement is rank nonsense—unless democracy is immoral; and for another thing, some of the best work in the world is of the masonry of honest mistakes corrected; and the sure and inevitable correction of the weaknesses of local option is state and national Prohibition. The critics of local option assume a false definition of the term. They take "local" to mean "little." They have no warrant for that. Local option means progressively—town democracy, county democracy, state democracy, and federal sovereignty. The key-note is union, one and indivisible. There are no state, county or town lines dividing the *purpose of the people*. But the John Brown days are past and gone. This is the Lincoln period of our reform, and in the Lincoln breadth and charity should prevail.

In the fourth place, the ugly old phrase "whisky

party," in its time accurate enough, has gone to the scrap heap. There is a whisky party, but it has now no relation to the political parties save that of a highwayman to the stage-coach—to hold them up and rob them. The political parties are very disappointing, mixed and human, but they are fundamentally patriotic. Human weakness and selfishness abound in them, but strength and loyalty much more abound. I am no good friend of either party. But I am ready to certify to the general deep-down honesty of both. And to call either a "whisky party" in the light of Anti-Saloon League history is baby talk. At any rate, party lines are fading out, in the light of the new national morality, and we have outgrown the period for wounding men to win them.

In the fifth place, the lampooning of Congress is going out of fashion. It is high time. To keep it up would be to advertise our ignorance, or malice, as well as to obstruct our progress. Congressional action is absolutely necessary in aid and recognition of the police power of the states. The Internal Revenue law and the interstate commerce law are in effect accessories of the organized treason to everything from the cradle to the flag. To bring them to our side, or shame them into standing up for fair play, is the most important work we have on hand.

Meanwhile Congress has become friendly toward our work. Any reasonable statute that is surely constitutional in aid of state Prohibition will pass the Senate and the House by a broadly and splendidly non-partisan majority once it can be got on the floor for passage. The bill now pending for Prohibition in Hawaii, and the bill amending the Interstate Commerce law so as to honor the popular will and judgment in prohibitory states will pass Congress and be signed by the President. The peril to

such bills is in committee, where unfriendly minorities may be powerful for delay. I speak from personal and recent knowledge when I say that we can look to Washington with confidence, if only we are sane enough and just enough to be patient with the slow turning of the great federal millstones that have to work on such enormous crops of public sentiment and grind the grist so fine.

Finally, we realize better a fact self-evident, but often overlooked by reformers, that we scouts and captains of the movement can go no faster than the people. They are interestd in many things, and different groups place the accent of precedence differently; but they have taken up the subject; and the Prohibition movement, now, has no warrant to demand the right of way and a clear track. It must simply take its place with the rest and put its trained and mighty shoulder to the wheel of general progress.

One still hears, now and then, that we must have "Prohibition with a party behind it." That, I think, is precisely what we must not have. Parties, while not intrinsically unrighteous, are the weakest engines of righteousness. They run by weathercock power. Their cardinal doctrine is "Thou shalt follow the multitude to do whatever will round it up in the party corral." "Thou shalt first observe the wind and then sow." Their message to their young men is: "My son, if enough sinners entice thee, consent, and be quick about it."

Minority parties are exceptions. But when they begin to come to majority the Delilah of dalliance with power crops their hair. So party government is always weak government; and no weak government will ever stamp out the liquor banditti.

This, I think, is the rationale of the present situation. We have won our fight to get our question to the people.

The liquor trade has lost its fight to keep it away from the people. The party boss, our enemy and the liquor dealers' friend, has been Jonahed overboard by the insurgent crew of the ship of state, and no political whale appears to have the stomach for a prophet of that flavor. The party constituencies are running together upon issues of vital morality. Government of the people, by the people, and for the people, that is to say, clean, strong government, has begun to arrive.

In the present forward movement we have every advantage of equipment. The breath of victory is in our nostrils. The truth of history is with us. The voice of science is heard in our camp. The sanctions of religion gird us for battle. The press corroborates our message. The daily walk and conversation of the business world slant toward us. And the license system is itself a plea of "guilty," both on the part of the trade and the people.

In the past, until the advent of the Anti-Saloon League, we scorned the critical study of the constructive value of methods. Our work was not education but appeal. "Stand up and be counted for the good you know and have published" was what we said and all we said. Drunkards and drunkenness were the self-evident proofs we offered, and our whole demand was made upon the Christian voter, not to think, but to do.

We won that fight, and that brought us to the present point of departure.

But let no man fool himself with the thought that we have whipped the liquor traffic. I know the splendid gains that we have made, and to my own heart I boast about them. But I know also, all too well, that we have made little difference in the volume of the liquor business.

We recall how General Braddock, able, brave, proud of his country, loyal to his King, marched with his little

army into the Western wilderness against the French and Indians at Fort Duquesne. The Indians met him first. From every British point of view they were contemptible. He could have wiped them out before breakfast if he could have laid hands on them. They were there but he scarcely caught sight of them. In one respect they were anything but contemptible—tenacity and singleness of pupose. They knew nothing about honor. They knew nothing about military form. But they knew the value of a lawless wilderness, to savages, and they were there to defend, possess and enjoy it. They were not too proud to crawl like snakes in the grass. They dodged from tree to tree. They ran like hares, but they came back like flies. They shot straight. They staid by the stuff. And the general got into history as the author of "Braddock's defeat."

Our enemy is like that. But we are not like that. The advance guard of the liquor trade are moral, industrial and political savages. They are lawless and pitiless. They get their pleasures out of the pain of others. Their profits are the losses of others. They crouch like cats upon the bosom of society and suck the gasping lips of failure for their breath of life. They are out for pelts and scalps and plunder. They sneak; they crawl; they burrow; they murder while they run; they torture the captured, they rob the dead.

But ours, if not better soldiers than our kinsmen at Fort Duquesne, knew their enemy better. Baffled and checked by treachery, they kept right on. Shot in the back they fell forward, and we stepped over them, and sounded the advance; until by sheer devotion we had torn the blanket savages of the liquor trade from their cover. And now, at last, they form in the open, under the walls of their twin citadels, the brewery and the dis-

tillery, where the sleek and epauletted field marshals of the business are in council and command. And now these heroes of hops, these moralists of malt, these sour mash patriots with their feet in the fountain of the public right, have set up a bureau of fake statistics and ordered "a campaign of education." It is a dirty battle, for clean-fighting men, but we have no choice but to accept it.

So then, at last and finally, after all the chasing and cross-firing, after all the camp-fever and discontent, we face the issue and the enemy, and the ancient, eternal general orders for righteousness run along the line, "Say unto the children of progress that they go forward."

Prohibitionists in Bands of Hope and Loyal Legions, with gentle insistence getting little boys and girls to sign the pledge of total abstinence. Go forward!

Prohibitionists in Rescue missions, throwing the life-line to half-dead derelicts of the saloon, Go forward!

Prohibitionists in the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, "doing everything" to save and build up womanhood, Go forward!

Prohibitionists in leagues and federations, marshaling the troops of trade and health and order against exposed positions of the enemy, Go forward!

Prohibitionists in bureaus at Washington carrying ammunition for the heavy ordnance on Capital Hill, Go forward!

Prohibitionists in press and pulpit keeping watch over the springs of civic righteousness and justice, Go forward!

Prohibitionists at large, enlisted but voteless home-makers, bearing the ark of the covenant of liberty and democracy, Go forward!

Is that all? Yes that is all. Heaven is only a direction—forward. Hell is an adverb—"back." Forward!

Everybody! That is good politics. That is the law and the gospel. That is knowing God. That is immortality.

Now, what are the branches taught in the liquor dealers campaign of education? I shall take that up presently. What is *not* taught is most instructive.

Who teaches that a saloon, a brewery, a distillery, a liquor store, is a good thing for any community?

Who teaches that the liquor seller grades up to the level of the baker or the carpenter, in the scheme of business life?

Who teaches that it is a hardship that the saloon must pay a thousand dollars a year for the mere privilege of showing its painted harlot face among the decent stores?

Who teaches that it is a short-sighted social policy to forbid the sale of liquor to men below the age of twenty-one?

Who teaches that the best patron of the saloon acquires the best judgment for such buying?

Who teaches that in advertising the attractions of a community saloons should be set down with churches, schools and factories?

Not a man, drunk or sober, in all the motley multitude of teachers and pupils in the "campaign of education" was ever heard to claim one atom of virtue or patriotism or righteousness for the business.

Call up the grocery and challenge it, "What right have you to live?" "The right of being honest and useful and helpful. By so much as my merchandise goes out into the homes of the community, it is made a better place to live in."

Call up the saloon: "Why should we not tar and feather you and ride you out of town upon a rail? Why should we not hang you by the neck at the edge of the

city as a warning to others of your kind?" And it answers solely and finally: "My license." Year after year it shuffles to the city hall and buys a permit to live, like a dog, by virtue of the tag of bloody gold upon its neck.

Affirmatively, the liquor "campaign of education" includes about a dozen propositions. They are mere effigy epigrams set up to look like arguments; and every one a lie.

"Prohibition is sumptuary legislation; it violates personal liberty; it hurts business; it increases taxes; it attacks vested rights; it causes 'blind pigs;' it makes men sneaks; it discriminates against the poor; it creates a demand for drugs; it is unscriptural; it does not prohibit; you cannot make men sober by law."

Where is the proof in support of these propositions? There is none. They are not set up to be proved. They are not meant to be studied but to be swallowed holus bolus. They are not meant to instruct but to stultify. They are mere iterations directed at weakness, prejudice and ignorance. Who are the iterators? Simply the advertising agents of the trade, garnished with a handful of unfortunate preachers who have lost their bearings.

The liquor trade's own classification of itself is with the brothel, the rat-pit, the faro bank, the prize ring and the race course, as a necessary evil—a safety valve for native and incorrigible brutism.

But let us surprise these new educators by taking them seriously—as seriously as possible.

And first: What is sumptuary law? It is, or was, a law directed at the buyer, attempting to regulate his conduct, in matters of mere indifference without any good end in view. For instance, in the reign of Edward IV a statute was enacted prohibiting anybody "under the de-

gree of a lord" from buying shoes having points over two inches long at the toes. The idea was to discourage habits of luxury among the common people, but it was manifestly unjust and foolish.

A prohibitory liquor law is directed at the *business* of selling poison as a beverage and of maintaining a rendezvous for temptation, dissipation and disorder. It says to no man: "Thou shalt not buy nor drink"—though it may, and may well, come to that. It is in the nature of a quarantine regulation, which never says: "Thou shalt not catch yellow fever;" but: "Thou shalt not spread yellow fever." Incidentally a law that restrains a man from selling liquor to his neighbor diminishes the neighbor's liberty to spend his own money and experiment with his own body, but that does not make it a sumptuary law.

Prohibition rebukes personal selfishness. But how does it violate personal liberty? Personal liberty, according to Judge Cooley, our greatest writer on constitutional questions, is simply that condition in which rights are established and protected by means of such limitations and restraints upon the action of individual members of the political society as are needed to prevent what would be injurious to other individuals, or prejudicial to the general welfare. That is to say: "Obedience to law is liberty," and the liquor dealer is incorrigibly a traitor in the camp of law.

Absolute liberty exists only where the person possessing it is powerless to injure others. A ship-wrecked man, alone on a raft in mid-ocean, has it, but would give the whole world to swap it for the limitations, that is to say, the enlargements of civil liberty—the only kind of liberty that anybody but a fool or a villain counts worth having. In short, absolute liberty is only the obverse side of vital bankruptcy.

The liquor business is injurious to everybody, including the owner, and prejudicial to every public interest. Nobody denies that. Prohibition is not tyranny, but protection for all men, women, children and domestic animals.

Does Prohibition hurt business? Yes, all the business that tends to ruin—brothels, gambling dens, the white slave trade, vagrancy, begging, pawning, divorcing. But it helps every business that makes for "more abundant life."

There are plenty of answers to the complaint that Prohibition increases taxes. In the first place, there is no limit to the right of the people to increase taxes for the general welfare. In the second place, the people never object to increased taxes, if the money be honestly spent for the public betterment. If Prohibition sometimes increases taxation, the people's ability to pay is much more increased. The tax rate does sometimes rise, when Prohibition is adopted, but the rise is only temporary. The assessed valuation of property increases, industry revives, earning power improves; court, police, poor-house expenses decrease and, after a year or two, the rate swings back to normal or below. If not, it is because increased school attendance compels new schoolhouses and teachers, or the higher plane of living, or the quickening of civic pride demands better roads and public buildings or new public works for light, water, transportation, sewers and the like, or because the public business is poorly or dishonestly conducted.

As to the destruction of property. A liquor license is not property. It is a badge of beggary and infamy, and a disgraceful but temporary waiver of the inalienable duty of the state to protect life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Even if it were property, Prohibition does not

destroy it, but only declines to resuscitate it when it dies; or if Prohibition does destroy it, it is only the tearing down of an infected shack to save a city.

Does Prohibition discriminate against the poor? Never. It knows no rich or poor, good or bad. If the liquor business is good for the poor, a poor man ought to be able to engage in it. But it is the license system that squeezes out the poor. The chief characteristic of high license is that it favors the applicants that have the most money.

Does Prohibition make men sneaks? It simply forces a moment of decision to be a man, or a sneak. It segregates the sneak into his own class, apart from men who will not sneak. It did not put the sneak sheriff and the sneak mayor in office at Newark, Ohio. It only coagulated the bad blood in the body politic so that the surgeon-governor could cut out the embolism and save the city's life.

Does Prohibition cause the use of other drugs? The disease and depravity induced by alcohol doubtless seek solace and excitement in other equivalents of poison; but that argument proves too much. It would cut out Prohibition of opium and cocaine, which are indeed less dangerous on the whole than alcohol.

Does Prohibition breed "blind pigs?" High license is the cut-snouted, swill-fed mother of that breed of swine. Prohibition puts out of business the argus-eyed old razorbacks that can see through anything from a policeman to a president, from a candidate to a church, from a bunghole to a bishop, and makes them and their litters game for the sheriff. "Blind pigs" are hard to catch. But they do little harm as compared to their open-eyed dams. The blind pig suckels its own scrub sort, but makes no strong bid for the better born. Its dirty dugs are uninviting to the more cleanly animalism. Prohibition kills the open

saloons and chases the blind pigs. License protects the open saloons and carries legal garbage to its blind relatives.

But we shall still have the blind pigs, under Prohibition! Yes, any good housekeeper may have a few cockroaches in the kitchen. But no good housekeeper would agree to keep a few extra large and capable cockroaches in her kitchen.

Is Prohibition unscriptural? Who says it is? The brewery. Who says it is not? The church. Which should know the best? Which has the best character as a witness? The whole area of scriptural endeavor, from Sinai to Salvation Army, stands for Prohibition. Paul's advice to Timothy, to use a little wine as a medicine, is irrelevant. That Jesus made wine—if he did—at Cana, for guests who after hours of festivity, and having "well drunk" were still so clear-headed and clean-mouthed that they detected and enjoyed the new, fine flavor of a better article, does not bear. We are not dealing with medical prescriptions or ancient oriental hospitality, or wine miraculously made, but with twentieth century breweries and distilleries that organize dissipation into trusts to exploit the weak and ignorant and vicious, to the tune of billions annually. The scripture that is in point is, "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink."

When a man tells you that "you can't make men moral by law," you may know that you are being instructed by a parrot, a fakir or a fool. He might as well say you can't produce a bent tree by inclining the twig. He might as well tell you that you can't deepen a stream by building a jetty. He might as well say you can't improve poor soil by sowing clover. That is about all you can do by law. Laws are almost never enforced literally. Comparatively few receive punishment for broken law. Not many give

obedience to law through fear. A remedial statute cuts comparatively little figure in the first fifty years of its existence. It is the silent, unfelt pressure of it on incoming generations that makes the people moral by so much as it is moral. It is not the sheriffs but the teachers that bring on the reign of obedience and order. And the law is the great schoolmaster to bring us to itself—that is, to liberty.

The assertion that "Prohibition does not prohibit" is a curiosity. It might, if one were not afraid of being inelegant, be called a luminiferous lie. It analyzes a well-hole of darkness, as accurately as the prism dissolves a ray of light into the solar spectrum.

Who says: "Prohibition does not prohibit?" The liquor dealer. Who profits when it fails? The liquor dealer. Who makes it fail? The liquor dealer. Why does it fail? Because the average liquor dealer is confessedly and incorrigibly a criminal, a combination of Fagan and Bill Sikes, in contempt of the popular will and the popular right.

Does somebody resent that generalization on the ground that many liquor dealers are men of good repute? I am not speaking of repute. I am speaking broadly of character, and I weigh my words. Tell me wherein is a fence for stolen goods worse than an office of big business that knowingly and wilfully supplies liquor to brothels and speakeasies, to the contempt and confusion of law. Tell me by how much is the sender of obscene literature, or lottery tickets, through the mails, a meaner degenerate than the merchant prince that establishes his agents on the border and ships alcoholic liquor to illicit dealers in Prohibition areas? Tell me what kind of traitor is more dangerous to liberty than the liquor dealer who denies and prevents the right of the people even to

vote on the question of Prohibition? For sheer damnable insolence if for no other reason the liquor traffic ought to be killed.

These are the ugly high lights brought out in this rough, brief analysis of the failures of Prohibition. We have in this country an organized band of business outlaws, the most compact, determined and efficient body in American politics, business and crime, the cruelest master and the most generous rewarder of weaklings and criminals in office. It is undeniably difficult to control them. But unless this is to be a government of liquor dealers, by liquor dealers and for liquor dealers, this masterful cabal of traitors, now seen so clearly, and so unanimously despised, is due for destruction.

And that is no prophecy, but living, growing fact. The law-abiding are already coming to their own. Decency and sobriety under law are gaining ground, and the full-pocketed, red-handed, black-hearted conspiracy is giving back, with snarlings and curses, to its fall.

Prohibition already works well in country places, next best in villages and little towns, worst in cities, but better and better everywhere.

In Maine notwithstanding its millions of summer visitors from the cities, and the swarm of unruly men incident to the present era of internal development, the law makes headway. The people, the hardest-headed in the Union, loyally maintain the law; the Congressional delegation, the ablest in Congress, affirm the value of the policy, and the governors certify to its increasing success in practice. The shrinkage in the prohibitory majority, shown by the recent election, represents simply the discouragement of cities by the interference of the interstate commerce law, which can and will be relieved by a brief

act of Congress classifying alcoholic liquors with cow-tick and rinderpest and smallpox.

In Kansas, the plague spots of nullification are clearing up. Kansas City, Topeka, Wichita and Leavenworth obey the law, the jails are nearly empty; and the poor farms are rechristened "prosperity stations" and devoted to agricultural instruction and experiment.

North Dakota shows a similar record. In every Prohibition state conditions of enforcement go visibly from good to better. Still better conditions are near at hand in Congressional relief, against the defeat of the dry states by bad neighbors on their borders under the unfair provision of the interstate commerce law.

Meanwhile the moral level rises and the civic fiber toughens, in town, city, county, state and nation. The day of the "good man" in office has arrived. The sun of partyism is going down. And Prohibition of the liquor traffic after fifty years prohibits better than the decalogue after five thousand.

This, briefly, but fully enough, is a study of the liquor campaign of obscuration. It seems necessary to treat it thus respectfully for the benefit of the great number of vaguely favorable voters, for whom the old-fashioned strong, bulk arguments assume too much of knowledge and of interest. It remains to present our own case, briefly and summarily, in rebuttal.

It has been shown conclusively that the use of alcoholic liquor tends to excess; and on that word "excess" the whole stress of former argument has been laid until now. The strong, well-disposed, well-to-do, untempted and unemotional man of affairs has confessed and avoided the issue by answering: "But alcohol is a food, a medicine, and a legitimate article of trade, to be sold under careful regulations and used in reason. Nursing mothers

require it, the anæmic, the dyspeptic, the tuberculous, the over-worked. We must forbid sales to minors and drunkards. We must prescribe hours for the business. We must police it rigidly. We must provide, at public expense, for treatment or imprisonment for inebriates. We must encourage the Salvation Army and private benevolences in the interest of the weak and the depraved."

This answer, if it were sound, was so narrow and so shallow that it seems both heartless and stupid. It made no account of the parents, wives and children of the patrons and victims of the trade, nor of the economic losses and injustices entailed upon the citizens who serve the people in the useful trades and professions. But it was not sound. Alcohol has practically no food value. It is a dangerous medicine and a more demoralizing article of trade than opium, cocaine and lottery tickets all combined.

The old argument that centered on "excess" holds good today of course, and strengthens with the years. But the new century brings forth new challenges and broader reasoning. And now the accent of the argument moves up from "excess" to moderation, from weak men to strong men, from pious men to business men, from minors and drunkards to the mature and the sober.

This is part of the same change that has taken place in all the lines of moral and intellectual progress. The histories that we older people studied were the genealogies of kings and the tragedies of martyrs and soldiers. Those that children study now are plain stories of the customs of the common people.

Almost the youngest of us can remember how the patriotic speeches used to ring the changes on the evils of monarchy; the insolence of kings; our escape from

old-world oppression; liberty of conscience and the great, raw rights of man.

But today we laugh at that kind of oratory. Popular statesmanship consists no longer in twisting the British lion's tail, but the American elephant and donkey have fallen upon evil times for tail culture. Normal, present, detailed matters of internal right and duty and prosperity are at the bar of public opinion. The moral and mental revolution that came in with the new century has for its nucleus the new, great word "conservation." It concerns not only the care of forests, mines and water power, but also, and more, the preservation of health, opportunity, efficiency and man-power. Or, put negatively, for the sake of greater clearness, since a great part of the business of democracy today consists in throwing up defenses against domestic pests and raiders and robbers the public mind is focussed now on problems of preventing waste, privilege, poverty, sickness and preventable suffering.

Religion that used to thunder about heaven and hell and damnation, today speaks quietly of a new earth here and now, with salvation running in the streets in pipes, or wires, in housing, sanitation and recreation.

Medicine that used to be anchored at the bedside of disease is now the minister of health, and works in the open, treating the streams and marshes where the purveyors of sickness make their home. Law that used to revel in breaches of contract, damages for torts, and punishments for crimes, concerns itself today with counsel for the avoidance of actions and trespasses, and the devising of wholesale measures of reform. The great charities that used to lay their emphasis on misery, now put their millions into playgrounds, parks, schools of research, with a keynote of happiness. Rescue work that used to sit and scan the sea of life for wrecks, now

carries cheer and instruction to the homes where the small craft of citizenship are outfitting for the deep.

Prohibition is simply a part of this revolution. And it is only fair to say, the other way around, that this revolution is in part the work of the Prohibition movement.

Many a strong, good man indulges a temperate drink habit without fear and possibly without danger of becoming debauched. To him the horrors of the old-fashioned argument are not impressive. But when we know and prove by irrefragible authority, as we do now, that no man can use alcohol as a beverage without suffering an actual and measurable slowing of his reaction time, reduction of his highest efficiency, and lowering of his power of resistance to disease, we can command his attention and his aid. This man pent up in the midst of terrific competition, demanding the best, and keen to give the best, is sure and ready to listen when we tell him that alcohol is not only a habit-forming beverage, but also and more certainly, a disease-breeding drug, the prolific cause of Bright's disease, tuberculosis, insanity and paresis; that the whole liquor business stands for waste, inefficiency, failure, sickness; that it stands for race suicide, milkless breasts in motherhood, and rickets and epilepsy in children, even from the womb.

We claim this man for Prohibition because we can prove that the liquor business is the public school of the drink habit, and the town pump of disease.

We claim this man for Prohibition because we can prove that the menace of the liquor business is like an iceberg, showing above the surface only a tithe of its whole bad bulk.

We demand that this man read into the license opium,

or cocaine, instead of liquor, and then take the bearings of his civic obligations.

We claim this man for Prohibition precisely for the reason that the Board of Health conscripts him into the extermination of rats that carry bubonic plague. We claim this man for Prohibition on the same ground that the state slaughters tuberculous cows, and the municipality taxes him to drain the marshes where the mosquitoes breed, in malaria and yellow fever. We claim this man for Prohibition for the same reason that we compel him to clean up his stable, and cart away the dung hill, where the housefly larva takes on typhoid fever for distribution when its wings have grown.

This average man, dispassionate, calculating, hard-headed, is our objective. He carries the keys of political power, to legislate and to enforce the law. Every plan of campaign must stand or fall, by its final effect on him. So tested out, through forty years of strenuous and magnificent devotion, the Prohibition party fails in these constructive days. It was first to get a sure grip on the keynote of the movement, academically sounded by the Good Templars, that the liquor trade must go, by the votes of the people. It was pious, passionate, intelligent, altruistic. As an agitator it stood head and shoulders above us all. But like many another agitator, discoverer, inventor, it broke down at its strong point. A Hercules in the war for independent voting, it became blindly and savagely partisan. Charity, the greatest grace and wisdom of democracy, atrophied in its bosom. Its touch became too heavy for constructive politics. It fixed its clear, far-sighted eyes on the delectable mountain tops of national courage, truth, justice, righteousness, and scorned the lowly but necessary notches and circuits and zig-zags of the upward trail. It won promptly and

splendidly a noble following of pastors, prophets, apostles, and others who had felt the adder tooth of drink and got away. But it never touched the mixed, refractory multitude. It arrested the thought and compelled the attention of practically the whole decent electorate to the folly and infamy of the liquor situation, and the perfidy of partyism to official oaths.

It had the principle, the passion, the courage, the endurance. But it could not get the voters. It stood out, a heroic, lonely figure, on the plains, and pointed all men to the heights of power. But it refused to walk, heel and toe, with the common people up the seamed and slippery sides. It was Moses without Aaron and without Israel.

At its front, between its great ideal and its little ability to lead, the Anti-Saloon League gathered, with no bond but a common, patriotic impulse, and no pretension but a desire to serve, and sounded its militant bugle for the long, slow climb. It asked no man to belong to it. It swore no man to persist to the summit. It proclaimed the liberty of every man to work out his own definition of loyalty. It simply pulled its belt tight, set its jaws hard and started up, crying: Keep your head; keep clean; keep sweet; keep together; keep on. God for us all!

The average citizen, who shrunk, as yet, from signing the bulk program of national virtue, believed in it increasingly. His purse strings tied tight against the Party, opened to the League. Communities that owned, as yet, no responsibility for their neighbor corporations, followed its lead. Economists, and politicians of the better sort who have an eye to balances and symmetry of progress, gave their approval. Conservative churches, closed against the Party, opened hospitality to the League. The press that looked coldly on Party news opened its columns to the League reports. Congress, deaf to the voices

of the party, gave solicitous attention to the League. The White House, closed, or scantily courteous, to the Party leaders, welcomed the superintendent of the League. Party lines, held taut against the Party, fell apart like ropes of sand before the League. The liquor traffic turned from sneering at the Party, gnashed its teeth and howled, put up distress signals and organized against the League, the only thing on earth it fears today.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the National Reform Bureau and the Catholic Total Abstinence Society, are in full, efficient coöperation with the League, and it with them.

The Federation of Churches is now organizing for leadership. It is no disloyalty to the League for me to wish it well. I pay no vows to an instrument. My oath of allegiance is to God alone and my hand is for the people and the cause. If the Federation of Churches wins the decision of the country, confirming its opinion of itself, I shall join it, without saying, "by your leave" to anybody. I am for the best thing in the field to kill the liquor traffic, and always ready for something better when it comes.

But I am not hopeful of the new organization. There is a strain of hatred in it for the League and the League leaders, that will dwarf its growth. It challenges the title of the League to serve the Church, on the technicality that it has no ecclesiastical credentials. This is trivial, the League is not a missionary, but a fighting machine; and its victories are its credentials. The Federation bases its claim to lead the masses, on ecclesiastical regularity. The masses will never stand for a religious "union label," and the church voters themselves will turn it down. In the terminology of the League, the Church of Christ is far greater than the sum of all its sects and creeds and

committees, and the greater Church is for service and not millinery.

I may, of course, be mistaken. If it turns out so, I'll confess it and enlist. But today I think this is the lay of the land: The Woman's Christian Temperance Union is Prohibition with 300,000 noble women behind it. The National Reform Bureau is Prohibition with a great scholar, statistician and gatherer of world news, and 25,000 helpers behind it. The Catholic Total Abstinence Society is Prohibition with half a million Catholics behind it. The Prohibition Party is Prohibition with 200,000 uncompromising, all or nothing, agitators behind it. The American Anti-Saloon League is Prohibition with *the people* behind it, and in this land of democracy and liberty the people can rule, ought to rule and are going to rule.

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THE LIQUOR PROBLEM TO DATE

An address delivered before the Woman's Temperance League of America, at Richmond, Virginia, January 29, 1913

THE CHRISTIAN man must make good. So down the centuries the strident voice of the reformer, like a trumpet, frets the drowsy world, for 1900 years. It is the same word that John the Baptist threw like an explosive shell into the wilderness of Jewish apathy and self-conceit, when wearing the camels' hair and leather livery of the poor, and subsisting on the locusts and wild honey of the forest, he tramped the Jordan, crying: "Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make His paths straight. Level down the hard hills. Level up the deep valleys, straighten the crooked roads and make them smooth, so that all flesh—the weak, the poor, the ignorant, the distressed, may see the Salvation of God in

physical operation before their eyes." Roads rule the world. Christians are road builders.

It is the first and last rebuke of Jesus to his impractical disciples: "Why call ye me, Lord, Lord, and do not the things I say?"

It is the roar of Martin Luther to the Church of Rome: "The just shall live by His faith"—stand, walk, vote *up to* His faith.

It is the challenge of John Wesley to the Church of England.

It is the war cry of William Booth to the Methodist Church.

It is the voice of the spirit of the age to common honesty: The Christian man must make good. He must stop dreaming over the Book of Revelations and mobilize the Book of Acts.

That is the answer to the liquor problem.

Not *be* good; *make* good. The bad man that makes good has better stuff in him than the good man that dawdles. Not *feel* good; *make* good. Some people seem to get so holy, in a vacuum, as to be wholly useless in the open air. Some people *feel* so good that they swell up and float; and burst when they bump something hard—like shining, hollow, human soap bubbles.

That American politics sunk to so low a level as it did, until just recently, is chargeable primarily, not to the bad men that exploited us, but to the good men who, having a great majority in the electorate, slept upon their duties and their rights while our political and economic degradation was accomplished. As Jesus remarked in His country, so here: "While men slept the enemy came and sowed tares among the wheat and went his way." The peril to this country in the present and future is not so

much the malignant activity of the vicious as the benignant inactivity of the virtuous.

This is no new thought to me, nor to anybody, but it needs to be repeated and italicized. Twenty-five years ago I stood up beside my bed, in New York City, and looked into the gray eyes of a January morning and pledged my life, such as it was, to this great fundamental reform. I was not a child, I knew as well as anybody knows the future what such an enlistment meant. I knew it meant "Good-bye" to wealth, professional success, political preferment. But I began then and there. Now, after a quarter of a century, I cannot claim, of course, to have been superlatively wise or superlatively successful in my little ministry. But I do not shrink at all from saying that I have done the best I knew and the best I could, without a break, or a rest, or ever a doubt of the outcome.

At first I went alone, unvouched for by any church, unattached to any society, pitied, distrusted, at my own charges and on my own hook. Then I threw myself unreservedly into the great agitation organized by the Prohibition party Later still, when it seemed to me that the period of mere agitation had passed and that the reform had "increased" to a condition that called for definitely constructive political action, I "decreased" gladly from prominence as an agitator to obscurity in the ranks of the sappers and miners of the Anti-Saloon League. Now, at length, and, as it seems to me, without any wavering of consistency, or any disloyalty to former comrades, I drop back again, for tonight, among the stragglers and camp-followers of the church militant, to cheer them, or shame them, into gallant, confident, efficient service on the firing line. I represent no organization. I push the fortunes of no party. I carry no credentials. I meet you man to man,

neighbor to neighbor, friend to friend, not in the name of a plan, but in the fellowship of a great purpose. But throughout all these years and in all these changing conditions my message to my fellow citizens has been identical with that I bring you tonight: The Christian man must make good in practical politics.

It is not enough that he be personally correct in his habits, that he be kind to his family, that he pay his debts and his taxes. He must deserve and compel the respect of those who serve him in public office and quit himself like a man in the pitched battles for civic betterment. He must repudiate the caucus system, where clever sneaks outclass the decent. He must become a power in the primary, where diligent honesty has a fair show in the open. Heretofore, self-seeking and treachery have controlled the caucus, and loafers and degenerates have too often swamped the primary.

He must become a winner of elections, where for the most part he has been a slipshod or premeditated loser. (The Prohibition amendment to the constitution of the state of Maine was saved only by a hair last year, because twenty thousand Prohibitionists stayed at home, while every thug and thief and swineherd of blind pigs was at the polls.) He must become an enforcer of law, where heretofore he has been an inane spectator. He must become a terror to faithless officials, to whom in general heretofore he has been a joke. He must become a clamorer at the doors of Congress, denouncing Federal nullification of the police powers of the states, demanding that full faith and credit be given in every state to the public acts, records and judicial decisions of every other state, and that the District of Columbia, Alaska, Hawaii and Panama be made lights on "the street that is called straight" in American politics.

When I say the "Christian man," I do not mean a Methodist, or a Baptist, or a Presbyterian, or a Catholic, or a Quaker, but simply *anybody* who believes in and accepts the Jesus Christ theory of human life, and this I reckon will include you all; this is the soil in which all great reforms are rooted. These are the people who must grapple with the liquor problem and solve it, if we are ever to arrive at a solution. I don't expect the distiller's heart to soften, I don't expect the brewer's greed to let up, I don't expect the saloonkeeper to see visions of altruistic duty and opportunity, I don't expect the ex-liquor dealer—put out of business by a prohibitory law—to become an honest, law-abiding citizen without pressure from the outside. I don't expect public servants to be respectful to a majority that invites and condones contempt and defeat. I don't expect the place-hunting politician to dream dreams of real statesmanship.

No, no, this fight is lost, now, great as it is, vital, pressing as it is—for all the hundred years of devoted effort by the lodges of many names, for all the third of a century of educational work by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, for all the forty years of intensive agitation by the Prohibition party, for all the twenty years of strenuous constructive effort by the Anti-Saloon League, for all the thunderings of the pulpits and conventions, for all the prayers and tears of wives and mothers—this fight, I say, is lost now, unless the Christian man has the stuff in him to take up another hole in his belt, shut his jaw hard and jump into the mix-up, to be criticized, to be laughed at, to be betrayed and beaten many a time, and yet to come up smiling for another round, until at last he plants his foot upon the dead body of the liquor treason.

Do not make a mistake about this. This is the hardest

fight in human history. These are the hardest days of the crusade, so far. And harder days are coming. The old days when being a Prohibitionist meant making speeches punctuated with the applause of friends and others less friendly bearing gifts of stale eggs and vegetables, carried a smack of adventure that gave one a certain pleasant feeling of heroism. The very certainty of present failure made the work inspiring—but now we simply ditch and fill and level, with dull tools and disappointing progress. We carry a county. It goes back to the slough. We elect a "good" mayor. He wilts like a rag. If you can't "endure hardness like a true soldier" and stay put, dont be a Prohibitionist.

And when I say "the Christian man" I mean the Christian woman, too. Woman suffrage is here, with re-enforcements of untrained but unspoiled soldiery, and in the spotless banners of these new recruits the traitor trade and all its hired Hessians in the public service see the hand of doom. They admit they see the hand of doom. In the campaign for woman suffrage in Wisconsin recently, the official newspaper of the Liquor Dealers' Association spread this circular far and wide over the state:

DANGER:

There are one hundred and twenty-four cities in Wisconsin, and of these eleven are now dry. It is certain that these eleven would remain dry with women voting—and what about other cities where the vote is very close? The very cream of the smaller cities of Wisconsin, perhaps thirty of them, are today wet only after a hard local fight in which the vote was very close. It is always a hard fight to carry license through at the polls, and there is not a single one of these cities but which would be easily turned dry by the temperance forces aided by women's votes.

Then look at the towns. Of 1,175 town divisions in

the state, 683 are today dry. Of the 528 wet (nine unreported), almost all of them would fall into the dry columns with women having a voice in the election.

To sum this all up, we must admit that woman suffrage would make almost all of the state of Wisconsin dry except perhaps the larger cities where the new voting influence would not be so largely felt. It is a condition that should not be allowed to develop if woman suffrage can be defeated, and is a danger that cannot be removed if it is once allowed to fasten itself upon the state.

Then these larger cities would finally be reached by a state-wide Prohibition campaign, which would be the next step in the dry march.

Are you doing anything to defeat the issue? Are you having the gospel spread among your men and your friends? Don't be afraid to take off your coat and do a little work yourself.

Should woman suffrage prevail in Wisconsin—and there is a chance that it will—the Baker law will not stop the saloon man.

The proposition now before the saloon man is to fight unfriendly candidates and kill woman suffrage, and after that is done, take up the Baker law.

Some saloon men and others declare they are too busy to take up the woman suffrage fight. All right, if the suffragettes win, the saloon man will have plenty of time—more than he wants. THINK IT OVER AND GET BUSY.—(*Progress and Reflector,* official organ of the State Retail Liquor Dealers' Association.)

There spoke the beer that made Milwaukee ridiculous. There spoke the wrath of bloody men that within four years will be made to praise God, against their will, in the complete enfranchisement of Wisconsin women and the popular execration of the business that has made the chief city of the state a mere brewery in the advertisement. Different persons have different standards of distinction. I heard of a new family that moved into a conservative neighborhood. There was curiosity as to

who and what they were. One woman asked the garbage man about the new neighbors. He said he didn't know, but he could say they beat the whole neighborhood for "swell swill." Milwaukee has tremendous iron works and mills and factories, but these go for nothing. Its fame foams from "swell swill."

Instruction is not my business with you. It would be a waste of your time and affront to your intelligence for me to try to teach you the facts and the law about the liquor business.

I saw in the announcement that I was to lecture here. I never lecture. I have no time to prepare lectures, nor any ambition in that direction. I am only a straight-out, fighting man against the meanest combination that ever capitalized disease, disorder, failure and sorrow into a business and a political creed. A lecture implies expert knowledge. I have none. It suggests ability to enlighten. I have no such attitude to you nor to the subject. I seek only to have you act on what you know. You know all about this thing. The youngest children in the public school understand. You know that for every reason why churches ought to be built, the saloon ought to be torn down. You know that for every reason why schools should be supported, the brewery ought to be outlawed. You know that for every reason why a man ought to be chivalrous and honest and industrious and prosperous, the distillery ought to be dismantled. You know that for every reason why an American woman is entitled to a chance for a happy home, this incorporated wife-beater ought to die. You know that for every reason why a little child ought to have a fair show for a clean life this organized child-beater ought to be killed. You know that for every reason why labor ought to have a better chance, this common cheat ought to die. You know that for every

reason why politics ought to be purified, this poisoner of the wells of civic power ought to perish. You know that for every reason why the youth of the land ought to be brought up to respect and obey the law, this organized sneerer at law and order ought to die. You know that for every reason why tuberculosis ought to be checked this organized consumption ought to die. You know that for every reason why the white slave trade ought to be prevented, this incorporated pander ought to be destroyed. You know that for every reason why public officials ought to go untempted with bribes about the people's business this organized corruption ought to die. Well, then let us act the man, and kill it. That is what I am here to say, and about all that I am here to say.

Is that a wild proposition, in a Christian country, where a vast majority of the electorate is convinced of the utter infamy of the liquor business?

The commonest, and perhaps the justest criticism of agitators, such as I am, is that they are extravagant, unreasonable people. It has often happened to me, in the old days of mere agitation, at the close of a meeting where I had been addressing the audience, that some successful citizen would come up to shake hands and say some pleasant things about my speech. He would say, "That was a great argument; nobody can refute it; you are right. The liquor traffic ought to die, and whenever my vote will kill it my vote is ready." Of course, it is a pleasant thing for a stranger in a strange town to be spoken to in that way, when he has done the best he could. Then the man would go on to say, "But *I* am a *practical* man, *I* take things as they *are*, and not as I should like to have them." And then I would realize that if he had omitted the mere conventional language of compliment and said precisely what was passing in his mind, he would

have said, "Mr. Woolley, you look like a good man, but you have got no sense?"

But now, since the great growth of public sentiment resulting from the work the Prohibition party did in those hard, hopeless days of early agitation, and since the advent of the Anti-Saloon League into the fighting machinery of the movement, we are beginning to win many victories, inconclusive and apparently barren victories, many of them, yet doubtless important and in the true line of progress, by arresting the attention and securing the support of precisely that sort of conservative, practical, unemotional, cool-blooded, calculating business men, who compose the great mass of the well-informed, well-to-do and well-disposed of the voters, and without whom success is impossible for this reform or any general reform—the kind of men that temper the popular enthusiasm, actually steady the burdens of society and keep to the plain road of progress whatever happens. The kind of men that do not do business on faith, nor religion on faith, either, to any great extent, but who insist on *dividends*, as "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen," in their investments of money, labor or influence—who have no taste for martyrdom, and shrink from loss as from a pestilence and who insist on closing every day's business with a balance on the right side of the ledger. These men do not become the heroes and the prophets of society, but they make the money, build the cities and the railroads, the ships, the irrigation ditches and canals. They are the underlying gray granite ribs of the political world, on whom the mountain peaks of social progress rise and rest.

The Prohibition party, to which, as I have said, I gave some twenty arduous years, was not able to enlist many of these men. I don't know altogether why. And I don't

think it any great credit to them that we did not. But I face the fact, with all the disappointment and the mystery involved. (I have never come up with a fact that I was afraid to walk around and look over.) And that is the fact; we failed to get any large percentage of these men. Some, of course, we did, but not many. We got, straightway, a goodly number of the more pious and intelligent ministers, who had seen the liquor trade with wide-eyed pity and single-eyed piety. But they are a very small body of men relatively. There are only about 200,000 in the nation against 16,000,000 voters, and if we had enlisted the entire body of ministers they would not have been many, and their voting parishioners, it seemed, would not follow them into what appeared to be a hopeless minority. They are uninfluential in politics. They are better now, but yet no great shakes politically. We did draw to our standard the more earnest and sympathetic Christian women. But they, for the most part, had no votes. That, too is better now. We enrolled a fairly large number of the more radical and enthusiastic laymen. But they, too, are a very sparse class of communicants. Radical, enthusiastic Christians are white blackbirds in the membership, curious and relatively very rare. It is a warm church that has three in a hundred. Radicals are scarce. Society, religion, politics—all are conservative bodies. We are nearly all "stand-patters." That accounts for the two great parties having long outlived the public confidence, yet sitting tight today. That explains some of our theology. That is why so many people continue to live together. They are used to it and dread changes. We did enroll about 200,000 voters who would vote the Prohibition ticket, from the presidential election down to the smallest local office. But there we stuck. Then the vote began to fall away. The men and women we had to

have, in order to succeed, would not come, and would not even listen, or subscribe for our newspapers, or even read them when they were furnished gratis.

I say I can't explain why these hard-headed business men were so impervious to our argument. The trouble was probably inherent in the matter. Agitators are not organizers. They irritate. They move men *apart*. Isaiah calls them "sharp threshing instruments having teeth." A threshing machine is called a "separator." A reaper gathers and combines. Our party was a threshing machine. It would go to a clean, dyed-in-the-wool Republican and say, "You ought to be a Prohibitionist, and if you would be, the first step is absolutely to quit being a Republican." Now, however true that might have been, it was a stiff proposition to put to a man who had voted for Fremont in '56 and straight down the line, and likely as not wore a bronze button on the lapel of his coat.

And similarly, we would go to a Bourbon Democrat and say, "You ought to be a Prohibitionist, and no Democrat can be a Prohibitionist." That, too, may have been true enough at the time, but it was a bitter dose for a Democrat. It is hard to stop being a Democrat, I am told. I never tried it, but there are certainly difficulties about it, and increasingly so just now.

In point of fact our proposition was sound enough, at the time, and good enough to put up to such men, for twenty-five years ago the fundamental doctrine of old party patriotism, and religion, as well, was "vote the ticket, straight, no matter what is on it, anything from a saint to a yellow dog, vote it straight." Thus our appeal fell upon deaf ears. The party men were too ticklish to listen. I heard of a man whose friend railed at him for the shabby suit he wore. He said, "Why don't you get new clothes, you are perfectly able to do it?" and the man

answered, "Yes, I know I am, but I am so ticklish I can't get my measure taken." We took the measure of our fellow Christians by violence. But they would not order the clothes. Men are sensitive as to their parties. If you go to your neighbor with a patriotic argument that carries the intimation that his party is unworthy, you would as well use a red flag in persuading a bull. We are all that way, more or less. Of course, Republicans are less sensitive than they were some months ago. Even the Democrats improve. Strange to say, party Prohibitionists have become the most touchy on the subject. Having preached independent voting for forty years, and in every speech claimed to care nothing about the organization, if only *the thing* made progress, they demand absolute regularity as to their party. But none of us is wholly open-minded on the subject. I heard of a man whose wife was greatly concerned to have him attend church services. He wouldn't do it. He thought well of the church, for women, children, old people, sick people and drunkards and the like, but saw nothing in it for strong, prosperous, practical men such as himself. But he loved his wife (he was an old-fashioned man), and finally yielded. He went to church. He enjoyed it, too. The atmosphere was novel. The people were gracious, and all went well until the minister took his text, which was this: "The wicked shall be turned into Hell and all the nations that forget God." And the man got up and left. He said he would not stay anywhere and hear the Democratic party abused.

But it marks great progress, and is a matter for great rejoicing, that these changes that used to be true, are not at all true now. Here, for instance, is Kansas swarming with Republicans and Democrats and Progressives, who are all, or nearly all, genuine, thoroughgoing Prohibitionists, standing by the law and enforcing it as perfectly as

the neighboring states and the contemptuous interstate commerce regulations of the Federal government will permit, and teaching in the state statistics a wonderful object lesson to other states and other countries, in support of the economic and moral value of the prohibitory policy. Over yonder by the Atlantic ocean we have North Carolina, lying between wet states and, on the ocean side, wide open to the interstate liquor traffic, packed with Democrats—you might search the old North State with the lantern of Diogenes and not catch a Republican—and nearly all strong, fighting Prohibitionists. Here is Texas and Arkansas—all Democrats—going headlong to Prohibition, and West Virginia—a Republican state—voting overwhelmingly for the policy at the last election.

When I say we failed to get these people, I mean only that we did not secure their enrollment in our party. We did make them listen. We did make them think. We brought to pass the conditions which called into existence the Anti-Saloon League, with the identical battle-cry of the party—that "the saloon must go"—that the whole liquor infamy must be wiped out, but with a much more moderate and conciliatory manner of approach to electors. It says to a Republican: "All right, be a Republican, but first of all be a man." It says to a Democrat: "Very well, remain a Democrat, but never fail to be a man." It says to a Progressive or a Socialist: "Be what you will, but whatever else you are, be a man." Here is the meanest enemy the Republican party ever had. Here is the deadliest enemy the Democratic party ever had. Here is the heaviest drag on progress ever known. Here is the cruelest foe of labor, capital, health, order, prosperity—the liquor business. And we are *men*. We are opposed to it, by all the principles of self-defense, home protection, thrift, honesty, decency. We are not shirks, or

cowards, or fools. Come on, everybody! and let us fight to the death, by neighborhoods, and towns and counties and states. If the original proposition of the Prohibitionists to begin at Washington and work down to the states and counties and towns seems impracticable, never mind, some counties and some states are unquestionably ready for the movement. Whatever unit we can agree on let us go to work on, and at least take one step together. In doing that, we may find our differences diminishing and our agreements strengthening, and we will take a second step together, with a larger unit or a bolder plan. In doing this we may know each other better and value each other more and take a third step together, and it may happen and probably would happen that we can march to Washington in the name of home and church and school, our prejudices dying, our party lines fading out, our organizations losing themselves in each other, as we proceed; until we can run up the white flag of sobriety and purity and prosperity on the dome of the capitol, not as Republicans, or Democrats, or Progressives, or as Socialists, or party Prohibitionists, but as *men,* brave, clear-headed, clean-handed, warm-hearted, home-loving, country-serving, God-honoring *men.*

This approach to the men and the matter won immediate favor, and the Prohibition movement began to ride a rising tide.

That is the present situation; Prohibition has become a movement of determined but moderate men. And so, it behooves those of us who speak to the people, on this subject, in these days, to see to it that whatever else we are in our speeches, we shall be thoroughly and visibly *reasonable.*

This demands the concentrated attention of Prohibitionists of all sorts to three chief matters of attitude—

charitableness among ourselves, justice to those we seek to win, and great, practical common sense in engaging and fighting the enemy.

We must quit criticizing each other. We must have good sense enough to get together and good manners enough to stay together and do efficient work. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union has never had a rival in its field of village, county, state, national and world-wide inspiration and education. The Prohibition party has had no rival in its assault upon the national attention. It made the highway for the Anti-Saloon League to march in and taught to it the language of the movement. The Anti-Saloon League has had no rival in its field of utilizing local sentiment as it forms. There has been work enough, and will be glory enough, for us all.

The besetting sin among reformers is *the habit* of scolding their friends — the scolding preacher, for instance, who rails at the few who did come to the prayer meeting because a lot of people did not come, the scolding teacher who makes life a burden to the bright pupils, because the dunces can't keep up, the scolding wives who make their husbands wish that they themselves had died when they were little, the scolding mothers who make the atmosphere of home so uncomfortable that their sons seek the more genial climate of the saloon, the scolding fathers and husbands who are so exhausted chasing dollars that they can't speak to their families except in the way of chiding or whining, the scolding Prohibitionists who assume always and everywhere that their neighbors who dare to differ from them as to principles or methods, or to act on new convictions, are for that reason necessarily unpatriotic or unintelligent. From all these scolds, of low and high degree, male and female, ecclesiastical and

lay, political or commercial, Good Lord deliver us from now on!

I speak to you earnestly and without embarrasssment about this, although I suppose it is known to you that I have been a bit of a scold myself, in my time. But I make no apologies for that, for I tell you that twenty-five years ago when I came into the Prohibition movement, it was absolutely necessary for somebody to scold. A cold, white fog of apathy lay like a shroud over the church. The pastors were ignorant about it and afraid of it, in the political aspect. I was traveling in those days on the Atlantic coast holding meetings in a tent; often I tramped from manse to manse and parsonage to parsonage looking for a preacher who would open my meeting with prayer, and many times I was unable to find one with religion enough, or courage enough, to ask the blessing of God on a political Prohibition meeting, or His forgiveness of its foolishness. There was no teaching in the schools about it. There was no stir, even among women. The newspapers ignored it. The politicians despised it. In these circumstances it was absolutely necessary for such men as John B. Finch, John P. St. John, John Russell, John Bidwell, Clinton B. Fisk, A. B. Leonard and Samuel Dickey, and such women as Frances Willard, Mary Livermore, Mary Lathrop, Mary Woodbridge, Mary Leavitt, Mary Hunt, Mary Burt—all the Marys, to take the road and go from city to city, and state to state, with no purpose or hope or prospect, at the time, except to make such a disturbance as to compel Christian citizens to recognize and consider the greatest political question of the century.

That we did, faithfully and effectually. I have seen ministers and deacons fairly break out with goose-pimples when I entered a prayer meeting, for fear of some statis-

tics I might present, some testimony I might offer, some questions I might raise, or some thorny prayer I might offer. We made trouble, on honor, wisely and well.

Our justification was as complete, in the circumstances, as the justification of a man who should find himself abroad in this town tonight, after midnight, knowing that he was the only inhabitant that was awake, and should see flames bursting from the roof of his neighbor's house. There would be two possible lines of reasoning for such a man. He might reason this way with himself: "I declare! There is my neighbor's house on fire, in the roof, and the fire is spreading. Everybody in town is asleep, including the man and his family. It is dreadful. The house may be destroyed. The occupants may lose their lives. But I am no fire company. I didn't light the fire. No negligence of mine has caused it. I have been a total abstainer from arson all my life. I regret this thing. Sentimentally I am excited. But I am a practical man. I look at things as they are, and not as they ought to be. It is not my house nor my family, Thank God! I and mine are all right. I could wake the man, but I happen to know that he is a crabbed person who would probably be nasty about it. His wife is neurotic and might have hysterics. I will mind my own business and go home and go to bed. I hope these people will wake up. I hope this fire will go out. If I were the sky I would rain. If I were divine providence I would save everybody. I shall make this matter the subject of prayer before I go to bed." He might reason in that way, or he might go at it like this: "That house is on fire. The man is asleep. So is everybody else. I can't get on the roof. If I could I should not be able to put out the fire. But I must do something. But what can I do? I will rush to the engine house and get hold of the rope of

the fire bell and make sleep impossible in this community."

That is what we did. We rode the rope of the fire bell in American politics. We panted. We sweat. We blistered our hands. We didn't touch the fire. But we sounded the alarm to such good purpose that the drowsy Church leaped to its feet. The Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, the Epworth League, the Catholic Total Abstinence Society, came shouting. Pulpit, pew and prayer meeting emptied themselves into the thoroughfares of politics and rushed at the liquor problem. The people did not take hold of the situation in the way that we would have advised. They did not hitch themselves to the engine that we had fired up. They didn't stop to give acknowledgment to our good offices. But they went to work at the fire in many ways. Some went in for salvage that seemed hopeless to us. Some formed bucket-lines that looked futile. But they *tried*. They *improved*.

I let go of the fire bell and followed the crowd. This got me in for much misunderstanding and criticism in the minds of some of my companions. They held that loyalty to ourselves required that we stand by the *bell*, until our recognition as leaders and saviours was accomplished. I had no choice but to refuse to do it. Conscience whispered, "The Church that you called out is at the fire. Go to it." Judgment admonished, "You can't put out a fire with a fire bell. About all you can do with a fire bell is to *wake* people. These are awake and at work. Who are you that you should lag vociferous in the wake of the workers, to cavil for recognition, and impugn the motives and methods of your neighbors?" And I went and here I am, ready to strike hands with any Prohibitionist except the bigot who, with the soul of a bully and the speech of

a blackguard, denies to me intelligence and honesty and love of country.

When a man goes to a fire who knows all about fires (and every man that goes, intending to do nothing but criticize, *does* know all about fires), he will see plenty of things to find fault with. He might see a woman, in the excitement of the moment, throw her baby out of the window and carry the cat. He might see a nervous man throw out a mirror and carry a featherbed. Foolish things to do, to be sure! but no warrant for calling the whole crowd back to the engine house to be taught engineering with a Del Sarte repose of manner. It was and is my opinion that in exceptional instances like these, a decent, neighborly attitude would make me say to myself, "Well, that poor woman has certainly lost her head, but she may not miss it. That man has lost his bearings, but he will catch on presently. At any rate it is not for me to dawdle here in a safe place whining, but to jump in and help, and if I know so much better than the others, to show them better *helping* like a neighbor and like a man."

Well, wisely or otherwisely, I am on that tack, gladly and proudly. I do so rejoice in the forty-four millions of citizens that have had the grace and the bigness to declare their independence of parties and sects and factions, and who with the white bullets of mere civic manliness have shot to death the local wolf-packs and nailed their coarse, gray hides upon the hoardings of the temple of liberty and opportunity, that I yearn not at all for the fine, hard, chivalry of the years of mere agitation. I do so like the taste of unity and peace in my mouth that nothing would tempt me to eat the ashes of obsolete dissensions among ourselves. I feel like the little boy, whose mother was in the habit of putting him to bed with her own hand. He was her only son and she took great care of him. She

was his only mother, too. The other night when he was due to retire, she was too busy to attend to him, so she said, "Now run along and get your nightgown on and by that time I will be there." But she didn't get there on time. She found him in bed, and she said, "That is fine; you did it all yourself, didn't you? You said your prayers, of course?" He said, "No, I didn't, and if I get along all right tonight I don't intend to say them any more."

Every night, now, when I speak to a growing, unifying and intensifying electorate of non-partisan enemies of the licensed but lawless sluice-ways, that wash the gold of human happiness out of human life, I say to myself, "Well, if I get along all right tonight, I shall never go back to the vinegary disposition of the earlier days."

The day of the mere disturber was worth while. It was glorious in a way, but it is done. That ungracious but necessary occupation is gone. That splendid adventure is ended in a great preliminary victory. We have got the attention of religion, science, capital, labor and politics. What remains is simply a strong, steady, patient, forward march, in the spirit of decent brotherliness among ourselves and eternal vigilance against the enemy of us all. We cannot win in a hurry, but we cannot fail. All the voices of American civilization follow us with cheers. Common sense carries the flag and coöperation plays the martial music.

Common sense, I say, carries the standard. One thing stands demonstrated. The liquor problem is no pious fanfare, but a finish fight, without gloves, and without rules. There is no umpire. There is no time-keeper. There is no question of time or of fairness. The trade is incorrigibly vile in principle and foul in methods. It is a cheat, a thief and an assassin. It cannot be outpointed. It cannot be disqualified. It will never repent.

It will never reform. It will never surrender. It can never be regulated. It must be killed by law. It must be flayed by earnest, honest administration, it must be buried in the quicklime of popular indignation.

We have tried to sing it to death, but it stands a lot of music. We have tried to scare it to death with public meetings; but these only stimulate it to greater activity. We have tried to drown it in our tears, but it is a powerful navigator of that kind of salt water. We have tried to touch its heart with female prayer meetings at its doors, but it has no heart. You would as well play a guitar to a deaf bulldog as to train a voteless prayer meeting on the saloon.

The liquor dealer is not always a bad man in other ways. Sometimes he loves his home. Many a time he is generous to his friends, sometimes he is considerate of the poor, sometimes he will obey the law, and according to his own standards he always fairly bristles with good points as a fighter. He never sleeps on his rights. He never weakens under punishment. He never trusts an enemy, nor a doubtful friend. He never wobbles in his logic. In the face of a public policy that sells him a license to poison his country and his countrymen he naturally despises and ignores the pusillanimous handicaps imposed. Shut the front door, he works the side door; close the side door, he works the back door; bar the back door, he works the cellar door; drive him out of the cellar, he puts the bottle in his boot, crawls under the sidewalk and opens a joint.

He keeps posted, he knows what the law is. He knows what the officials *are*. He knows every policeman that can be bought, or fooled or frightened. He knows every newspaper whose columns can be fouled with lies at so much a line. He knows the yellow streak in the

mayor and the prosecutor. He knows how every preacher preaches, although he doesn't go to church. He knows the temperance men who tipple. He knows the likely boys to recruit his dying, prison-going clientele. He knows how every legislator stands on liquor legislation. He knows the mind, or lack of mind, of every candidate. He plays the game. He plays safe. He takes no chances. He has an opinion as to the presidency, but he knows that legislature and the local administration are the vital things to him and to us.

He is a Democrat. He might be a Progressive. Call him a Republican. He attends the nominating convention. It puts on the ticket, by accident, or intention, an open enemy of the trade. His grandfather and his father were Republicans. He has never voted any other ticket. He loves the grand old party of moral ideas. What does he do about that? He throws up his hat for the ticket, takes off his coat and works for it and votes it, straight. Does he? Not on your life. He knows better. He respects himself too much. He has too much courage. He has too much sense. He is in a bad business. But he is no apple dumpling. He repudiates his allegiance to the convention. He denounces his enemy, like a man. He scratches his name on the ticket, and writes in the whisky Democrat who stands opposed. The chairman of the Republican central committee calls on him to remonstrate. He says, "We must stand together this time, or we shall split the party." He answers straight out from the shoulder, "Don't take me for a jay, I'll not split my own living to keep any party whole. I am a liquor dealer, I am a fighter, I am a man, don't you forget it."

No party can carry the liquor vote against a legislator who wears the collar of the trade. No party can get the liquor vote for its enemy. Here you have the key-fact

of the situation. The organized church of salvation, the organized business of damnation, are in unison as to one thing; that the liquor problem is the paramount issue in American politics. The liquor trade bucks the line without mercy and without rest, at any and every election. The church vote never hits the line as a unit, and when the election is simply for the election of officers, it scatters like wild fowl.

What is the answer? I started with it, and with it I conclude. The Christian man must make good in practical politics. You good men must go to the convention. You must know how the candidates before it stand on this issue. You must know their quality. You must toe the mark and fight for your opinion. You must be at the polls. You must be in condition to give and take hard blows. You must stop hibernating between elections. You Christian Republicans must refuse to support a whisky Republican, or a trimmer. You Christian Democrats must refuse to support a whisky Democrat or a dumb Democrat, on the subject. You decent Republicans must be big enough to support a clean Democrat as against an unclean Republican. You decent Democrats must be big enough to vote for a clean Republican as against an unclean Democrat. You good men all must scorn to be regular with your party at the cost of being false to your churches and your homes, your own interests and your convictions. You must get as good a reputation in practical politics as the brewer and the distiller now enjoy, and deserve.

You have the brains, the courage, the ability to win. Well, then, win. It is a terrific battle. We cannot carry it in a lump. We cannot win it in a hurry, but we can win it. We have to win it. I knew a little boy who exaggerated. All bright boys do it. Dull boys escape it

usually. This boy's mother was greatly troubled, and did her best to break him of the habit, but without effect; he kept right on drawing the long bow. Finally she prayed with him. He was a very little boy. I should never have thought of praying with him, but she did. She got him down beside a chair and prayed with him, and finally got a promise from him that he never would exaggerate any more. Think of a woman old enough to have a child like that having no more sense than to screw that kind of a promise out of that kind of a child. But she did, and he promised never to exaggerate any more, and he didn't for ten minutes maybe. Then he came tearing into the house and said, "Mother, there is a lion in the yard." She threw up her hands and said, "There you go again, my poor child. That's a story and you know it. There can't be a lion in the yard." But his eyes were snapping and his cheeks were blazing and he was tugging at her gown and repeating it. She went to the window and saw—the neighbor's dog. It was summer weather, the neighbor had been shearing his dog, and had left a tuft of hair on the end of his tail and a ruff around his neck, and he did look a little like the pictures of lions in the schoolbooks. But she said, "You know that was the neighbor's dog, and no lion. You have lied, my child. What do you suppose God thinks of you? You go to your room and tell Him about it, and don't come near me until you have made it right with Him." The boy went away and came back presently, looking cheerful, and his mother said, "Did you go?" And he said, "Yes." "Did you tell God all about it?" "Yes." "Well, what did He say?" "Oh, He said 'get out. I thought it was a lion myself.'"

It is possible to break the boy of exaggerating, but it takes time. It is possible to teach the decent citizens of this country to refuse to be in partnership with their

worst enemy. But it takes time. We have made progress; we are making wonderful progress. We have taught fifty millions of people already to scorn the blood-money of the liquor trade. We are going to win. We are beginning to win. In nearly every state in the Union the liquor traffic has its back to the wall. Bribes will no longer go. Promises of reform will no longer pass. Bossism is going to pieces. Partyism is moribund. The public schools and the Chautauquas are pouring intelligence into the electorate. The whisky doctor is a back number. Capital and labor lift their mighty voices. Woman, the home-maker and child-bearer, is reaching out for the ballot.

We are going to win this fight town by town, county by county, state by state, and on some first Tuesday after some first Monday in some November, the voting church of Jesus Christ is coming home from a national election with the scalp of the liquor traffic to lay it down at the feet of her Lord.

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WHERE THERE IS VISION

An address delivered at Washington, D. C., December 15, 1912

I HAVE STRUCK one single string of the great harp of public sentiment, for upward of a quarter of a century. It was not piety so much as simple reason that determined me. The time has varied but the tune has never changed.

The greatest thing in patriotism, that I have seen, or felt, or pondered, in a stormy but laborious life, is the character of Jesus Christ, not as a person of the Trinity, but as a member of the community, and as the cool, gray drifts of years creep up my temples it grows clearer to

me, that they who believe on him and seek to follow him must get together in political teamwork with the pity, sympathy and efficiency of true religion, against the enemies of the people. That means that they must sense the last meaning of loyalty and accept the last challenge of responsibility, and *that,* in two words, means open-eyed Democracy, the subject of this speech, and the only hope of social justice.

It is recorded that "as Jesus passed by, he saw a man that was blind from his birth, and his disciples asked him saying: Master who did sin, this man or his parents, that he was born blind? And Jesus answered: Neither hath this man sinned, nor his parents but that the works of God should be made manifest in him. I must work the works of him that sent me while it is day. The night cometh when no man can work. As long as I am in the world, I am the light of the world. And when he had thus spoken, he spat on the ground and made clay of the spittle, and anointed the eyes of the blind man with the clay, and said unto him: Go wash in the pool of Siloam. And he went his way and washed, and came seeing."

It was a Sabbath morning in Jerusalem, and the sacred city was waking to the gentlest, happiest life of all the week, in all her ways. The gracious quiet of the day of rest and worship, and the solemn sound of oriental music pouring along the corridors of the temple and fairly dripping from the sculptured eaves, almost made one forget the jeer and clank and hoofbeat of the power and the wickedness of Rome, in whose possession the conquered city lay; and the Judean hills fairly clapped their hands, as the sun, like a splendid high priest, in blazing robes, swept up amongst them and anointed them every one with his wonderful golden oil.

But while the mountains round about Jerusalem were

glowing in the splendor of that daybreak and rejoicing in the blessedness of that absolution, pain was biting even deeper within the city walls. And a poor, blind, polluted citizen for whom there was no sun, nor song, nor Sabbath rest at all, but just one dead level of misery and penury, had crept into a shaded angle of the wall, to be out of the way and not be trodden on, or possibly with a view to worship, in the only way it seemed to him, poor soul, that he could worship, by ceasing that one day, to beg and thrust his native wretchedness, like a discord, into the orchestral harmony of the holy day.

And there he lay alone, in a city full of fellow-citizens, hungry in a city full of food, wretched in a city full of comfort, helpless in a city full of power—a wasted heap of breathing junk, a man gone to the scrap-heap, while the long train of successful human life went on its way, a bit of jetsam and flotsam, cast away at sea, while the great ship of happy voyaging held on its course.

All Jerusalem was on the street. It was a holiday. The shops were shut. The homes were purified. The clerks were free. The people were in their best clothes. They were keyed to their highest thinking. They were intent on keeping the Sabbath holy, happy, easy.

The streams of city life made toward the temple. The merchant passed in purple and fine linen. He was rich, he had money in the bank, he was the bank, he had money in his strong box at home, he had money in his pocket—money, money everywhere, and not an idle coin! Aye and a kind heart beating beneath the regalia of his affluence. He had had a good week. He was on his way to the church, publicly to praise the God of prosperity and perhaps to rattle some severe and virtuous sheckles into the treasury, for the poor—*i. e.*, "the shiftless."

It would have been a wonderful Sabbath morning to

the beggar, if suddenly, in the dull helplessness of his waiting, he had heard the cheery voice of the man of business crying: "Hello, Lazarus! Have you had your breakfast? Have you got any money? Wouldn't you like to go for a dip in the pool?" Nothing so stirs the recuperative surplus in a stricken man, as, in the midst of loss and failure, to find at his side another man, able, willing and proposing to help. But it would have been an even greater experience to the rich man to have found himself actually pulling a neighbor out of the fire of affliction, starting up the run-down wheels of hope in him, and setting him on his feet, with a cheer. There is no truer word in any book than that "it is more blessed to give than to receive." There is no poverty so poor, no power so feeble as that of the well to do who do not see the opportunity nor the need to give or help.

But the merchant did not see the blind man. One who cannot see and one who does not, are to all intents and purposes alike. The merchant had eyes; there were none keener in Jerusalem. They had even rested vacantly on the beggar many a time, but the sight was so stale, flat, unprofitable and familiar that it was not seen. The pictures flashed upon the prosperous retina are negatives and the poverty plates had never been developed in the dark brain room, back of the rich man's eyes.

Besides, he was busy. This was no business day, to be sure, but tomorrow would be, and money-eyes are far-sighted. He was bound for his church, but he was bound to his business. His body was drifting back to Moses and the prophets, but his mind was panting like a hound after profits to accrue. This piety, per dollar, still persists, "to the Jew first and also to the Gentile," but this was 1900 years ago and pure Jew.

It is as easy, even now, for a camel to go through the

eye of a needle, as for a prosperous man to see the barren wastes of failure that he passes, on his way. Perhaps a Monday bargain sale possesses the pious meditations of this Pharisee, with remnants, handkerchiefs and job-lots flitting among the branches of his optic nerve, and he was scarcely a conscious citizen at all, but the Zion department store, in gabardine and sandals. Old-fashioned people put dollars on the eyes of the dead, to compass their features, but prospective coins upon quick eyelids are not less composing. At any rate the two needy citizens failed to see each other, and the best chances in the city for prosperity and adversity, to connect in mutual uplift, went to waste. The blind mendicant lay quiet in his lively misery, and the blind merchant drifted to the church in his dead abundance.

Doubtless the priest was there. He was a good man, bred for piety, trained to kindness, skilled in such sociological learning as there was then, professionally anxious about the people. But he was in a hurry. He was going to preach about what a happy lot it was to be children of the covenant with Abraham—that "in them should all the nations of the earth be blessed." He was ruminating the heads of his sermon, firstly, secondly, and so forth, eliminating a passage that seemed heavy and substituting a yeast-cake of anecdote to make it light. It is hard for well-bred, well-trained and well-to-do uprightness to see through its own atmosphere. He was so keen about God that he didn't know a man when he fell over him. He was so loyal to Abraham that he ignored the existence of his brother.

It would have been a great thing for the derelict to have heard the even voice of the priest at his ear that morning, but not a greater thing than it would have been to the priest to feel himself gripping "the work of God,"

man to man. There is no inspiration in theology comparable to the joy of living a brotherly life, on the highway. But there was nothing doing theologically, and that was just as well, some would say. Hard cases make bad law and perhaps they also make bad sermons. Preachers who see too much get to be cranks, and lose their influence and their pulpits. I am told that certain cruel horse-dealers meet the demands of peddlers and canvassers, for horses that will not shy, nor run away, by blinding them with needles. Some seminaries make trusty ministers by needling the eyes of students. The passing shepherd did not see the lost sheep.

And there would be women, sweet-faced, sweet-voiced, soft-handed women, who would not have permitted a sparrow to suffer if they could have prevented it. But they were preoccupied in many ways. One, perhaps, was thinking of her clothes. A woman must think of her clothes, but at the moment when she does she is not sharp of sight to rags in the offing.—Or of somebody else's clothes, and they are even more opaque. An Easter morning puts out thousands of fine eyes, between the looking glass and the looking pew. One was planning a dinner of misfit friends, to charge off an accumulation of social obligations. One had adopted the theory that there is no such thing as pain, that rags and hunger and blind eyes are mere dreams, and, of course, unreliable. One was looking forward to social regeneration by the votes of women. None of them saw the beggar.

And there were plenty of benevolent people who, hearing afterwards that they had passed a sufferer unseen, would clap their hands upon their pockets and exclaim: "Why didn't he call out? I would have helped him." They would not have observed in their busy, protected

lives, how rarely the deserving poor do make an outcry. The least deserving get the most attention because they advertise. The insolent tramp turns up at the kitchen door and shows his withered arm and makes you listen to his tale of woe. But in the attics and cellars all about, are pallid women stitching their hearts out on overalls, at sweatshop wages, and lying to their own relations to cover up the squalor and the drunkenness. For them there is no citizenship. For them there is no Christ and no Siloam.

It is not easy for riches to see poverty, for strength to see weakness, for health to see disease. It is so easy to be amiable and blind and deaf and dumb to the great, wretched world of the gutters that parallel our happy ways. Sweat-shops! Dear me! but I have an income. White slave trade! But my girls are safe. Saloons! too bad! But my husband does not go to them. Prisons packed with young men! But my boys are all right. I subscribe to the relief fund. I have stock in the soup kitchen. So, the blind beggar waited by the wall, and the blind well-to-do drifted by to the church and the only communication was by means of the hairy feet of certain diligent missionary flies, organizing a pestilential revival of religion.

But the citizen Christ was on the street that day, no kinder in his heart than many another, but more compassionate, broader in seeing and suffering-capacity, open-eyed, open-minded, open-hearted, open-handed to the whole life about him; and so, seeing clearly, it was natural to him, as it is natural to us, to taste the sin, sickness, weariness and death of every man. To him the needy were the distinguished people. The down and out moved him as no other moved him. He might miss an easy-going priest, a fat and truculent captain of politics

or industry, a mincing, fashionable woman in a skin-tight gown; but no derelict got by him unobserved.

The people who see, think, for seeing is thinking. The people that think stop. The people that stop, help. He saw; he stopped; he helped; he put out his hand; he offered not criticism, not money, but friendliness. Every ganglion of hope in the man was shocked into motion and he worked a miracle on himself at the pool and came back fit and thankful. A million such miracles could be started today, by a million neighborly words to tempted men.

The fundamental lesson of Christianity is, get your eyes open. The wise men on their camels had but one explanation of their journey—"We would see."

Then some Mother Goose reformer, in the crowd that gathered, piped up the proposition that an inquiry be made into the character of "little Johnny Green." "Master," he said, "who did sin, this man or his parents?" And Jesus said simply: We are not sin-chasers, but light-bearers. Jesus was not much for investigation. When he found a man in a trap, the question that appealed to him was not how he had got in but how to get him out.

And now, some naive Napoleon of sin, with his eyes in the back of his opportunity, may be saying: "This little homily is unpleasant enough to be a good sermon, but what has it to do with the liquor problem?" Well, you know, I have never considered the abolition of the liquor trade a separated field of Christian patriotism, but simply a part of the main sweep of the gospel of more abundant life. We must lower the tariff as much as possible without injury to fair and honest business, in order to reduce the high cost of living in the homes of the poor. We are doing this as a matter of course, because we see. Well, there is nothing that so raises the cost and lowers the scale of living, in homes and highways, as the liquor

business, and no honest, decent activity will be hurt by the destruction of this universal enemy of honesty and decency. We shall wipe it out, as a matter of course, when the people see.

We had to reform our banking system so as to prevent the shrinking of currency in times of harvest and of other strains. We are doing it, as a matter of course, because we see. Well, there is nothing that so shrinks the circulating medium and puts such strain upon the movement between producer and consumer, in the daily panic of the poor man's home, as the liquor waste. The seed of woman will crush it like the viper that it is, when they see.

We must rescue our trees and streams and mines from the wastage and larceny of greedy capital, and we are doing this, as a matter of course, because we see. Well, no such waste and larceny of time, means, labor, opportunity and life, nor any such inclusive and continuous crime against them all, was ever known, as the liquor traffic. We will bury it beneath an avalanche of ballots, as a matter of course, when we see.

We must stamp out the white slave trade, on the score of decency and pity. We are doing it, as a matter of course, because we see. Well, no such sneaking and resourceful panderer ever plied its nasty cleverness between vice and virtue as this organized automatic pimp of every harlotry, the liquor traffic. The American people will burn it at the stake of public indignation, when they see.

We must enfranchise women, in order to employ the unused public health and decency at the polls. We are doing this, as a matter of course, because we see. Well, there is no such diligent and stealthy poisoner of the springs of public cleanliness as the liquor trade. We will

stamp it out, as a matter of course, when we see.

What I am trying to say is that Christian civilization is simply the moving miracle of giving sight to the blind. When the history is written, it will be the glory of the Prohibition movement not that it shut down the saloons, but that it opened the eyes of the nation and inaugurated the miracle of clean politics in all directions. Where there is vision, self-interest itself is the great reformer.

What ailed Jerusalem that Sabbath morning? Was it nothing more than one blind derelict beside the way? He was the least of it. There were many like him. There were many worse. There were women to whom the sunrise meant only blacker darkness, and little children to whom the glorious day was but a black hole of hunger. There was business rotten-fat in its sty of dollars. There was a learning shanghaied by self-conceit. The city, the church, the school, the court and the commerce were leading one another to the ditch, and that is what, in somewhat lesser measure, ails America, after two thousand years. The highways swarm with blind, polluted beggars, in rags, and broadcloth, in dirt, and diamonds, ignorant, and mad with learning, with empty pockets, empty hearts, and bags of useless gold. The drunkard is but one item in the account.

The man that begins to drink, begins to steer himself and others to the gutter; his hands begin to lose their grip on efficiency; his feet begin to slip back in the climb of success; his credit dies; his pride sags; his friends drop away; his wife's eyes lose their light; his children go into the discard; he lands by the highway side, begging to be thought a man, begging for a job, a meal, a dime, a drink. He is blind.

The business man, that falls in love with money, gets imbecile to pity, justice, patriotism, honesty, and goes to

the hell of satiety and brute greed, and, too late, lifts up his eyes and begs some rescued pauper to touch his tongue with a cool finger. He is blind.

The ministry that begins to yearn for crowds and praise, begins to lose the way of faith and to go color-blind to the signals of the morning, and finishes his course on the ties of the track of progress. He is blind.

So, unseen, although so hideously familiar, the liquor trade has burrowed in the will and nerve and muscle of the nation, and the smoke of the distillery, gliding serpent-like across the sky, only makes a smudge, that leaves no image on the brain. That explains the marvel of the legalized liquor business in a Christian land. "The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib, but Israel doth not see, my people doth not consider." There is no man fool enough to drink whisky, if he sees. There is no man mean enough to sell it, if he sees. There is no community base enough to license the business, if it sees. There is no political party foul enough to serve it, if it sees. There is no government foul enough to tolerate it, if it sees.

Well, the American people are beginning to see this brutal prodigy. The homely, neighborly, single-minded, open-eyed Christ of God still walks the earth. By many names he goes—as Doctor Billy Clark, as Benjamin Rush, as Richardson, the Washingtonians, as the Good Templars, as the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, as the Prohibition party, as the Anti-Saloon League. And as he passed by he has stopped beside the blind men by the way. And as he looked, the crowd has gathered, and folly has put its foolish questions. But he has knelt and anointed the sightless eyes with the spittle of moral suasion and the clay of economic law. Man by man, he sought us out, crowd by crowd, he swayed us. Church

by church, he put us on record. Town by town, he organized us, county by county, he laid conviction on us. State by state, he spread the hateful vision, until today he lays his hand upon the Federal government and says: "Go wash the Constitution!" This is the present call to every one of us; this is the sign to us; this is the vision of the new century, to touch the eyelids of the states with sovereign power and stop the game of blind man's bluff, in party politics.

And now, at last, we have a composite apostolate of Prohibitionists. The old rivalries are worked out, the old dissensions laid. As men, as patriots, as soldiers of the common good, we march against the enemy. For nearly thirty years I have worked for this one thing. My life has been hard and dark, with now and then a streak of twilight. But this is sunrise, on the mountain tops and in the valley. North, South, East and West, the colossal treason stands revealed and the colossal silliness of a divided opposition. We see. And where there is vision the people will not perish.

What are we going to do now? Everything that we have been doing for a hundred years. But we are going to do it together. We are going to do it more and better.

We are going to teach and to prove the necessity of individual abstinence, not alone for fear of excess, but for the sake of common confidence and complete efficiency.

We are going to organize for residential Prohibition, not alone for local betterment, but to italicize the contrast between the sanctity of the home and the infamy of the saloon.

We are going to fight for local option, not alone as a small, precarious panacea for the town, or county, but as the impregnation of an embryo which, by the eternal law

of development, cannot stop, short of state-wide Prohibition.

We are going to recast the national Constitution into a charter that really means and establishes justice, really means and ensures domestic tranquility, really means and provides for the common defense, really means and promotes the general welfare, and really means and secures the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity.

This means vision. And vision means publicity. Have you seen the magnificent printing plant of the Anti-Saloon League? Have you seen the train loads of white paper shunting in there, to flutter out presently in millions of leaves for the irritation and healing of the nation? Have you seen those crashing power presses? Have you seen the battery of linotypes, celebrating with hot lead and rods and levers of bright steel, electrically driven? Have you watched the marvelous fingers of the folders and addressographs, engaging in the mails with the public conscience and intelligence? Have you seen the New Republic—Bill Johnson's missionary wasp nest, in the trees at Westerville? Have you realized the measure of Ernest H. Cherrington—that young genius of business and reform, that practical publisher with the vision of a seer? Do you know that even now he is organizing half a dozen similar establishments in strategic sections of the country?

Have you seen the master hand of P. A. Baker, holding the lines of strategy and keeping an even front against the entrenched but cowering army of political infamy, and holding the searchlight of religion where the secular battle rages?

The Pharisee's motion to go into executive session and find out "who did sin," was pertinent enough but ill-timed. It was one of the working maxims of Jesus:

"Never investigate a man when he is down. Help him up and look under him." Wonderful olfactories for sin some people have. And just as some housekeepers are mere dirt-hunters, and some parents are mere whiners, they go sniffing about opportunity and duty, and even about love and sympathy. "Don't encourage that woman; she is bad! Don't work with that crowd, it is not of our party!" That is idiotic.

Then the Pharisee's question is weak, for another reason; it put such a narrow limitation on the inquiry, "Who did sin, this man or his parents?" It whitewashed the inquisitor and his kind, in the very form of the question. Another working maxim of Jesus was: "When you go gunning for sin, go for the man higher up—and get him."

In a democracy the high man is the voter. He has, or can have, knowledge, authority and power. He cannot object to knowing what he knows. He cannot shirk the liability of his supremacy. He cannot deny the power he has boasted for a hundred and fifty years. As the American voter passes by we have the right to stop him and make him see a million of drunkards, blind from their birth, lying in the junk of blighted prospects and wasted years, and, bound to their putrefying souls and bodies, millions of women and children. We have to show him that blinding babies with venereal disease, seducing boys to be like that and content to be like that, or powerless not to be, trafficking in girls to be like that, prostitutes to men like that and mothers of men like that is a commercial business and a political policy, capitalized with millions, operated with the last refinement of system and incessantly saturating the communities with a corruption so vast and horrible, as by comparison, to give the whole crawling, stinking family of sporadic wicked-

ness the look and odor of virtue. We have, I say, the right and we dare not evade the duty to face the electorate at every election with the question, "who did sin?"

Well, who did sin? Come with me to the saloon to look for the answer. Here is the bar, back of screen doors and stained windows, invisible to the blind street. Before it stands a boy. He is twenty-one and rightly there, by the law. He is blind, weak, ignorant, reckless. His father poisoned him at his begetting. His mother carried him in a beer-soaked body, to her time. He found the way to manhood by following the empty bottles and barrels along the alleys. He knows, on what, to him, is the highest authority, that beer is food, that gin is medicine, that whisky is manhood, that the saloon is personal liberty. The whisky doctor prescribes drinks. His pastor drinks. Some sacerdotal idiot has told him alcohol stands for the spirit of God at the communion sacrament. The political boss—the greatest man he ever saw—makes the saloon his bank and the black bottle his subsidiary currency. His employer, a high-class man, respectable, successful, drinks temperately, and takes no harm. The saloon calls him, on his way to school. The saloon is wide open, in his college town. The saloon cashes his pay check.

Skip a dozen years, and you have the finished product, a blind, polluted beggar, by the way. If society sees him it despises him and considers him the meanest of sinners. Despicable he is and mean, but not the sinner, at any rate not the only sinner. The chief difference between drunkenness and nicer sins, that "the best people" practice, is that it is so showy. It smells; it shouts, it shows up in pimply foreheads, red noses, bleared eyes, flat pocketbooks, short jobs and wretched homes. But if avarice, bigotry, dirty rentals, crooked social ways, note-shaving,

tax-dodging, short weights, rebates, oppression, bribery, corruption of judges, and unclean political associations would show, in mens' noses, as drink does, what a looking crowd "the four hundred" would be!

The drunkard must bear and ought to bear his own burden, and there need be no fear but he will. But he is the victim of an alcoholic civilization. Boys learn to drink because the saloon waits for them on the way. And what the debauched man needs and deserves is not punishment, nor treatment, nor contempt, but help.

But look at the help he has received! For a hundred years the whole accent of the temperance movement was on helping him. See the lodges! I do see them, half a dozen fireflies in a pitch-dark hemisphere. See the Washingtonian movement! I do. It was a ripple of white water where the black flood was fretted but not delayed. See the soldiers of the Salvation Army and of the Volunteers, deployed along the stream of wreck and ruin—how they wade in, to catch the gasping derelicts and draw them back to a forlorn possibility of life. I do see them and honor them, but while they resuscitate one man, the flood sweeps down a hundred. See the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, how, for a generation it has patroled the stricken homes. I do see that, and rejoice in it. But while help comes that way to a single home, the liquor traffic tears to bits a dozen homes. See how the rescue missions multiply! I do see that and have been part of it for many years, but while they drag one drunkard back to life, to stay, a hundred go, howling curses, to the judgment. See the pulpits teaching, warning, thundering, for half a century! Hear Gough, Reynolds, Carey, Burdick, Murphy and the Hadleys plead with the multitudes! Yes, I have heard it all, and in the final round-up of men who served their fellow citizens, I

hope for nothing better than standing room in that crowd. But for every heaven they have set up, in reunited homes, a hundred burnt-out hells have marked the way.

But consider the fifty years of legislative effort—how one tried to tame the beast by goading him with high and even higher license, how we required a good moral character of licensed poisoners, how we purged the residential districts where temptation was weakest and men were at their best and left the poor and the defective at the mercy of the saloon, how we limited the poison-permit per thousand of possible victims, how we excluded women from the bars, how we forbade the sale to drunkards and infants, how we gave civil damages to women widowed, or worse than widowed, by our licensees, how we shortened the legal hours for public poisoning, how we gave local option to communities, to poison, or not to poison, the residents and visitors. I do consider all these things and sneer at none of them. But the conclusion towers in the logic of the facts that something better, or at least something more, is necessary, if we would escape conviction as a nation of motley fools.

Who did sin? You say: "The liquor seller; he is the ultimate villain in the drama of folly and cruelty!" Not at all! He is the penultimate villain. It takes a mean man to sell poison as a beverage, but, all things considered, it takes a meaner man to sell him protection in doing it.

Well, who does sell liquor licenses? Here is the bar; take a good look at it. In front of it stands the drinker—a victim of the governmental policy. Behind it stands the liquor dealer, coarse, brutal, ignorant, greedy, but a victim too. Back of him every package of his fateful merchandise bears the sign and seal of the sovereignty. The black bottles carry an inscription composed and re-

quired by the government—"Bottled in bond." Bottled where? In a federal warehouse. Bottled in what bond? The bond of fellowship with the President, the Congress and the court, that makes the aproned miscreant the little brother of the sovereign. Further back, on the wall, in a frame, beside the mirror and the flag, is the diploma of this Ph.D. in political economy, certifying that this is a good business—and that is a lie, whoever is the liar—and another, certifying that the proprietor is a fit man to represent the moral character of the police power. And that is no lie.

Who issued these diplomas? The Department of Internal Revenue, the mayor, the tax gatherer, the city clerk. Yes, but who directed it? There you strike the bull's-eye of the guilt target. The people do this sin. This they must be made to see, to repent of and to cure.

Well, what is the practical, working remedy? No citizen can wash his hands of this sin by mere personal abstinence. No voter can cleanse his soul of this iniquity by sterilizing his own county of these germs of general civic paresis. We have made progress. We have done well in patches and in many ways. But it is the voice of God that calls us now to cap the climax, with national Prohibition embodied in the Constitution, to be inculcated and enforced forever.

Open your eyes, you lover of your country! Let there be no rest, nor truce, until the transcendent citizen in whose name I preach to you can say to the great republic, lying between the oceans—a giant in strength and marvelous in beauty, as he said to his humble band of helpers beside the little sea of Galilee: "Blessed are your eyes for they SEE."

THE WOUNDS OF A FRIEND

An address before the State Convention of the Prohibition Party Portland, Oregon, 1905

THE EARLY STAGES of a difficult reform subject the promoter of it to certain insidious but powerful temptations. One of these is the temptation to become permanently loud, drastic, ill-mannered and ungenerous in discussion; and another is the temptation habitually to frame his argument so as to pump up the cloyed enthusiasm of the few who are already agreed with him, rather than to inform, persuade and convince the many who, while as vitally concerned, as vitally loyal and as vitally indispensable to progress, are more or less apathetic, conservative or, at any rate, for some reason, or complication of reasons, hard to interest and to move.

It is quite natural and quite right that the first organized national political agitation against the liquor traffic should show points of strong resemblance to a village fire-bell, whose whole scheme of activity is to get public attention to a condition that of itself, when apprehended, will immediately and imperatively suggest and apply an appropriate working theory.

But when a fire-bell has clanged abroad its wide-mouthed loyalty, to such fruitful purpose as to bring the various individuals and companies concerned, together with their tackle, to the scene of action, it ought to cease, while all hands fall to and work together for the common good.

It ought to cease, not because it is a failure or unworthy, but because it is a complete success and because everybody knows that a fire-alarm, however much prolonged, cannot put out a fire.

An effectual call having been turned in, there remain just three things to be done: (1) save the inmates, which

is a matter of axes and grab-hooks and nets and scaling ladders; (2) guard other life and property, which is a matter of warning and policing; (3) put out the fire.

Salvage, prevention, prohibition. It was for all three of these that the bell was ringing—all three equally, not one more than the others, nor before the others.

If the man in the bell-tower, having awakened the community, keeps on ringing alarms, he wastes energy and makes himself superfluous and ridiculous.

On the other hand, it is not for the hosemen to upbraid the men with stretchers, on the ground that they are doing nothing to extinguish the flames, nor for the driver of the fire engine to hurl maledictions at the man who is spreading wet blankets on his own small roof, a mile away, to quench the falling sparks, on the ground that he is selfish and narrow.

These all, though far apart and for the time ignoring and rivaling one another, and possibly, in a measure hindering one another, are, in fact, all working together for the three-fold and inseparable good, within the triangle bounded by the three ideas—salvage, prevention and Prohibition.

They are deployed, or they deploy themselves, to their several lines of endeavor, under other and better guidance than they could give to each other, and they have a right at the bar of each other's minds, to the presumption that they are doing what they ought to do and thinking "soberly according as God hath dealt to every man a measure of faith."

It is hardly a figure of speech to say that the liquor traffic in America is, at this moment, a billion-dollar conflagration; or to say that into its lure and deviltry boys fly like moths and come not out, or come out smirched and maimed; or to say that amidst its awful lights and

shadows legions of Rachels mourning for their children and refusing to be comforted, wring their hands and cry aloud for help where even good men will not listen, and even God seems helpless; or to say that about its seething, crackling edges legions of white-faced Jacobs grope, smothering, for their Josephs sold to slavery and to death by their own brothers; or to say that proud homes melt in its licking tongues of flame while fortunes, ambitions, plans, prospects, hopes and principles go writhing up the vortex, and falling shards and embers start new desolations far and wide.

If there is such a thing as human brotherhood; if there is such a thing as social obligation; if government is not a ghastly hallucination; every decent man's hand, and every decent woman's hand, ought to be against this besom of destruction; and to those that are arrayed against it there are just three lines of endeavor open—salvage, prevention and Prohibition.

Now, there can be no thoroughly efficient and consistent scheme of personal rescue work that lets up, short of the complete suppression of the business; for in the first place, the business, thoroughly focused on itself, thoroughly organized, enormously capitalized and utterly heartless, can always outwit and outwork loose masses of individuals acting voluntarily and gratis, on sentiments of pure benevolence, and dividing their energy among many things. And in the second place, the ordinary rescue work makes practically no appeal whatever to the degenerate or the vicious who are the victims of drink most dangerous of all to the community, since they not only set the laws at naught, but also, are prolific in the propagation of the unfit. And, in the third place, no rescue measures yet devised even contemplate seriously the soul of the liquor dealer, which before God is as well entitled

as any, to be reached and saved, and perhaps, as salvable, under conditions of ordinarily intelligent effort.

Precisely the same things are to be said concerning the preventive temperance movement.

A no-license town is nearly helpless as against the dram-shop areas that abut upon it; and Prohibition states are defenseless against the long-range ruin of the legalized liquor traffic in adjoining jurisdictions.

It is never merely the local drink-shops with which we have to contend. The liquor traffic is a *national* society for the spread of the drink vice, and in its missionary earnestness and capability, a thing unparalleled. The patrons of it and the victims, too, are only very slightly, if at all, hindered or protected by the imaginary lines that separate communities.

It follows that rescue work and prevention work, taken alone, are a pair of ham-strung benevolences, while the liquor traffic is a thing of law and greed and power—a thing with talons and wings, half siren, half vulture and altogether vicious.

Since, then, each of these lines, in the last analysis, brings up at state and national Prohibition, these should be considered together and pursued together.

I come before you, then, to speak in the interest of the whole temperance movement, absolutely refusing henceforth to be mustered in any schism of Prohibitionists, or to be a party to any division over non-essentials.

If what I say tonight is broader than my former utterances; then I have grown. If it is inconsistent with my former attitude; then I have repented. If the pitch is lower; then I have got nearer to my audience. But so far as I know, I have obeyed this same vision for nearly nineteen years, and passed on faithfully the voice that came to me out of the whirlwind, years ago.

I make no claim of being non-partisan, or inter-partisan, or omni-partisan, but the deepest scars I bear (and they are not a few) were got in open war with dirt and demagogy within my own party.

I am a third party Prohibitionist—glad to be, proud to be, and set to be, until I shall be shown a more excellent way. But while I am a loyal member of my party I am the friend and brother of every man and woman who reaches out, or is trying to reach out, for the throat of the common enemy.

The striking feature of the temperance movement today is the growing friendliness of the allies. We were a string of self-centered and inhospitable provinces, like China, immense but futile. We are on the point of becoming a fighting unit like Japan, active and invincible. This itself is victory, and there is glory enough for us all.

How this day of solidarity and hope and power came out of the other days of separation and dissension is no man's triumph. From Billy Clark to Neal Dow; from General Dow to John P. St. John; from Governor St. John to General Miles; the spirit of the living God was moving on the face of the great deep of the new civilization, saying; let there be light for clear seeing; let there be law for solid footing; let there be civic life more and more abundantly.

Happy are we who have lived to see this day, when open-eyed and sure-footed righteousness is visibly mobilizing its many-bannered soldiery to "save the union," without the bullet or the bayonet, but with the ballot, which both implies and begets liberty, equality and fraternity.

It is a noble history—the story of the temperance reform. Let me run over it briefly. It will tone up your patriotism, for America is the mother country of the

movement. It will brace your faith. It will draw you to the firing line, for it is the best story of chivalry that democracy has produced.

If the liquor traffic had been as highly organized and as sensitive as afterward it became, it might have forseen trouble from the very beginning of our national government, although at that time the drinking custom was all but universal and the traffic, in public estimation, a worthy and necessary part of any general store.

For instance, it is recorded that on the occasion of the ordination of Reverend Joseph McKean, at Beverly, Massachusetts, in 1785, the following bill was incurred at the tavern, on account of the church and paid by it, and it is historically accurate to say that the item does not in the least exaggerate the ordinary customs of the Christian people—that is to say, the best people of the time:

30 Bowles of Punch before the people went to meeting.
80 people eating in the morning at 16d.
10 bottles of wine before they went to meeting.
68 dinners at 3s.
44 bowles of punch while at dinner.
18 bottles of wine.
8 bowles of brandy.
Cherry rum.
6 people drank tea.

Twenty-five years later conditions had, apparently, not improved. An extract from the record of an ordination service at Plymouth, Connecticut, in 1810, is as follows:

"At this ordination, the preparation for our creature comforts . . . besides food, was a broad sideboard covered with decanters and bottles of sugar and pitchers of water. There we found all kinds of liquors then in vogue. The drinking was apparently universal. This preparation was made by the society as a matter of course. When the consociation arrived they always took something to drink around, also before public services and

always on their return. As they could not all drink at once, they were obliged to stand and wait as people do when they go to mill. . . . When they had all done drinking and taken pipes and tobacco, in less than fifteen minutes there was such a smoke you could not see. The noise, I cannot describe; it was the maximum of hilarity. They told their stories and were at the height of jocose talk."

Countless illustrations might be cited to show from what a pickle of alcohol our social system has even now emerged. Weddings, birthdays, christenings, funerals, dedications, harvests, house-raisings—all the days, events and hospitalities of our early life as a nation, celebrated themselves in this essence of murdered fruits and grains and prostituted industry.

Alexander Hamilton, the master economic statesman of his day, held that the sale of alcoholic liquors ought to be as untrammeled as that of bread, or flour, or beans. And, from his point of view, he was perfectly right, for if it was fit for food and drink at all, it was entitled to such equality, and if, as we now know it to be, it was unfit for food or drink, it ought not to be given honor more than other foods and drinks, by a handicap which implies unusual strength with equal honor and equal right.

But at the very first session of the Federal Congress, 1777, a resolution was adopted, and at the succeeding session a bill was carried imposing a revenue tax on alcoholic drinks, which resulted in the "whisky rebellion," our first flurry of civil war, but no more alcoholic than the one which followed in the sixties.

But none of these measures was directed at the inherent evil of the drink, only at the waste of foodstuff.

About 1830, eight presidents of the United States joined in the following statement, which must have made a wide and deep impression, unnoticed by historians, how-

ever, because the great reform, though on the way, had not arrived:

"Being satisfied from observation and experience, as well as from medical testimony, that ardent spirits, as a drink, is not only needless but hurtful; and that entire disuse of it would tend to promote the health, the virtue and the happiness of the community; we hereby express our conviction, that should the citizens of the United States, and especially all young men, discontinue the use of it, they would not only promote their own personal benefit, but the good of the country and the world.

"James Madison,
"John Quincy Adams,
"Andrew Jackson,
"Martin Van Buren,
"John Tyler,
"James K. Polk,
"Zachary Taylor,
"Millard Fillmore."

In 1815, Thomas Jefferson, the statesman of the finest moral fiber of his time, said in a letter to Charles Yancey that "whisky kills one-third of our citizens and ruins their families."

But over in Massachusetts Dr. Benjamin Rush was stabbing the liquor pretender with his lancet and his pen; up in the middle of New York the pulpit of Lyman Beecher had made itself the Bunker Hill of the greater revolution; and by 1840 the temperance skirmish line was fully formed and snapping with the moral gunnery of "mighty hunters before the Lord," such as Humphrey, Prime, Chapin, Porter, Evarts, etc.

The stories of these men are written; and there are no better tales of chivalry in the literature of the world.

Then came the temperance societies, building blockhouses and throwing up earthworks, and by 1850 the fight had become general.

At the end of the first fifty years of our national ex-

istence, in spite of the prevalent materialism and the flood of drinking immigrants, the temperance forces had fought the liquor habit and the liquor business to a standstill.

In 1856 the lodges were booming; the bands of hope were overflowing; the church was all alive with power, though still ignorantly and stupidly using alcoholic wine. Sixteen or seventeen states had declared for the policy of Prohibition.

Then came the Civil War, the stupidest, wickedest, costliest family quarrel in history, and when it was over a million of young men, of the flower of American manhood, lay dead between the fratricidal armies. Other millions were debased or demoralized. Four millions of negroes, dazed with gratuitous and misunderstood liberty, were at large among rapacious dram-shops, with unleached appetites and passions, and votes to sell. Hate rested like a choke-damp over the churches. The lodges were deserted. Fourteen states had gone back to the licensing system. The federal government was drawing a third of its running expenses from the liquor trade. The saloon had separated from the grocery store and set itself up independently, specialized, intensified by a corrupt agreement with the states. The national debt was over a thousand millions, and every slave could have been bought and manumitted and given a farm, with a team, for half the sum, with peace and religion and temperance left sweeping grandly on, conquering and to conquer.

Then the work of rescue and prevention rallied in the breach, with energy redoubled and reconsecrated, calling on God as it had never done before, and the "gospel temperance" movement quivered like an electric shock through the Union that had been saved at such a staggering cost.

But when the smoke of battle lifted from the form of the victor coming from the wreck and waste of battle-fields, it was all too plain that, whatever had come of the struggle, to north, or south, or church, or school, or home, or liberty, or equality, it was the liquor traffic, the arch incendiary, that led the triumph, with the politics of state and nation chained with golden fetters to its chariot wheels; and gospel temperance speakers were warned to "speak no evil of rulers." A few seers like Gideon Stewart, John Russell, H. L. Hastings, James Black, saw the hopelessness of such a situation and cried out for fair play for church and home and schoolhouse. But their voices were smothered in the yelp of special interests and personal politics.

Then, in that midnight of feud and blood and drink and greed and fear and lust and bankruptcy and unclean partisanship, the Prohibition party mounted its watch tower and rang the fire-bell.

The peal was sudden, strident, vexatious, and perilous to certain dirty interests. It was resented, scorned, threatened, howled down, but it was everlastingly right and for nearly forty years it has held the bell-tower and sounded the alarm.

In 1872 James Black got five thousand votes for the policy of common sense, common loyalty and common righteousness.

Then came Frances E. Willard and her voteless patriots, and St. John's vote went up to a hundred and fifty thousand in 1884.

Then General Fisk broke his great heart against the Methodist church resolution which said: "The liquor traffic can never be licensed without sin, and no political party is entitled to expect nor ought it to receive the vote of a Christian man, so long as it stands committed to the

license policy, or refuses to put itself upon record in an attitude of open hostility to the saloon."

And a little later Joshua Levering made his vain appeal to Baptists—and so on, until eight years later Dr. Swallow made his splendid fight with the knife of mutiny, graft and treason sticking in his back.

Meanwhile the Anti-Saloon League was coming to its opportunity. The author of it had laid it before me at the outset, seeking to enlist me in its development. But I had declined, on the ground that it seemed merely a proposition to light back-fires for the protection of favored localities while the great central, federal holocaust was left to blaze right on; and I allowed myself to believe that I had heard a clear call to me to man the alarm-bell until the Church of Jesus Christ, together, as a unit, should realize the legalized arson in the midst of the people, open her fire-plugs of civic power and throw the wrench away.

But my great-brained, great-hearted friend was building better than I knew. The League went on its way singing the songs of the Prohibition party; employing some of its men of tact and moderation, circulating its literature and preaching its doctrines in hospitable localities—less only the contention that a new party was necessary—until today, led by the logic of its own motive and forced upward by the lateral pressure of its own environment, it stands pledged, nationally and locally, to the cardinal plank of the seven national Prohibition party platforms, and leads us, in the roster of victorious skirmishes, both in state legislatures and in Congress. We have elected no candidate without its assistance. We get little hearing before Congressional committees save through its representatives. It carried the state of Ohio at the last election, without our aid, although for want of

our robust, daring, uncompromising character it failed in a measure to follow up the victory to its fair and logical result.

With it we carried Oregon for the referendum and set the great gray wolf of the Oregon saloon howling with rage and pain.

The whole situation, if I could go into it, shows a good balance to the credit of the League.

All this does not show to me that I ought to give it my labor or my money, but it does show to me that I should be a bigot and a traitor to my own cause, if I were to doubt its good faith, disparage it, or hinder it.

It expressly declares its purpose to cure the saloon and that "the only cure for the saloon is no saloon." That is our own proposition. If the Republican party as authoritatively and emphatically had said that, and as earnestly set out to make the statement good, I never should have left it. If the Democratic party should reform its broken lines now with such a declaration in its platform, and under high, clean leadership, I should join it.

Does the church at present seem to be drawing to the League rather than to us? Well, let it draw thither, if it will, and shame on any Prohibitionist that complains!

Who owes any loyalty to the Prohibition party as against any substantial progress of the thing for which it stands?

Who of us is mean enough to sulk, if this unorganized and immature stripling drives his smooth pebble to the giant's brain?

I know the Prohibition party. I have eaten salt with it for nineteen years. I say "salt." I have eaten no dirt with it, nor will eat any; and I declare that it is ready, and always has been ready to disband with hallelujahs, whenever any League, or any society, or any party, shall

rise up and smite the liquor traffic hip and thigh until its sun goes down.

Shall we disband, then? Not while the case stands as it does today. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union is the infantry of the Great Reform, but it has no political status. The Anti-Saloon League is the cavalry, but it has no organization. The Prohibition party is the battery of siege guns, pounding the central citadel of the enemy.

It is always the lighter armed troops that win the preliminary victories, that run the drifts for mines of moral dynamite and cut the barbed entanglements of apathy and prejudice. We used to be the "whole thing," but we have won so grandly that now we are only a part of it. As we win we decrease. It is fate and the trial of fore-runners. Only great souls can stand it to win that way and such are "more than conquerors" in the history.

We simply hold our "Lookout Mountain," cheering and supporting these others while we pour our explosive shot and shell over and beyond them, and ready and eager to shake the earth with our salutes whenever any storming party, under our guns, scales the traitor ramparts and cuts away the bloody halyards of its flag.

The work of our party is not done, but it is changed. It cannot hereafter, without belittling itself, admit that there is any rivalry between itself and other open enemies of the saloon.

It must stop nagging and disparaging its friends and take on a charity of spirit and a flexibility of action, that will make it an aid and not a peril in the small and circumscribed campaigns for Prohibition that now characterize the progress of the movement.

Its conventions should invariably be held after those of the old parties, and so far as they—the old party con-

ventions—do clean work for Prohibition we ought to help gladly and earnestly.

In a fight like the recent campaign in Ohio we should coöperate with the League if possible. But I think our support should be denied any candidate who will not, prior to the election, and as a part of his campaign, declare his active enmity to the liquor traffic.

The Prohibition partisan who sweats and waves his arms and shouts that "this is a political party and out for the offices" is a dangerous member, however well-meaning.

We are a political party. We are the only party organization in the field against the saloon. But we despise the spoils basis and are out, in pure patriotism, to hasten the outlawry of the liquor traffic: (1) by giving aid and comfort to its enemies; (2) by educating the people, and (3) by seeing to it that in every election there is a ticket in the field that is eligible for the support of any voter who, like Daniel, has purposed in his heart that he will not defile himself with the blood money of the liquor traffic.

But do we not lead this fight? No, God Almighty leads this fight and will win it—is winning it—with the clean hands of many men and women working in their own places and their own ways according as he Himself hath dealt to every one of them a measure of faith.

History will do right by the Prohibition party and it will be fame enough if it say, as it will say, of us: They won to their great doctrines, so stubbornly pressed and so faithfully stuck to, loyalty to the church and the absolute destruction of the church's enemy. They won to this doctrine the men and women who won the victory, and they were broad enough not to claim a monopoly of the Christian patriotism; and they were big enough to co-

operate when this cause for which they sacrificed got too big for any party.

This is higher ground than any party ever occupied. It certainly presents difficulties, chief of which is the occasional weakening of the party organization, by omitting to nominate a full ticket, or any ticket and putting our power back of candidates who are not of our own party, nor fully of our own faith. But I fully believe that such an attitude of party altruism in the interest of the purer patriotism, will in the long run, augment the strength of our organization and the weight of our influence, and in the meantime it will create an atmosphere in our party in which a vulgar grafter cannot get his breath.

Finally, let me repeat that the night of the fire-bell has passed, and the daylight of knowledge and coöperative efficiency is dawning. We set out to compel attention to the lopsided instability of a temperance movement which gave itself wholly to rescue, to warning and to local betterment and let the fire burn—nay, conceded that it had to burn right on, and fanned it to a whiter, deadlier intensity with the forced draft of high and higher license. We have won that central purpose of our existence.

The rest is not agitation, but constructive statesmanship, not according to the wishes of agitators, but according to the readiness and willingness of the people.

The overthrow of the liquor power, not by the fiat of power, nor by shrewd politics, but by the informed and convinced intelligence of the voters, that is our objective.

The clang and rattle of the night must now give way to the modulated voices of reason and fellowship and conscience in the broad light of day.

We have got together two hundred and fifty thousand temperance radicals. That is about all there are. The

other fourteen million voters are conservatives of whom the best we can hope is that they will be independent enough to support us when they have been "shown"—first as individuals, then as towns, counties and states, and finally as a nation. A majority of them will, in time, accept our reasoning, but it must be reasoning and assistance—not shouting and criticism.

The Prohibition movement now takes its place, on the merits, at the round table of King Democracy, with a chance to win its way in simple, practical ways, as one of a united family of reforms that make for social life, liberty and happiness.

For the next few years it will advance along the lines of local Prohibition under state laws, accompanied by a slow and difficult Federal advance, in aid of state enforcement, until finally the necessity for national Prohibition will be self-evident to enough people to carry it into the Federal Constitution.

Woman suffrage is coming fast, and it will help us mightily.

Great advances are impending of which our cause will be a very important part—I think the most important part, but they will be general and symmetrical in character, and promoted mainly by independent voting.

To encourage and help the independent voter is to be our most important function from now on.

It may be possible that in the three parties there is material for a new, composite party capable of carrying the country and administering it, on this single issue, but it would be an astonishing feat of political chemistry to bring these high explosives into stable solution.

It seems to me probable that the age of party government is passing, and that the era of honest agents, inde-

pendent voting and the popular initiative and referendum is at hand.

In any case, the duty of the hour is coöperation, in a spirit of the sternest adherence to the essentials of character, but also the broadest, deepest charity toward the patriotic in all parties or outside of all parties.

It was the Anti-Saloon League, the Democratic party and the independent voter that made John M. Pattison governor of Ohio.

It was the Republican party and the independent voters that made Hoch governor of Kansas and Hanly governor of Indiana.

It was the Democratic party and the independent voter that crushed the St. Louis ring and made Joseph W. Folk governor of Missouri.

It is the decent element of the Republican party that is trying to cleanse the Augean stables of Philadelphia. It was the Democratic party, the Prohibition party and the Anti-Saloon League that swept away the enormous Roosevelt majority and put Berry in the treasury of Pennsylvania.

Cleanness, independence, charity, coöperation. These are the combination of the time-lock of American reform. The hour has struck; let us open the door and enter, man by man, woman by woman, "with malice toward none and charity for all," each doing fully and fearlessly the best he knows, "according as God hath dealt to every man a measure of faith."

A HUNDRED YEARS OF TEMPERANCE

An address Delivered at the International Centennial Congress, at Saratoga, June, 1908

I HAVE COME LATE to the convention and must pass on almost immediately, but I was glad to honor the call of my great and good friend, Durkee, and bring my wreath of oak to lay it with the others on the quiet breast of Doctor Billy Clark.

He was the kind of man I love to celebrate, a man who had no axe to grind, who spent no time in sparring for position nor practiced any idolatry as to the method that attracted him, but in his little time and place stood straight and clean, for manhood, the liberty of manhood and the obligations of manhood.

War heroes, out of all proportion to their relative importance, absorb the popularity of this world, in every nation. Their statues hold almost a monopoly of the parks and squares and public buildings, but it is no disparagement of their just meed of public praise to say that these high monuments to physical courage and destructive statesmanship, in reality, are only the small talk of our country's fame.

There is, to be sure, a proper glory of leadership in field and forum, which no one ought to begrudge or belittle, but after all, the men that rise and rule and reap the laurels are lifted up and held up by the rough ashlar walls of common hearts and common brains. And in the final clearance, when we shall know as we are known, it is the straight, testifying, abiding, common people—privates and nurses on the battle-fields, and unpraised sappers and miners of great civic campaigns that will bear off the palm.

> One dared to die. In a swift moment's space
> Fell on War's forefront, laughter on his face,
> Bronze tells his fame in many a market place.

One dared to live. The long years through,
Felt his slow heart's blood ooze like crimson dew,
For duty's sake, and smiled, and no one knew.

Who was this Clark who went through life with a nickname? No gorgeous cenotaph proclaims his greatness. The history is not yet written that contains his name. The school children of his own county seat have scarcely heard of him until now. Even in life he was obscure. But we Prohibitionists know him. We are making history; and signs are plentiful that he, with us, is going to have a sober nation for his monument. And, today, while the white ashes of his body hold their coffin length of land, unto the blaring trumpet of the judgment, the plain, blunt manhood of his citizenship, in stalwart immortality, walks in the midst of us, and the bright shield of his early faith, in the general advance now organizing, is interlacing with our own. Nor does he come alone out of the past and out of the shadow, to this international gathering of his clan. With him comes a stately company of immortals. Don't you see them? Close your eyes. Don't you see them; Rush and Cheever and Beecher and Gough and Hastings and Dow and the Metcalfs and Fisk and Brooks and Bidwell and Sam Jones, Deems and Boole and Mary Lathrop and Mary Woodbridge and Mother Thompson? Stretch forth your hand, O Women, and you shall touch the conscious soul of Frances Willard. Listen, Men! E. W. Metcalf is at your elbow speaking, strong and shy and quiet as he was in life. Look, Comrades! John B. Finch is close beside you. And O, ye white ghosts of the promoted ones who may have seen the King and Brother of man as he is; who know each other and have shaken from your feet all the dust of selfishness and pettiness; who know us and pity us when we stumble and when we fall;

Go down with us from this transfiguration mountain to the plain where men and women drop in their tracks and writhe and cut themselves with stones, in the licensed epilepsy of the liquor trade, and little children, born blinded with the glue of ancestral vice between their eyelids, starve, soul and body, in the streets of Christ, where chiming spires, sacred to omnipotence, withdraw their challenge on the national election day, and strut against the sky, like stark, armless, legless, brainless exclamation points, while year by year the liquor lords and liquor devils negotiate the legislature and the police, and get federal permission in spite of local law to exploit the people, for whom the Son of Mary lived and died. Warn us of ourselves. Shame us from our mean rivalry, uncharity, narrowness and bigotry. Steady us in the ever-broadening way of this great argument. Be the field marshals of this mighty war until the insolent center breaks at Washington.

And now, in honor of this anniversary, let me tell once more the wondrous story of a hundred years, in fifty minutes—half a minute to the year.

At every stage in the settlement and development of this nation, the liquor traffic was and is the advance agent of physical, commercial, social and political degradation. To the North American Indian, scrofula, smallpox and consumption were only light afflictions as compared to firewater. In the light of medical science at the present time, there is good reason to suspect that the poor bodily and intellectual stamina of the Jamestown colonists was due to strong drink. There was no doubt at all that the appalling increase of insanity at present, is due to that cause. The atrophy of business honor in high finance, that has left the sense of trusteeship in incorporate companies, a mere rudiment, like the vermiform appendix,

comes from many causes. But undoubtedly the public policy of discounting conscience and moral courage for cash, as declared, advertised and promoted in the licensing system, has been the stroke-oar in the crew of crooked athletes that have reduced and debauched the legal profession, and hippodromed elections into contemptible sham battles where the united society of camp-followers command the generals, debauch the men and plan and direct the movements of both parties. The seeds of the commercial whirlwind that we are reaping now, however sown, have been watered and fertilized, even in the mind of growing youth, not only with the poison output of the liquor trade, but also, and chiefly, with the poison principle, that money-getting is the chief end of civil liberty.

It is even clearer that the combination of job-chasers and captains of knavery that have fooled and fleeced the people, all these years, have had the tap-root of their dirty despotism in the liquor traffic. The rape of the franchises in New York City was made possible by the expert villainy of the Tammany Society; and the Tammany Society is politics run by saloon power. Tammany handles the knock-out drops for the daily grind of pocket-picking, while the big thieves blow the safe of the sovereign and cart away the hard-earned capital of the people. The bold, continuous robbery of the state of Pennsylvania and the city of Philadelphia would be unimaginable in the absence of the saloon-centered general corruption. Everybody knows how, after the earthquake, and the fire, San Francisco laid the whirlwind of disorder and crime, by summarily closing the doors of the liquor trade, at the muzzle of federal guns. A saloon is a business house where physical, mental and moral poison is sold by the drink. However legalized and policed, the adder virus in it lets up not at all. Its customers and its proprietor

alike, in spite of the law, are disgraced to be seen there. It lays out the only game on earth in which every player loses and bad luck knows no change. It lets no chance customer escape unhurt. It clouds the title of every home it touches and of every inmate to his own best estate. Whenever it exists in any body politic, it is a morbid gland, storage for fever and for failure.

Let no one charge me with extravagance. The liquor press itself outdoes me in description of the degradation that buys the name of business year by year. Listen to a few frank and authoritative sentiments of the San Francisco liquor paper written to the trade in an appeal for decent dramshops: "Any man who knows the saloon well can honestly say that most of them have forfeited the right to live. The model saloon exists chiefly in the minds of the editors of liquor journals in the imaginations of a certain type of ministers and in the mythical stories sometimes rehearsed at saloonmen's camp fires." "Unfortunately the average tippling house is a place of ill-fame, a place of shame and debauchery. With comparatively few exceptions our saloons are houses of drunken men, profanity and obscenity of the vilest possible type." "Over all our speaking trumpets the gray sea and the loud winds answer 'not now; not in this age of Bacchus can your voice be heard.'" "It is no wonder that even in the better towns of the Wild West, as well as the effete East and the conservative South, the stranger who visits a saloon is at once invoiced, labeled and damned." "This growing disrespect for the saloons is the harvest of tears ripened by the lurid glare of a thousand of nights of hellish debauchery. It is no wonder that saloons in some localities are called 'Hell Fire Clubs.'" "There are in fact, not enough model saloons

in California to hold the degenerates of one ward of San Francisco."

A "dive" is simply a saloon that has made progress in the logic of its own existence; a greedy, boozy, crazy, prostitution of the law of supply and demand, where the house rake-off is a hundred per cent, counting the short-change and the larceny and the leakage of the way; and the public takes care of the offal by general taxation and private works of charity and mercy.

"Slums" are complete saloons, where demand and supply, rake-off, by-product and debris, collect in metropolitan catch-basins. But back of all, worst of all, wickedest of all, wretchedest of all, is the ghastly respectability of the distiller, the brewer, the wholesaler. I do not exaggerate, I do not speak extempore, when I say, that relatively to everything in the big problem, the saloon-keeper—with his barrels and demijohns and bottles and crockery and bulldogs and slot machines and chattel mortgages and brass buttoned black-mailers and painted solicitors and staggering maniacs and sneak-thieves—is on the whole, a less destructive and demoralizing citizen than the smooth capitalist that supplies him and crowds him and bullies him to his superlative endeavor, and advertises his whisky as a boon and a medicine, and his beer as a food and a blessing to old people, sick people and nursing mothers.

At the beginning of the eighteenth century, when the new world was setting up in business, it was "drink," the old world herald, usher and sergeant-at-arms of feudal power, that had charge. Seed time was time to drink. Harvest time waved its yellow banners over jugs in the fence corners. Barns and homes and schools were raised with the black bottle. The bar was required by law to be set up, convenient to the church. The sacrament was

alcoholic. The chief drug in the pharmacopeia was spirits. The drink was godfather at every christening, master of ceremonies at every wedding, first aid in every accident and assistant undertaker at every funeral. It had come with the Spanish to St. Augustine in 1565. It had carried the first Virginia election for John Smith in 1507. It was the "Dutch courage" of Manhattan Island in 1615. It led the prayers on Plymouth Rock in 1620. It arrived in Baltimore in 1634. It fuddled the brotherhood of Philadelphia in 1682. It was the first organized treason, in the whisky rebellion of 1791. It has been the fata morgana of many millions of emigrants to this day. The effect was inevitable, instant and continuous. In nations as in individuals, the first onslaught of alcohol is against the highest, finest, latest nerve centers, those that preside over the central citadel of judgment and of self-control. The moderate grog of the abstemious may seem to leave the trunk and stems and bark of individual or social life unscathed, but it never fails to bite back and paralyze the tiptop shoots of moral growth and function, and ever tends to animalism, greed, force and abortion of spiritual conception. So this narcotized nation, with its drunken heredity, grew and grew mightily, but ran to big talk and neck, and paunch and buttock, and cerebellum, at the expense of the cerebral hemispheres. Even the church went lame on ethics and long on polemics and ecclesiastical economics, filled the land with pre-dilapidated Christians and empty meeting houses, and ignored and persecuted men and women for daring to insist on the promiscuity of Christian faith and practical politics, legislature and courts grew languid and sarcastic about the humanities, and so today the banner over us is "vested rights"—which is to say, invested dollars. And there are no dollars so "vested" as the liquor millions. The

whole sag of morbid appetite, the passion of children for imitation, the drain of fleshly lust, the strain of nerve profligacy, pay daily, nightly, hourly dividends to that. Riches increased and the nation's heart has been set upon them. The American people went money-gathering, pell-mell, and now they are coming to themselves, with their pockets picked by monster Frankensteins of their own incorporating. One who said that every wife had a vested right to a fair chance for a happy home, as against the crazy villainy of denaturing the liquor traffic by making it chancellor of the municipal, state and national exchequer, was, until lately, called a sentimentalist. And one who dared insist that every new-born child had a vested right to be heard in its first cry for a fair highway to life, liberty and happiness, was called a "crank." A vested right was money or money's worth and it was little less, beyond the mawkish tenderness of courts for persons charged with crime.

George Washington said in 1778: "If I was called upon to draw a picture of the times of men, I should in one word say that idleness, dissipation, and extravagance seem to have laid fast hold of most of them, that speculation—peculation—and insatiable thirst for riches seem to have got the better of every other consideration and almost of every order of men." One hundred years later Samuel J. Tilden said: "The cancer which reached a head in the municipal government of the metropolis gathered its virus from the corrupted blood which pervaded our whole country. Everywhere there are violated public and private trusts. The carpet-bag governments are cancers on the body politic even more virulent than the New York ring." There are not two saner voices in American history. The keynote of prosperity was the gold-guilty, blood-guilty question of Cain, 'Am I my

brother's keeper?' Is not my brother's property my proper game, to get it or to wreck it, if I can?"

But in 1808 Billy Clark struck a match in Saratoga county, New York, and the small gleam of it was the beginning of a national vision, now coming to the full. The little temperance society that he organized was almost purely individualistic and local in conception, but there was altruism and a world-wide revolution in it. It has been a constantly increasing phenomenon in temperance societies that they ran into evangels and the distribution of the good gifts of abstinence far and wide.

From 1808 to 1840, the gospel of the cup of cold water spread and rooted in the public consciousness. It did not grow as rapidly as grafting and over-reaching and contempt for law, and political corruption, but it was vitality versus gangrene, and it gained. It was the trade wind versus chokedamp, and it gained. It was the radioactivity of eternal order versus the backwash of chaos, and it gained. It was the clean, long leap of the gray stag-hounds of the morning versus the crimped and skinny bat wings of the darkness, and it gained. It was the immeasurable and invisible, but irresistible, revolution of the moral nebula, set whirling in the great deep of consciousness, from the foundation of the world, throwing off suns and systems and satellites, and it gained. And today, by those heavenly bodies of reform that move and shine upon the blue-black midnight of moneyism, we know that the country and the creation bowl along toward liberty, equality and fraternity, and we are saved from day to day by hope, from flunking and despairing, while we wait for the promise of the Father. It won, do you hear? It won. I do thank God for sense enough to know a victory when I see it. From 1840 to 1850 we had the starlight of a constellation of altruistic temperance move-

ments. The Rechabites, the good templars, the sons of temperance and such orders, sang together in the morning of a new creation. Then the Washingtonians swept upon us like a meteoric shower out of nowhere into everywhere, and left a million of happy fires on as many desolated hearths.

All this time the liquor dealer rubbed his itching palms. His fat eyes stood out with insolence. He had all that heart—such a heart—could wish. The lodges strove and prospered. It looked like beggarly gleaning to the liquor seller, as compared to his own groaning harvest. But many men were redeemed from drunkenness. Little boys and girls were carried by the hundred thousand over to the safer footing of total abstinence. Homes were restored and family altars thrown up like fortifications. Happy women went singing cradle songs over joy that had died and been buried, but had risen again from the dead.

But the liquor dealer stood in his doorway and his pride, and puffed at his puny enemies. He said in his heart: "I shall not be moved, for I shall never be in adversity." The sweet crocodilian palaver of "the trade" today, deploring the low dives, preaching temperance, and praising the purposes and work of Prohibitionists, was unheard of then. His mouth was full of cursing and deceit and fraud. Under his tongue were mischief and vanity. He sat in the lurking places of the villages, tempting the weak and backing the vicious and by them murdering the innocent in their very homes. He lay in wait to catch the poor. He did catch the poor.

Then a foregleam of danger came to him. He humbled himself and paid progressive statutory blackmail for the right to make a living for himself and death for his patrons. He paid other, secret, blackmail rather than to

forego in prohibited hours, to snare the careless, ignorant and besotted. Then he developed the advertising deviltry. He used the national flag for a beer sign. He so fouled the term "personal liberty" that it became the exclusive property of the saloon. Thus he got the law, the police, the press. He said at last, "God hath forgotten; He has turned His face away; He will never see." But God did not forget. He did not turn his face away. He did see. Away up in the northeast corner of New England, he saw a tough little Lebanon cedar of a man, self-centered, strenuous, concentrated, getting rich in a tannery. He was a Quaker and was not looking for a fight. He was a man of books, retirement and ample means and was not looking for office. He had not suffered personally by the liquor traffic and was not seeking revenge. God came to him one night and, in the wreckage of a single home, spread out the liquor trade before his eyes and said, "Tan that! Put a stop to this loathsome parasite upon the body politic! Put a stop to this confidence game against the young and ignorant and weak! Put a stop to this man-trap! Put a stop to this woman-beater! Put a stop to this child-stealer! Put a stop to this acid-thrower at the beauty of public order!" Neal Dow heard well and obeyed. And since that year, such liquor dealers as remain in Maine are known and know themselves to be human vermin running in the seams of unclean politics.

Just what the Quaker tanner did was this. He gathered up in the clear true mind of a straight thinker, as in a prism, the gray morning light of Billy Clark's reform and threw the spectrum on the pulpit wall of every church in Maine, and the seven primary colors were, saloons-can-never-be-licensed-without-sin. Then he girded himself, and with the Thor's hammer of an indomitable

will pounded the gates of law until they swung back, and Prohibition, straight from Sinai, marched in and planted its flag upon the Pine tree Capitol.

The brave infection spread. Half the states caught it. And long ere this, the legalized gangrene would have sloughed out and healed. But civil war came like a blight on the new hope. The first thing it called for was whisky. The thing it taught men at the front and the children at home, was whisky. The thing it put in political power was whisky. The thing it put in the freed hands of slaves was whisky. Then rape and hatred and lynching took the road of liberty.

The reconstruction years were the American dark ages. The temperance work of half a century lay in ruins. The federal special tax on liquor dealers had made state sovereignty a farce, and endowed a federal Fagin's university of graft and spoils, where assessors, collectors, gaugers and storekeepers were trained to steal and lie and pack conventions and stuff ballot boxes. An army of strong men empowered and demoralized by the spirit of adventure, puffed up with a sense of their superiority to the common run of comrades and civilians, deep in the knowledge of force and wrong, the skill of army intrigue and the ethics of government contracts, were deployed to all the vantage points of peace. The early bloom of conscience and fairness was rubbed off the public service. Politics became a brace game. The people were regarded and treated as "hayseeds" and "suckers" whom to fool and skin and turn out with just enough to keep them in the crooked deal, was counted "good politics."

Then the master robbers of all time saw their opportunity, and the big finance of sweating life insurance, wrecking railroads, stealing public lands and public service franchises and buying legislatures and debauch-

ing courts and strangling competitors and poisoning the food-supply, and cornering the money and the crops and cheating laborers began.

And deadly work the age of post-war treason did the entire country. Back of the voter stood the political boss. Back of him stood the business boss, and back of both the liquor chloroformer general. Selfishness got itself incorporated for an eternal robbery of stockholders by their own directors. Simplicity was partyized so that the voters would line up on the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November to be exploited.

Partyism is the mathematics of "Graft" by cancellation.

The good men in opposing parties neutralize each other. Politicians have no politics. Only the people lose by parties. It looked like Rome. It looked like ruin. But truth was only crushed to earth. It did not die. Altruism was only buried. It was still alive. The lodges came together, weakened but determined, and like the coral insects, went on building the new gospel and the new law.

Then came the Prohibition party, sweet of breath, clear-eyed and clean-handed, and called down the Christian voter from the dunce-block of partyism, easism and revenuism, into the open field of self-respecting, intelligent, upright fighting form. Every great graftless issue, now before the country, was in its platform. Its ample justification for existence is spread large but without credit on the platforms of its great competitors. It has done the greatest work in party history. I do not try to forecast its future. I am not greatly interested in its future. When I became a member of it I renounced partyism. But I have the will and the right to glory in the record it has made. It has brought forward every argument and borne the brunt of every battle by which

the present startling victories are being won. It has filled the arsenals of every army corps. It has done all the news gathering for the allied armies, until recently. For a generation it has kept the one clean spot for the feet of citizenship that scorned to walk in muck. When Herod moneyism, with finger on lip, whispered down the party bread line its fell decree to party bosses: "Kill every new-born purpose of independent patriotism that dares to put fair play and simple honesty in 'ballot form'" and they set out to do the bloody business; while the railroad presidents were using knowledge that belonged to the shareholders to enrich themselves, stealing forests, mines, ranges, rivers and farms; while life insurance officers were reducing embezzlement to a fine art and cornering light and heat and transit franchises by false pretenses. While the United States mint was merely making "chips" for the skin gambling of the "interests;" the Prohibition party, if not a winner of elections, at least kept open sanctuary, where decent politics could keep alive and keep posted and keep clean.

One who looks at the Prohibition party as a mere temperance agitator holds his glass by the wrong end. From 1872 to 1904 it not only educated the people as against the liquor traffic, but it also stood and stood alone, among the parties, for dead-straight loyalty to God and home and native land as the keynote, the means and the end of American politics. For the first ten years of its existence it was, indeed, no great menace to the enemies of the people. Then the Woman's Christian Temperance Union put a hundred thousand ballots in a lump upon its tally sheet, and for a passing season it looked formidable. But still it did not grow. It never had a monopoly of the intelligence or the conscience of the country. It never contained a tithe of the earnest and

honest Prohibitionists. But it alone had the vision and the courage to point out the two great party managements as the twin screws of one colossal privateer. This very strength was its weakness. It was a thing apart. It would not make friends. The very reach of its high, thorough argument made it feeble at close range. It was logical, but Democracy is not logical. It could not handle the light artillery of local option. It was useless in the small pitched battles that make up the fighting line of popular regeneration. And this meant present failure.

Then came the Anti-Saloon League. It seemed to be a rival and an injury to the party, and an affront to the party argument. It diminished the party income and outshone the party in immediate achievement. The party argument was that the question was distinctly federal; that the old parties were in the grip of corrupt machines; that the machines were in the grip of the "interests," and that the nation's capital must be carried and the reform worked down from there to the communities. The League admitted the argument in toto; but denied the conclusion. It said that by towns and counties and states we must work up to the Capital, that a quadrennial bayonet charge on Washington meant failure, and that the only hope was siege. And the League was right. We are closing in on Washington. Democrats from the South, Republicans from the North, Populists from the West, Mugwumps and Socialists from everywhere—all Prohibitionists. Our country is our party.

The Anti-Saloon League is the embodied and full-armed victory of the Prohibition party. But like most other victories, it carries a certain admixture of disappointment. The lust of organization develops early, grows rapidly and dies hard. And the Prohibition party, although so young in years, so high and deep and broad

in purpose, and so unspoiled by any political success, has not escaped the usual besetment. It did require uncommon magnanimity to see the new soldier step to the front, get the applause, inspire the popular hope, secure the popular support and take the credit of spectacular victories that in themselves were inconclusive. But that period passed with change of leadership. The attitude of its present chairman is a credit to manhood and itself a national victory.

The Prohibition party was the voice crying in the wilderness. The Anti-Saloon League is the engineer corps, orienting, leveling, clearing, building, subduing, cultivating, harvesting, damming back the stream, to get more power, devising spillways to relieve too great pressure.

The voice was clear and true, but it has passed, and it would be a sorry blemish on its fame, for it to double back upon its splendid course, to bully the settlers. It does not and it will not do that. Some of its members, lacking knowledge as a balance of their zeal, will rail awhile about the camps of progress, but the main body will join the woodmen and the farmers, promptly and heartily. No studious Prohibitionist ever claimed that the liquor issue was entitled to the exclusive public attention, but only that it embodied at the time, more of vital and elementary political science than any other, and ought, in simple horse sense, fairness and honesty, to be put upon the trial calendar with the others. It is on the Calendar. And our argument was not that alcoholic drink makes some people drunk, poor, idle, crazy, criminal, but that the legalization of such a business for money, and permitting it, even with a handicap, to enter the race-course of honest and beneficent striving, made the whole community silly, cruel, dishonest and cowardly. Com-

mon sense, honesty and manly courage were what we took the field for, and for forty years we fought that fight. And we won it. There is but a single issue in the present campaign. It is unflinching honesty. Elbert H. Gary, chairman of the finance committee of the United States Steel Corporation, no Prohibitionist and no fanatic, says:

"There is a great awakening in this country with relation to better conduct, more decency, more honesty, more responsibility—by everybody, to everybody.

"It doesn't make an atom of difference who brought it about. It's here. Mark my words, that is the keynote of the American business situation today.

"There has been deceit, there has been over-reaching, there have been errors of kinds innumerable, but from this time forward there is going to be more fairness and a lot more candor and rectitude in the transaction of business.

"Any man who says he is not influenced by selfish motives in his dealings is, of course, a hypocrite. We all know better; but there is a host of men who can appreciate a policy of honesty, and every sane man sees that such a policy must be scrupulously followed. And this idea should extend until it prevails in all dealings and in the management of all corporations. It is in the air! The tendency of business henceforth will be to respect the public, and the man who antagonizes that policy will be ground out sooner or later."

The liquor traffic, like the true anarchist that it is, will stand at the doors of the National Convention, threatening, and may thus once more, intimidate the delegates into avoidance of explicit declarations on the liquor issue. But none the less, that exact issue is up and imminent in both constituencies.

Whatever party wins in November, honesty and courage will be inaugurated in March, and in the air of such administration the licensed liquor traffic cannot long get its breath. All the rest will be obsequies—laying its own bloody dollars on the million eyes of the dead murderer and putting it away forever.

The great parties are in the field again this year, but there has been a mighty change. This is no longer a government of parties, by parties, for parties. The people have taken command in their own right and in their own name. The countersign for the day and the war is coöperation. The alarm clock may now be silent. The Nation is awake. The American people are proceeding in orderly, democratic ways, to kill the liquor traffic. Our business now is to do what the people want done, and do it well.

The International Reform Bureau, the Presbyterian Temperance Committee, the lodges, the bands of hope, the temperance unions, ought to take on new diligence, and the greatest total abstinence campaign in our history should now be opened in the Prohibition states and counties, in aid of a law-enacting, law-sustaining and law-enforcing forward movement.

It has been a great fight and there is glory enough for us all. The voice of the caviler ought to be heard no more. The enemy has read the writing on the wall, and its line is all but panic-stricken. The prayer of faith is answered now; and every hill and valley of the Union echoes with the old man-hunt. But the hunt runs now, end for end. Formerly the liquor dealers hunted the voters, but the quarry has become the chase. The trade runs like a scared wolf, ears low, tail between its legs. Local option presses hard upon it and the deep sea of National Prohibition roars in front. Let us have an end

of factions and division among ourselves, and in the quietness of conscious power, administer the daily victory, until the chariot of final triumph enters the National Capital dragging the arch traitor of Christendom at its wheel.

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WHEN GOOD MEN MAKE GOOD

Address before the National Convention of the Anti-Saloon League of America, at Washington, D. C., December 13, 1917

I FEEL LIKE THANKING the Committee for Hooverizing the time allowance for this evening, and especially for putting me in the bow of the program, for my duty will soon be done, the enjoyment of listening to my two great and good friends will soon begin, and I shall enjoy the not very flattering consciousness of contributing, by contrast, to your pleasure in the closing moments of this historic convention.

As for myself, I have struck one string of the great harp of public sentiment for thirty years; the phrasing alone has varied, the theme has never changed.

The greatest thing that I have seen, or felt, or pondered, in a stormy but somewhat studious life, is the character of Jesus Christ—not as a God, but as a democrat. And as the cool gray drifts of years creep up my temples, it grows clearer and clearer to me, that the men and women who say they know Him and seek to follow Him and honor Him, and put the people's government upon His shoulders, must get together in the unity, the continuity, the sympathy, the charity, the chivalry, the efficiency of political team work against the arch enemy of His right and His power to rule the land in justice and in righteousness. This they must do, on honor—His honor and their own—until they hold the road from the

Jerusalem of Christian ideals down to the Jericho of American business; until by intelligent self-respect and self-assertion they put the fear of God into the slacker priests and Levites of statesmanship, who shy at dangerous public questions and tiptoe into office "on the other side" of trouble; and until they put the power of God into the road itself, for "safety first," and stop the foolishness of laying the whole load on the poop deck of an incidental, one-cylinder, Samaritan ass, for safety *last*—after each homicidal hold-up. I put it brutally, as Mr. Lloyd George might say, but this is the answer, and the only answer to the liquor question, and the sole and sufficient purpose for the existence of the Anti-Saloon League. And the Anti-Saloon League, by its standardized methods, by the public confidence it has challenged and secured progressively, for a quarter of a century, and by its wonderful record of achievement, has qualified as a basic improvement in political machinery and become as vital to good government in general as to the immediate occasion that produced it. For this non-partisan, inter-denominational, coöperative, Christian politics, is the very fear and power and love of God, at the highest and the broadest, unto the salvation of the inert, unchurched, moribund masses, who are not at all impressed by sermons that they do not hear, but are certain to believe in the actual gospel of Christian democracy when they see good men make good.

Let your light so shine before men—wherever there are men—where there are the most men—that others seeing you make good, may be constrained to glorify your Father and their Father, and the brotherhood of us all.

When the captains of industry that have organized the great lines of eating-houses desire to open a new

restaurant they make a survey of the passing crowds and where the greatest number of people pass they fix the location. That is good business and it is just as good religion. If we wish to have the starving, famishing, perishing multitude to come and buy "the bread of life" and the "wine and milk" of Christian civilization, "without money and without price," we must do business on the busiest corner of democracy, and the busiest corner of democracy is politics.

I am sure that you will be indulgent to a reminiscent mood in a battle-scarred old fighting man who has gone "over the top" the whole way, from rotten eggs on the street, to red roses on the pulpit, to a dry District of Columbia, a two-thirds majority for National Prohibition in Congress, and the sky-rockets of triumph flaring in the daybreak of a new civilization.

Thirty years ago I stood up beside my bed in New York City and looked into the gray, reproachful eyes of a January morning and pledged my life—such as it was—to a great fight that is now culminating in complete personal and political victory. I was not a child. I knew, as well as anybody knows the future, what such an enlistment meant. I knew it meant good-bye to every dream of wealth and fame and political preferment and professional achievement. For the vineyard toilers of the morning had no suggestion of the joyous billets of the eleventh-hour shift. But, although I had already fought my way back into the ranks of successful men, nevertheless, I seemed to have no choice but to go about it then and there. And now, after a generation of very strenuous and very faithful effort, I would not say, of course, that I have been superlatively wise, or superlatively useful, or successful in my lonely ministry, but I do not shrink at all from saying that I have done the best I

knew and the best I could, without a rest and without a whine and without ever a doubt of the outcome. Roughly, I have stood ten thousand hours before the people, trying to cheer them, or to shame them into gallant, confident, efficient political action against the organized corruption of politics and the organized robbery of all mankind, and have traveled two millions of weary miles in the long, and often desperate pilgrimage. And now at last my wife and I have made the supreme gift to our country when our two sons marched away to the war. And their mother sits alone waiting for us to come home if we come. And I "carry on." At first I went alone, unvouched for by any church, unattached to any society, pitied by some people, distrusted by many people, at my own cost and on my own hook. Then I threw myself unreservedly into the great agitation organized by the Prohibition party. Then later when it seemed to me that the period of vote-less and victory-less agitation was growing stale and that the movement had arrived at a condition that called for detailed constructive and victorious political action, I threw myself, as unreservedly, into the ranks of the sappers and miners of the Anti-Saloon League that I had scorned in its beginnings, but am now glad and proud to serve.

But throughout all these years and in all these conditions my message to my fellow citizens, in every nook and corner of the country, has been simply to ring the changes on the theme with which I have begun this speech—that the Christian citizen, because he is a Christian citizen, in the light of his own vision and in the pride of his own Christian profession, must show the stuff in him to take up another hole in his belt, shut his jaw hard and jump into the midst of practical politics, in his city, in his state, in his country at large, and stay put there

like a man, to the end of the chapter, win or lose, take many a beating, suffer many a disappointment, come up with many a failure, be ridiculed, be ignored, be mobbed —as I have been many a time, and yet come up smiling after every beating, for another round, until at last he gets the heel of his whole manhood on the head of the slimy liar of the centuries. Of course, the thought was not original with me. Every phase of the movement suggests and confirms the correctness of the proposition.

There is plenty of free sentiment against the liquor traffic, but it must be organized in politics, and the Anti-Saloon League is the greatest organizer of available Christian sentiment that has been put into operation in any cause or in any country.

There is plenty of heatless, fire-fly light upon the character of the liquor traffic, but it must be focused to the burning point in politics and the Anti-Saloon League is the greatest concentrator for getting out the pure metal of Christian patriotism from the crude ore of sentimental desire, that this country has ever seen. There is plenty of loose knowledge about the effect of the liquor traffic, but it must be applied in politics and the Anti-Saloon League is the greatest transmission belt for Christian doctrine that has ever been run upon the pulleys of practical politics. There is plenty of undeveloped power in this country, to repel the liquor invasion and put an end to this infamy, but it must meet the foe where it is, upon the battlefield of politics, and the Anti-Saloon League is the best-drilled and equipped army that ever marched against the forts of folly, since the first fool politician said in his heart, "There is no God."

In the long war against the drink—now in the one hundred and tenth year—the tide of battle has set steadily against the enemies of the business, until the

whole subject was driven out of the Samaritan lodging-house of mere sentiment, on a highway chartered by robbers, into the open road of Christian politics, with robbers slated for the chain gang.

For all the hundred years of splendid work by the lodges and societies of many names, for all the wars of the ribbons, red, white and blue, that sought to circumvent the trade by getting men to sign the pledge, for all the third of a century of consecrated Christian endeavor by the Women's Christian Temperance Union, for all the thundering of the pulpit for fifty years and more, for all the example of Godly fathers and mothers in their own homes, for all the ghastly cries of sinking men who tried and failed, for all the tears and tragedies and prayers of stricken wives, and mothers, drunkenness increased and the drunkard business grew stronger and more insolent.

Then came the Prohibition party, the prophet of the political dispensation, out of the wilderness of sentimental unpreparedness, some forty years ago, rough, righteous and importunate, to the Jordan of futile, complacent, ease-loving, money-making, unapplied religion, with the denunciation that it was stark folly to fight the liquor traffic with church resolutions while preserving it with church votes, and a mere baby business to try to make a sober and efficient nation, with saloons, distilleries and breweries as lawful as churches and politically as respectable as public schools.

It pointed out with irrepressible and irresistible eloquence, that while the forces of prevention were able to sign one boy for total abstinence, the licensed liquor dealer was able to snap the handcuffs of appetite upon the wrists of a dozen boys, and that while the ministers and rescue workers were able to restore one broken

home, the licensed liquor trade was wrecking a score of homes.

It was everlastingly right in its contention for political action and it will have a high place in the history, for the audacity of its undertaking, for the splendor of its agitation, for the publicity that it achieved, for the attention that it compelled, for the counter irritation that it set up, for the knowledge that it disseminated. But like many another prophet, it had to see itself decrease, while the vision it had seen, increased.

It failed conspicuously, and completely, in combining and commanding the natural enemies of the saloon. In the first place, it ignored the sources of sentiment and the natural current of the popular will and began at Washington, the mouth of the river, the farthest point of removal from the common mind and common conscience and common sympathy of the common people, who own the country and have the right and the power to govern it, and sought to drive the reform up to the states, up to the counties and the towns. The doctrine was absolutely sound, but the direction was wrong. The lead would not move that way. The victories of peace go down from the hills to the sea.

In the second place it hamstrung its own possibilities of leadership by accepting the thoroughly rotten theory of party rule. Forty years ago we didn't know any better than to believe that any great political program had to be promoted by a great party. The Democratic party had been the king for fifty years prior to the war between the sections, and after the war the Republican party had made itself the dictator of America. The independent voter had not yet appeared. The whole electorate was cleft into two equal groups, Democrats here and Republicans there, hating each other in campaign

times, distrusting each other all the time, and never capable of presenting a solid front to the common enemy of them all. We asked first one and then the other to take up the greatest and clearest of reforms, and they wouldn't do it. Then we thought there was nothing left but to create a new party. It required about seven millions of votes to carry a national election, which was what we were attempting. That meant that we had to withdraw, by persuasion and argument, say three millions and a half from each of them into the new party. That was a great undertaking, but we went at it full of faith and courage and invincible in the main argument. The men we had to have would not come that way. The fallacy of denouncing the peril of party lines, while building a party on lines as rigid and intolerant as were ever drawn, walked through the movement like a ghost that would not down.

Fortunately, we failed. Had we succeeded, the era of the independent voter would have been set back for half a century and Prohibition today would be a party stalking-horse, like the tariff.

Then came the Anti-Saloon League, the new prophet of the independent voter—the twentieth century engineer of sane, preparatory, practical politics, beginning at the primary nerve cells of power, the Christian, forward-looking little towns. The villages heard and acted. The counties consolidated the town gains. The states heard and consolidated the counties. And we came to the steps of the Capitol backed by sixty millions of the people. And now at last, Congress thrills to the elementary current. And today the robber trade is trapped in his own trenches wig-wagging for mercy and for compensation. Every gun of argument emplaced upon the hills of public decency has got the range. The

churches push on like British tanks over the barbed entanglements of party politics, and a mobilized Christian infantry marches in solid front to the death of the Hun. And now the brewery, shedding yellow tears of alcohol, and swill and salicylic acid, comes slobbering to the breach and offers to reform. It is too late; there is nothing left to reform. A reformed brewery is not a brewery at all, but an ice factory or a creamery, or some such converted new creature. It reminds me of a story. A puppy was born to a maternal house-dog. It was blind—as puppies are—which gave the boy of the household great concern. Day by day he watched, with growing discouragement, that ended in rank disgust. He seized the disappointing beast by the hind legs and banged its head upon a rock. With its dying breath it opened its eyes. The boy viewed the remains with utter scorn and said sententiously: "This is a strange time to get your eyes open!"

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PROHIBITION FOR HAWAII

An address before the Hawaiian Club, at Honolulu, May 5, 1910

AS TO THE MERITS of the case now submitted by Congress to the voters of this territory, I have in the present address but little if any more to say than this: that we who support the Prohibition side make no fight on any individual, impugn no man's motives, deny no man's right to hold and advocate his own opinion, wish no man ill, belittle no man's possible loss; but with all the strength we have and all the reserve power to be released in the white-hot moments of the contest, we wage relentless and interminable war against the meanest thing that ever stole or hired the livery of

legitimate business in which to serve the devil of idleness, poverty, cruelty, insanity, vice and crime.

I have often advised public audiences in these Islands, that we who have taken up the peaceful arms of democratic citizenship against the liquor traffic have no warrant to abuse our fellow citizens who engage in it, or patronize it; for both seller and customer alike are victims of age-long blunder in public policy, that has recognized, patronized and legalized a trade that was and is intrinsically, incessantly and incorrigibly a crime against civilization. This statement is peculiarly pertinent to the case of the liquor dealer. The organization of society is always a matter of leadership, and in the early years of human progress, leadership was based on force. The strong became the rich; and money won the mastery of mankind. The new world left the law of force behind, but clung to money as the mainspring of its development. The overwhelming wealth of virgin resources and opportunities sharpened the accent over property; and American history, with all the collateral glories of it, became the story of easy fortunes for capacity and industry, without capital. The strong, the self-controlled, the thrifty, could withstand the lure and the poison of alcohol, while the weak, the self-indulgent and the negligent were submerged, but without any diminution of their fecundity. Thus there came to be an enormous clientele of liquor buyers—victims and slaves of the alcoholic environment, branded and fore-damned by the heredity of failure; and over against these, a small, stout, shrewd, indomitable society of liquor dealers, victims, too, victims of the head-turning, heart-hardening, soul-withering fever of easy money and easy power in the negotiation of improvidents, weaklings and corruptibles.

But a new light is rising on the vision of the world. Moneyism is now going to the scrap-heap of a past age, from which millions of spiritual pilgrims are pushing off into the great, potent, fascinating deep of human brotherhood. There is a new star in the sky of American aspiration, and it stands over the cradle of manhood, while the voices of the angels of the twentieth century repeat the new but ancient chorus: "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth and good will toward men!"

The issue we are now to try is not upon the punishment of anybody, nor upon the reprobation of our own past, but simply this: Shall we change from a bad policy to a better one, fall in with the spirit of the new time, and stand straight and strong, for a better chance for manhood, womanhood and childhood? We attack the housefly by prohibiting the dung hill. We exterminate the mosquitoes by prohibiting the marshes. We stamp out the bubonic plague by prohibiting the rat harbors. We abolish typhoid by prohibiting foul reservoirs. We abolish tuberculosis by prohibiting filthy streets and dark tenements, and upon precisely the same reasoning and in precisely the same spirit we shall prohibit the saloon—the dung hill, the miasmatic bog, the rat hole, the foul spring, the open cesspool of society. Thanks to the Congress and President of the United States, we now take up this problem in this territory. "With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in," to bind up the deepest wound in the bosom of Hawaii nei and give a better chance of health and happiness and hope to all the people.

It is not my purpose in this address to offer any apology for my own part, in the events now coming to a head. Many a man might have managed the rather deli-

cate matter better; but I did the best I knew how, and I apologize to nobody. I came to these Islands for love of them; I have been absolutely loyal to them; I have played my hand face up on the table, and it will win because it is a winner. I have said, and say now, that the common people of Hawaii are no match for the liquor politicians in a game of strategy. It is absolutely true. It is true in the state of New York or Illinois or Ohio or California. But I have said also, and say now, that in a fair trial of an issue of righteousness and decency, uncomplicated by parties and candidates and wire-pulling, the common people will sweep the board. That too is absolutely true. What we have done here is to go around the liquor dealers' association, its money and its servants, and get from Congress an order on the governor to give the people a fair and equal chance to say their say on the greatest of moral, economic and political questions, unvexed, unhindered and unconfused. If to work for that is to be a traitor to you, I am guilty—and I would be ashamed to be innocent.

We are simply going to have a fair fight against the most truculent bully that ever swaggered in the streets and used foul tactics to get a decision. It will be a fair fight on our side; it will be foul and crooked from start to finish on the other. In all the hearings before congressional committees not one word of manly, open defense of the liquor trade was spoken by man or woman. On the floor of the Senate, when the joint resolution came up for passage, no man lifted his voice for the saloon. On the floor of the House no plea of justice or mercy for the trade was heard. In the cablegrams that went from here to Washington from the chamber of commerce and the bar association no syllable spoke well of the liquor traffic.

And now we have the same strange thing. A great business is on trial for its life. It has unlimited money. It has eloquent and learned men in its employ. And what defense does it put up? Simply *that I have spoken disrespectfully of the native voters.* I never did it, my whole life in this territory refutes the charge. But what if I did speak indiscreetly? What if I made forty bad breaks in Washington or here? I am not in the prisoner's dock. The question is simply this: "SHALL THE LEGISLATURE TO BE ELECTED IN NOVEMBER, 1910, BE REQUESTED TO PASS AT ITS FIRST REGULAR SESSION A LAW PROHIBITING THE MANUFACTURE OR SALE WITHIN THE TERRITORY OF INTOXICATING, SPIRITUOUS, VINOUS AND MALT LIQUORS EXCEPT FOR MEDICINAL AND SCIENTIFIC PURPOSES?" There is the issue framed by Congress. It means what it says, absolute Prohibition of the beverage liquor trade, for white, brown, black, yellow, rich, poor, good, bad and indifferent.

The Liquor Dealers' Association appears to think it can flimflam the Hawaiian voter by changing the question to this: *"Shall John G. Woolley be censured for trying too hard to abolish the liquor trade in the Islands?"* I may be guilty of something. But I never intimated anywhere that I knew of one voter in the territory who was so big a fool as to be fooled that way.

What else does the liquor traffic say in its own defense? Just this: that we propose to cut off the poor man's drink and leave the rich man's liquor free. That is a lie, told knowingly. The whole subject is left to the Hawaiian people to say what they wish, and see that their will is carried out. But if they issue the order for Prohibition, it must be Prohibition, absolutely without respect of persons.

We shall thrash the liquor soldiers in this fight, but

we shall have to shoot them in the back as they run. They will not line up and make an argument commending the business on its merits. They will have no whisky songs to sing in the campaign. There will be no brewers' poetry for little children to recite. There will be no parade of that business, its products and its advocates, in the streets.

Do you men want the business abolished in these Islands? That is the question Congress puts to you.

The liquor trade does not meet it and will not meet it. But in a voice that is something between a hiss and a whisper, asks, Can you be fooled? Can you be scared? Can you be bought? Now make your answer. It is up to you.

I propose to give an account of the work of the Anti-Saloon League in the promotion of federal action in aid of better conditions as to life, liberty and prosperity in this far, fair outpost of the Union.

At the close of the last session of the legislature it was plain, even to superficial students of the situation, that although prohibitory sentiment was increasing rapidly, the outlook for decisive action was not encouraging. Many, even of radical enemies of the saloon, were timid, lest by drastic action we might bring about a worse condition, if that were possible. The liquor dealers shared this fear from their standpoint also. But both sides were hopeful of the June meetings of the license commissioners.

In the Anti-Saloon League the sentiment was divided, but the weight of opinion was in favor of being content, for the present, with even very moderate progress in the right direction. Nothing revolutionary was demanded or expected. But we did hope for some clear action of the commissioners indicating, and in effect announcing,

that they recognized the spirit of the times, which required that the beverage liquor traffic be firmly and materially curtailed, if not entirely and immediately suppressed.

The meetings of the commissioners discovered no such recognition. Not that there was any bias in favor of the liquor trade. There was not even a suspicion of such a thing. Valid petitions of protest against individual applications for license and valid complaints against the conduct of certain establishments were hospitably received and fairly dealt with. A bad saloon was closed at Kaunakakai, putting Molokia with Niihau and Kahoolawo into the column of prohibited areas. But the internal policy of the commissioners was to maintain the *status quo* and keep the burden of proof and of effort upon those who would reduce the number of the drink shops.

This is not said in criticism of the commissioners. The law contemplated that they should be conservative men, although it clearly authorized them to take notice on their own official initiative of the evil tendency of the liquor trade and the growth of prohibitory sentiment. And I think there is no doubt at all that if they had summarily made a flat reduction of 50 per cent the action would have met with instant public approbation.

The board stood sturdily for decent regulation, apparently oblivious of the fact, overwhelmingly established, that, while the prohibitory policy presents serious difficulties of enforcement, a liberal license policy, with regulation, is simply surrender to the saloon. It is conceivable that in the city of Honolulu, two or three or four saloons might be regulated. But half a hundred, representing in management almost as many types of

bad character, form a conundrum which has never yet been answered.

Meanwhile the swelling insolence of the brewery and liquor dealers of the baser sort, drove us to the conviction that the conditions ought to be reported at Washington. The Johnson bill, without our procurement, and without our knowledge, had been introduced in the United States Senate. We believed we could secure the passage of the bill in Congress, or failing of that, secure a submission of the question to the people of the territory.

Accordingly, the executive committee of the Anti-Saloon League directed me to proceed to the mainland to promote the passage of the Johnson bill then pending in the United States Senate, prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drinks in this territory.

Arriving in Washington, I found both houses of Congress in a receptive mood to my message. But Senator Johnson had died, leaving the bill that he had introduced, without a sponsor. I discovered promptly that a bill in Congress, to be successful, needs a live member to push it. After addressing the Senate committee on Pacific Islands and Porto Rico in the interest of the Johnson bill and finding it very sympathetic, I canvassed the situation carefully and fixed upon Senator Curtis of Kansas, a "regular" Republican, a convinced Prohibitionist, strongly interested in the native races, by blood, reason and experience, eloquent, energetic and popular, and asked him to introduce a substitute for the Johnson bill. He did so, gladly, and pledged his best endeavor to secure its passage. The committee accepted the substitute and voted to report it favorably.

Then we struck a snag. Prince Kalanianaole, the delegate, induced the Senate committee to grant a rehearing at which he strongly opposed the Curtis bill as a

violation of the principle of home rule. He was at all stages of the contention entirely friendly to the doctrine of Prohibition, but very jealous of the popular prerogative. His argument, with that of Mr. McClellan, strongly supported by sundry civic bodies in Honolulu, was very influential with the committee.

If the protests of the chamber of commerce and the bar association of this city carry in spirit any opposition to Prohibition they were very skilfully framed, for they urged nothing but the principle of local self-government. The committee appealed to me to concede the point and submit the question to the popular decision. I have no means of knowing what the decision would have been if I had refused. But as it seemed to me I was beaten in the argument, and, more than that, I was conscious of the merit of the delegate's position, and I had all along had in contemplation the securing of a plebiscite in the event of failure on the original proposition, I therefore entered into a stipulation, of record in the committee, that if the Prince would then and there agree to stand with me in the House and in the plebiscite I would agree to a joint resolution submitting the matter to the people. The stipulation was made, and the Prince has kept his part of it loyally and perfectly to this time.

It is my judgment that the action of Congress is better than what we sought at its hands. With full power to order a prohibitory policy for the territory, Congress has acted with the sincerest courtesy toward the people; and a great, vital question of advanced citizenship is put into the hands of the Hawaiian voters. I do not predict the outcome; but we shall have a great campaign of instruction and inspiration, and when it is over, if the liquor traffic is left unscathed, to continue its demoralizing, deadly, shameful work in the territory, the

responsibility will be left in no manner of doubt, and the licensing boards will have definite information as to the condition of the public sentiment. If we carry the election, as I am bound to hope we shall, the legislature will realize that it must obey the popular mandate, and the executive officers will be encouraged and strengthened to enforce the law, new visions of duty and chivalry will open to the self-indulgent rich and strong, new sense of opportunity and power will inspire the home, the church and the school, and a higher, brighter epoch will dawn upon the Paradise of the Pacific.

Not only so; but our victory will carry meanings very much wider than the boundaries of the territory. The Congress of the United States has ordered this election. I am not afraid to say that Congress desires these Islands to become anti-saloon territory. There was not a dissenting vote in the Senate, and after a hot debate in the House, the Senate action was ratified by a vote of about three to one. But for the entrance of the home rule issue, the Curtis bill would have passed, by approximately the same vote. There will be disappointments and difficulties when the territorial constabulary comes to enforce the new law. These will arise in large part from the unsatisfactory condition of the federal internal revenue laws, and the federal regulations of interstate commerce. The clear outlines of these wrongs, as this territory will exhibit them, will compel congressional attention and action, for the benefit of all the prohibitory states, and still further crystallize the national sentiment against the meanest business in the world.

Those who anticipate a hard fight in this election do not reckon wildly. Those who fear grave difficulties in the future have good ground for their fears. But this problem has to be met and solved with courage, with

conscience, with charity. The liquor business is against the spirit of the age. It must be stamped out. It will be stamped out. It is right that we win this election. It is right that we take up the burdens our success imposes. Let us have no caviling nor whining. Let us believe in God and in each other and go in to win.

I am not making an argument here. But I remind you that the eyes of the nation are watching this campaign. Let the news go on the wire on the twenty-sixth of July that this territory has declared for Prohibition by a decisive majority and your promotion committee will be busier than it has been in its whole history, not sending out advertising matter about the Islands, trying to get attention to them, but answering the letters of sober, high-class men who seek delightful surroundings, where sweet, clean homes can be set up unspattered by the filth of the saloon. At the same time, the loafer and adventurer will seek new fields, and strike out of their cheap and nasty calendar the word "Hawaii." Instead of skilled mechanics and small farmers leaving for the mainland, we shall have an exodus of barkeepers and gamblers and pawnbrokers.

My last word in this connection is to the Christian men, whose veins carry missionary blood, and those whose lives are set to missionary ideals. This is the most dramatic point in missionary history, and this election is the greatest opportunity this missionary field has ever known. I would not affront your intelligence by arguing that the drink has been the undoing of the best work of your fathers and your churches. You know it is so. You know the case is worse tonight than ever in the ninety years of Christian labor here. I simply prophesy that an overwhelming victory in this fight will start a wave of Christian faith and life in these Islands

such as even the fathers never dreamed of, for it will be a revival among intelligent, patriotic, independent citizens, focused upon advanced phases of the great commandment, "Thou shalt not steal." The liquor traffic is organized robbery. "Thou shalt not kill." The liquor traffic is organized manslaughter. For God's sake, stop doubting yourselves and disparaging your converts and play the man.

I have heard of the criticism that Congress has abandoned us to our own legislature. Such criticism does not bear the marks of careful thinking. It is utterly unfair to the territorial House of Representatives and carries a suggestion of popular impotency that is unsupported by any facts that are known to me. The Congress has simply submitted our case to ourselves, with an order that we proceed to try it. It is true that in the absence of an authoritative expression of the popular will directly on the question, there was little hope of securing a prohibitory law, because of the ability of the liquor interests to control the Senate. But it is unthinkable that the formal, solemn voice of the people will be ignored by the legislature, and I dare to promise that, if such a thing were to happen, Congress would pass an equivalent of the Curtis bill at the next session.

I have heard also the criticism that in the Senate the joint resolution was amended so that the vote of the people might "request" the legislature, instead of "direct" it. This verbal change was made to meet the objection of one senator, who feared that the use of the word "direct" would commit Congress to the principle of the initiative and referendum. We were of the opinion, and were advised by members of the Senate committee, that the Hepburn amendment in no wise weakened the joint resolution. The request of the sovereign is a command.

It has been predicted that the territorial executives will refuse or be unable to enforce the law. The prediction does injustice to the officers and confesses a flabbiness of citizenship, that does not exist. If we carry the Islands for Prohibition by an emphatic majority, it will be an entirely new atmosphere in which executive officers take up their duties. It is certainly true that federal enforcement is more thorough as a rule than state or territorial enforcement. But the abrogation of home rule, against the protest of the Prince, would have given the liquor men a splendid working pretext to deceive and inflame the popular mind, and make even federal enforcement difficult while greatly diminishing the educational value of the law. If the voters wish this law, they will wish it enforced, and it will be enforced—not perfectly, of course, any more than the laws against larceny, and assault, are enforced perfectly.

The date of the election has come in for criticism, on the ground that many of our friends will be absent. The objection is valid in a way. But the absentees will not be very many and the number will include enemies as well as friends of the measure. The Prince and Princess will be here. The Hawaiian women will be here, not to vote, but to help. The Hawaiian men will not go away for the summer. The question will be disposed of before the November election, and the moral effect of it will profoundly affect the personnel of the next legislature.

We have been censured, I am told, for not insisting on a vote for women in the plebiscite. I can only speak for myself as to that, although I am quite sure the Prince and Mr. McClellan fully coincide. I strongly desired and urged a vote for women, but was emphatically warned by our friends in both houses of Congress that such a clause would imperil the joint resolution. We seriously

considered a separate bill to follow the passage of the resolution. But there was no hope of getting it out of the way and the necessary registration in pursuance of it in time. I lay no claim to unusual knowledge of the workings of a woman's mind or will, but I reckon that we shall have the best womanhood of Hawaii solidly with us in incalculable and irresistible activities in this campaign.

If we do not carry the vote of Hawaiian men, it will be a confession that they desire the continued desolation of the liquor traffic, or a confession that they consider themselves incapable to cope with it, although backed by the law and the moral support of the federal government. That is incredible.

My own judgment is that if there is a weak place in our line of attack it is the whites on the island of Oahu. The liquor trade is here in force. It will spend money lavishly. It will be reinforced with unlimited cash from the liquor trade on the mainland. Our great fight is right in this city. We must carry this island. We can. We will.

So now we enter upon the greatest campaign in Hawaiian history. The issue is perfectly clear. The lines are plainly drawn. The women are on our side. The churches are for us. The schools teach our doctrines. The homes of Hawaii back us to win. Congress is for us. Against us are only the guerillas of evil and timidity, and best of all, God is with us.

IN YOUR OWN MIND

An address to Hawaiian voters, in Kaumakapici Church, Honolulu, July 24, 1910

"Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind." Rom. 14:5.

THESE ARE THE WORDS of the Apostle Paul. He was a great preacher. He was a great scholar. He was a great patriot. He did his life work as a malihini. He traveled from country to country, trying to help the people. He is considered one of the best friends the human race ever had. His words are good for us in Hawaii nei. He always spoke to real men; not hoboes and loafers—men.

He says "Let every *man* be fully persuaded *in his own mind.*" If you are training a dog, you need only a whip, or a biscuit. If you ride a horse, you need a bit and a spur. But if you would persuade a man, you need a *reason.*

The People's Prohibition League treats the Hawaiian voter as a man. The Liquor Dealers' Association treats the Hawaiian voter as a dog, a horse, or a loafer. Which do you like best? Think it over.

It shows you that every Evangelical church in America has declared for Prohibition. It shows you that every Young Men's Christian Association in the world is for Prohibition. It shows you that there are more "blind pigs" in license territory than in Prohibition territory. It shows you that the men who say Prohibition is a failure are men who wish and work for it to be a failure. It shows you that every benevolent life insurance society, but one, in the United States refuses to admit a liquor dealer. It shows you that alcoholic drink has been driven out of the army and navy. It shows you

that every great railroad in America forbids the use of liquor and beer by its employees. It shows you that the United States Supreme Court has often spoken of the liquor traffic as a public calamity, and said that no man has a natural right to sell liquor. It shows you by testimony that cannot be impeached, that the Prohibition movement is the greatest movement in the civilized world today, for the good of the people.

All this is for your minds to consider, in your homes, in your church, as you go about your work.

The Liquor Dealers' Association treats you as if you had no minds of your own, only mouths and pockets. They offer you a job and think they can buy your vote in that way. They pay cheap and nasty newspapers to deceive you and prejudice you. They will spend many thousands of dollars in this campaign, not to make you think, but to keep you from thinking. If you vote as they wish you to, they will proceed to pack the next legislature in such a way as to weaken or destroy the present law, which is the best *licensing* law in any state or territory.

Why do they say you should vote against Prohibition? They speak not one honest word on the merits. They begin by appealing to your prejudice with a lie that assumes that you are fools. They say the plebiscite is the trick of the rich, to take away your drink while they retain it. When they say that, they show contempt for you and for the truth. Why should rich men take so much trouble about you if they are not your friends? How could rich men hope to play that trick upon you, unless they are fools? Have you not the votes? Are you not masters of these Islands? What rich man has tried to bring pressure on you?

If the rich man can import a barrel of liquor, can you

not import a keg? If the rich man can order a case of bottled goods from California, can you not order a jug? Would you not like to close up the places of temptation, if you could? If you have to drink, would you not do better to buy your liquor by the quantity and give it to your wife and let her sell it to you by the drink, and have the saloonkeepers' profit for the support of your family?

I asked one of the leading grocers in this city to give me figures on a bill of family supplies, to the amount of the price of a bottle of Palm tree gin, a week, for a year. Here is his offer, counting the gin at Chinaman's price, $1.35 a square bottle—$70.20 for the year:

4 sacks flour	$ 4.50
100 lbs sugar, Peerless	4.75
20 lbs. corn starch	2.00
10 lbs. macaroni	1.00
20 lbs. beans	1.40
4 hams, 48 lbs. at 23c	11.05
Sweet potatoes	1.20
200 lbs. Irish potatoes	3.00
10 lbs. coffee, at 20c	2.00
10 lbs. raisins	1.25
10 lbs. rice	.50
1 1-6 boxes sodas	1.25
1 case soap, Pau Ka Hana	2.75
10 lbs. prunes	.90
4 dozs. oranges	1.60
10 lbs. assorted nuts	1.75
1 sack wheat, 100 lbs.	2.25
1 case kerosene oil	2.15
1 case salmon	5.25
1 case peas	2.25
1 case corn	2.40
	$55.20
Three five-dollar gold pieces for an emergency	15.00
	$70.20

Not many of the families that use a bottle of "square-face" a week have such a supply.

Would it not be better for the poor family to have the groceries and go without the gin, than to go without the groceries and have the gin because the rich man is able to have both?

They say the plebiscite is a "Thurston-Woolley" movement. What if it were? Is it a good movement for the Hawaiians, the soldiers and marines and all the rest? That is the question. "Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind." It make little difference what you think of me, but what do you think of *yourselves?*

The People's Prohibition League organized with 135 high-class men, leading men of the Islands, representing all races, colors, callings and religions. Did you hear of any such committee on the other side? The People's Prohibition League offers you facts that give light upon the question and arguments that contain instruction. It makes no appeal to prejudice or passion. It gives you the advice of good men that do not speak from selfish motives.

Every Congregational minister in the Islands, Hawaiian or white, advises you to vote for Prohibition. Every Methodist minister also; and every Christian disciple minister; and every Mormon minister. On the other side appear but three: Bishop Libert, Bishop Restarick and Mr. Felmy.

Every superintendent of a social settlement, such as Palama, or Kakaako, advises you to vote for Prohibition. Every preacher and teacher of the schools for Hawaiian children, such as Kamehameha, Lahainaluna, Kawaiahao and Manuolu; Professor Scott of the Honolulu High School, Mr. Wood of the Normal School, Miss Pope of the Seminary, and every one of the teachers in the territory is required by law to teach that liquor is poison,

worthless as a food, dangerous as a medicine, and absolutely unfit to drink.

The governor stands for Prohibition; the chief justice, the attorney general, the high sheriff, the treasurer, the auditor, the chairman of the Board of Health, the chairman of the license board, Judge Dole, Judge De Bolt, Judge Perry, Judge Whitney—I could keep on naming them until you would grow weary of listening.

What reasons does the People's Prohibition League give you? It recalls to your mind the words of Kamehameha I. and IV. and V. It turns up the files of the newspapers and shows you the record of murders, suicides, wife-beatings, and the abuse of little children.

It shows you the words of great physicians, who say that liquor is a contributing cause of tuberculosis and leprosy. It shows you the words of great statesmen; that liquor is the greatest cause of crime, poverty, insanity and loss of power to work and earn, and no great physician or statesman can be quoted on the other side.

It shows you that on the mainland, half the people of the whole nation are living under Prohibition. It shows you that nine great states have passed Prohibition, and that several more are on the point of doing so, and it shows you letters from the governors of all but one of the nine—and that one a notorious enemy of the law and friend of criminals—that Prohibition is good for the people.

Congress has given you the chance to say what should be done about the saloon. The People's Prohibition League offers reasons to your *mind*. Then it leaves the decision with you. It does not insult your manhood by offering you money, or light work at heavy wages, in order to secure your vote. It does not lie. It does not hire a newspaper prostitute to lie. It does not try to

twist your mind. It does not try to have you babble baby-talk into the ballot box. It tries to help you form a sound and honest judgment, just as you would try to help another man. It supposes that you love Hawaii better than anything in the world. It supposes that you wish to be true to your women and children and your neighbors. It supposes that you respect yourselves, that you have brains and conscience and independence. It supposes that you wish to stand by the church and the school. It supposes that you respect the memory of your good kings.

It is not poor. It is not niggardly. But it spends nothing for work that is not needed. It offers no man a price for showing interest in his fellowman. It does not spend one penny for corrupting or deceiving a voter. It employs eight or ten men. Every man of these earns his wages by honest work. Not one of them need be ashamed to tell what pay he gets, or what he does to get it. If the Hawaiian voters carry their islands for Prohibition they will do it as manly citizens, for reasons which satisfy their own minds, and not as slaves, for considerations that suit the schemes of other people.

A business man of Honolulu was on his way home the other evening, when he was approached by a poorly dressed, barefooted Hawaiian and asked to sign a paper on which was written a pledge to vote against Prohibition. The business man examined the paper and asked: "What do you get out of this?" The anti-Prohibition patriot answered: "I get ten dollars if I return this paper full of names."

The Liquor Dealers' Association thinks the Hawaiian voters can be handled in blocks, like cattle, by dull paupers like that. Will you justify their mean opinion, or rebuke it, next Tuesday?

The issue in this election is government by *liquor dealers,* or government by *yourselves?* Which will you vote for?

But it is not a "Thurston-Woolley" movement; so far as the credit or blame for it belongs to any individual, it belongs to your delegate in Congress, Prince Kalanianaole. If it is a rich man's trick; there, is your rich man. If it is an affront to the Hawaiian; there, is the man for you to rebuke.

The men who frame such arguments do it to fool you and because they want your help, while they despise you and ruin your boys.

I cannot answer for Mr. Thurston, whom I am glad to call my friend. But how have I done wrong to any Hawaiian? I never took money to work for a saloon. I never sold liquor here, or anywhere. I never brewed beer—to suit the climate of Iwilei. I never had a mortgage on a Hawaiian kuleana. I never tried to fool or compel a Hawaiian to vote for anything.

Your vote is your own, your mind is your own, your conscience is your own, unto your own master you stand or fall. "The life of the land is founded in righteousness." The Hawaiian voters are in control. The day after tomorrow we shall see what the Hawaiian voters think of righteousness, and pride of race, and mentality, and manliness. And may God bless that day, to the purging of this loveliest land He ever made, of this meanest business and dirtiest politics that ever outraged a decent community.

What is that great building you are putting up, across the way? The New Kaumakapili Church. It stands for truth and help and happiness.

What is it you will build with your ballots, next Tuesday? Is it the saloon? What does it stand for?

For falsehood, oppression, disease, disorder, for poisoned wells of citizenship, for scarce food in the homes, for women wronged and little children crying in the night.

If you will build that on Tuesday, stop your new church. If you are going on with your church, stop the saloon.

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FEDERAL PROHIBITION IN THE TERRITORY OF HAWAII

A Review of the Referendum Election, July 26, 1910, and the Causes Which Led to the Defeat of the Temperance Forces

An address to the Senate Committee on Pacific Islands and Porto Rico and the House Committee on Territories, December 17, 1909

THE ASTONISHING VOTE of the Territory of Hawaii, July 26, 1910, pursuant to the joint resolution of Congress, seems to call for a statement from the proponents of the bill to prohibit the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors in the territory, and I respectfully submit the following:

It will be recalled that at the last session the bill was introduced and favorably considered in committee. But before it could be reported out the chairman of the Senate committee at the solicitation of Mr. Kalanianaole appointed a supplementary hearing.

In the supplementary hearing the delegate took small part, except to suggest by his manner the historic remark of Mr. Toots: "I feel as if I could express my feelings at the present moment in a most remarkable manner if I could only get a start."

The laboring oar was taken by Mr. McClellan, who presented a very full and very able argument on behalf of the Chamber of Commerce and the Merchant's

Association of Honolulu. This argument was simply a demurrer to the advisability of direct federal action, over and above the territorial government, and raised no issue on the merits of the proposed legislation.

Immediately after the hearing a report ran through the Islands that the delegate had "presented Woolley a gold brick," a report which subsequent events somewhat corroborated; and I may say that, returning to the subject after a chastened and informing adjustment of my hindsight, I look forward, with sufficiently modest enthusiasm, to a return of the metal, with the thanks of the brickee, for the plebiscite, which in its immediate purpose failed so signally, but shed such a light on the electorate concerned as to confirm in gospel measure, "pressed down and running over," my original contention here, that the native people of Hawaii are as incapable of self-government, as regards the liquor business, as they are incapable of self-restraint in the absorption of its output.

From the inception of this measure to this minute no man, in committee or on the floor of Congress, has offered one word of opposition to the bill on its merits. So that as to the gist of the proposition we have, so far, this state of things: The Honolulu Chamber of Commerce says nothing. The Merchants' Association says nothing. The Bar Association says nothing. The Counsel for "the trade" says nothing. Mr. McClellan says nothing.

On the other hand, the delegate says: "Under the monarchy we had only a few saloons, and those good ones. The Hawaiians did not patronize them. But the Hawaiians do patronize the low doggeries such as we have now. . . . The Hawaiian unfortunately does not drink for the taste of the liquor. He drinks to get drunk, and the liquor that will make him drunk soonest is the

liquor he wants. If a Prohibition bill is introduced in the legislature I will support it and work for it."

Members of Congress will remember the snowstorm of letters that fell upon their desks begging for favorable action on the Johnson bill.

The Civic Federation of Honolulu cabled the chairman of the Senate committee as follows:

Honolulu Civic Federation, a popular body not sharing opinion expressed by local commercial bodies in protest that Curtis bill imperils home rule, voicing the strong sentiment of Territory favoring Prohibition by congressional action, unanimously, earnestly petitions your committee to report bill favorably and urges Congress to enact stringent Federal Prohibition of liquor traffic for Hawaii.

CASTLE, *President.*

The Social Science Association of Honolulu—easily the first of Island societies in point of ability, learning and activity—sent to the chaiman this cablegram:

Honolulu Social Science Association indorses Federal Prohibition liquor traffic for Hawaii and federal enforcement thereof.

HARTWELL, *Chief Justice.*
CASTLE, *President Civic Federation.*
ALEXANDER, *Historian of Hawaii.*
THURSTON, *President Hawaiian Gazette Co.*
HORNE, *President Kamehameha Schools.*
WHITNEY, *Circuit Court Judge.*
SCOTT, *Principal High School.*
SCUDDER, *Minister Central Union Church.*

The wife of the governor, with the president of every Woman's Society in Honolulu, cabled the delegate at a cost of nearly three hundred dollars, asking that women be allowed to vote at the special election.

The Evangelical Churches, the Hawaiian Evangelical Association and the Anti-Saloon League, were, as a matter of course, strong for the bill. The Mormon Church and the Reorganized Church of Latter Day

Saints probably cast their vote unanimously for Prohibition. Only two well known ministers were opposed. The Belgian Roman Catholic Bishop was frankly on the liquor side, and the Protestant Episcopal Bishop came out strongly for "the trade" and composed a battle cry of remarkable wisdom and piety: that they adopted—"Better be free than sober."

If the case could have been tried by some quantitive chemistry or some psychological system of weights and measures the public sentiment would have shown an enormous preponderance for Prohibition, even without organization and leadership; but the trial by wager of ballots put the test upon a basis where the Hawaiian natives are like a flock of sheep; and there was only one possible shepherd who could lead them out along high civic lines—the representative of the royal family, the delegate of the territory.

The final hearing on the former bill turned wholly on a question of courtesy to the Hawaiian electorate. The right and power of Congress to govern the territory was asserted as clearly in ordering a special election as it would have been in the passage of the Johnson bill. The case for Prohibition was won in the argument before the Senate committee, and Governor Frear in the following cablegram gave strong confirmation to the committee's judgment:

HONOLULU, FEBRUARY 10, 1910.

HON. K. KALANIANALOLE, WASHINGTON:

Prohibition sentiment growing here, but many oppose Federal legislation either because they fear it may prove entering wedge for further federal legislation inimical to local government or because they believe development of self government question should be fought out locally. I think Prohibition or further restriction by territorial action preferable if feasible, though doubtful as to its feasibility, and realizing practical advantages

of federal legislation because immediate and more effective. The possibility of Prohibition by federal action will have salutary effect here in strengthening Prohibition forces and checking audacity and pernicious activity of some of the liquor interests. Personally I would not advocate federal action unless further local effort through next Legislature should prove unsatisfactory or unless conditions should change otherwise so as to call more imperatively for federal action.

FREAR, *Governor.*

The Senate committee was won over to the view that it would be better to modify the congressional action in accordance with the desire of the delegate and the opinion of the governor, so as to permit the territorial legislature to act, if it would. I opposed the modification on the ground that a fair election would not be possible. But later I became satisfied by statements of the delegate in the committee, that his assistance could be secured by an agreement to substitute a joint resolution to that effect, which accordingly was made.

Subsequently events confirmed me, for a time, in the opinion that the substitution was wisely made (although my principals promptly and emphatically informed me that I had been had) and in full faith I entered into relations of confidence and coöperation with Mr. Kalanianaole looking to success for Prohibition by the popular action. I had serious doubts of the advisability of my returning to the Islands to take part in the plebiscite. The Hawaiians are very sensitive about the political activity of outsiders. I laid this personal problem before the delegate in sundry conversations, saying that I would gladly remain in the mainland and leave the whole campaign to him. It was his judgment that there could be no objection to my going back to begin the organization of the campaign, especially among the whites, as he would be detained in Washington to see the joint resolution

through the House and attend to other business in Congress for the territory. He said to me, in substance, "You go ahead and get the whites in line. There is no fear about the Hawaiians. I shall be back by the first of June and lead the Hawaiians. They will go by a very large majority for Prohibition." By this time I had dismissed every doubt of his sincerity. In place of them I got back later some very illuminating and unpleasant certainties.

In an open letter published in Honolulu on the eve of the November election, defending his conduct in the plebiscite, the delegate explains as follows: "I made no promise that I was going to stump the Islands for Prohibition. After the law providing the plebiscite was passed, I had a talk with Mr. Woolley about what was to be done. He said he was coming back to Hawaii to work for Prohibition. Knowing the strong objection which Hawaiians have against Malihinis trying to direct them what to do, I told him I thought I would go home as soon as Congress adjourned and lead the fight for Prohibition myself. He thought he knew best and came himself. I feared the consequences then, but still I intended to come home as soon as I could to help. I said I would speak for Prohibition, and I then intended to do so, although I did not say I would 'stump the Islands.'"

This statement in so far as it relates to the conversation with me about my return to the Islands is—not to be unparliamentary—an error. We had the conversation, but the delegate's advice was exactly the reverse of what he says it was, and was, and he knew it was, the determining element in my decision to return. My mind, as I say, had become fully satisfied of the good faith of the delegate. But it never did get quite at rest on the question of my return to the territory. My position was

embarrassing. If I remained away and the campaign went awry I should be blamed, and should blame myself. On the other hand, if I went into it and fell into the rôle of a red herring, to confuse the issue, I should be ridiculous. I am not yet clear about the matter. I did the best I knew. It must go at that. In the next paragraph of the same open letter, referring to his health, the delegate uses these words: "I thought the trip on the Hawaii would do me as much good, and accordingly came that way. *Knowing that I was due to stump the Islands for the November election, I made up my mind before leaving Washington that it was not wise for me to follow up my first intention of stumping for Prohibition.*"

This seems to show that whatever may have been his physical condition his moral reactions were eccentric.

At the hearing in the House committee on territories the record shows that I used these words: "I came fully persuaded that direct federal control was the only remedy and I made the best fight I knew how to make to secure it. The argument of Prince Kalanianaole has not convinced me that I am in error; but it has convinced me that the wise course for the present is that which we have agreed to, as set forth in this joint resolution. With the earnest coöperation of the Prince, which is now assured, and under his leadership, we shall, doubtless, carry the territory for a prohibitory policy and doubtless also the next legislature will substantially obey the mandate of the people. If not, we shall have eliminated the present objection to federal control and can apply confidently to Congress for relief." The delegate was present and made no sign of dissent.

Acting on our agreement, I returned to the Territory to find an almost complete skepticism as to my confidence in the arrangement. Would the Delegate

keep his word? That was the whole question. If he did, we should carry the election, hands down. If he failed us we were shipwrecked in the launching. He had authorized me to say privately that I knew he would be back home to lead the campaign. But he asked me to leave him to make the public announcement in his own way and his own time. This seemed entirely reasonable. So while the guardian of his property and all the men who knew him intimately predicted with great positiveness that he would stay away, I defended him and, resting confidently on his promises, proceeded to form a committee of citizens of all races and religions to conduct the campaign. It was the intention to limit this committee to one hundred prominent persons. But there was such general interest that the number ran up to 135 immediately. This committee contained the cream of the manhood of the Territory. The Governor, Auditor, Treasurer, Attorney General, the Chief Justice, the Federal Judge, the Superintendent of Schools, the leading men of the Island in point of ability, wealth, culture and character, were either active in the committee, or in close and outspoken sympathy.

On the liquor side the campaign was planned in naked fraud but very skillfully. The odds in favor of the liquor dealer, in such an election, is that he can make a basis where no decent man can meet him. In the dark lexicon of the liquor trade there is no such word as "foul." The statement of the Pacific Advertiser early in the campaign was justified in every detail by what followed:

"The liquor men are preparing for a hard fight. They will have money to burn, and intend to scatter the ashes from Puna to Napali. They recognize the very obvious fact that the Ha-

waiians today are strongly for Prohibition, but they cheerfully announce that money will change all that. They have figured how many Hawaiian votes it is going to take to give them a majority, and they have decided upon the price they intend to pay for that number of votes.

"The Prohibition forces are expecting John G. Woolley back early in May, and the hostilities are expected to start on his arrival. One wing of the liquor men desires to make the fight one against Woolley personally, having saved up the published reports of Woolley's speeches in the East and taken out phrases in which he describes the Hawaiians as wards of the Nation and in need of protection. These are to be extensively quoted as showing that Woolley despises the Hawaiians and wants to classify them as Indians. The explanatory words accompanying these are to be carefully omitted.

"The Prohibitionists are girding up their loins also for the fray, and expect to carry the war into the enemy's country."

The silence of the delegate brought to us such comprehensive disaster, that we never even reached the point of having an argument. The campaign begun, continued and ended in mere clamor against the "missionaries" and the Malihini—myself. The intellectual and moral caliber of the Hawaiian masses may be seen in the editorial columns of the Honolulu Examiner, a newspaper owned by a very distinguished Hawaiian and edited by David Hoolapa. In the issue of June 18, 1910, the keynote of the plebiscite, from the native point of view, is tersely sounded. It leaves nothing in doubt but the rules of English composition:

"We want freedom and liberty. We do not want to be restricted from our rights and dictated to by this Malihini, this is supposed to be a free country.

"We are here in this world to do what we can in an upright and honest manner to make a living to support our families and so on. Why at this late hour comes a voice from a foreign point to frame laws for us Hawaiians and those who are residing here also and who sympathize with us Hawaiians." The liquor dealers.

"We are trying to be content with what's left. What more do these pretended friends of Hawaii want? Do they want everything and we who own the very soil they tread upon give up our rights and cannot express our thoughts and ideas? No! No! Not us!

"We have had enough of them, therefore, Ye Hawaiians, this is the day and hour we must stand hand in hand and with one heart and soul say no to the wishes of these people; and the voice of the Liquor Dealer who pay heavy licenses.—They are your friends. Ye Hawaiians stand by them, remember the power is in your hands, if you Hawaiians came together and make up your minds to win out and get the control of both houses in the next Legislature then you Hawaiians can make laws to suit yourselves. Remember your country Flag! King! Queen! Princes! and Princesses! Are gone now, one more precious stone is left to you Hawaiians which will glitter and sparkle if you all get together and that is your votes."

Again in the issue of July 30, the editor sums up the plebiscite from the rear:

"No was the word that sent joy all over the Territory of Hawaii. No was the two letters that defeated the Malihini and his followers. Why? Because God looked down and saw that the liquor people were working hard to earn money to support their families in an upright manner, therefore God pitied them and granted their wishes. The liquor dealers won also because they were right in every respect. Why, who ever heard of such trash to force a law down our throat without the consent of the people. Mr. Smarty, How do you feel after the defeat! That's what you get for playing smarty in the territory of Hawaii. We people of Hawaii neither will let you nor another like you come here and dictate to us as we have enough brains to run the reins of our own country and don't need you to instruct us. I told you Mr. Malihini several times in the columns of this paper that the liquor dealers were the lords of Hawaii Nei and that they are very powerful people that when they look up to the skies the stars even drop because they are so powerful and still you would not listen.

"Mr. Malihini don't you think it is about time that you ought to be sailing, sailing, sailing, across the deep blue sea as you must

be down-hearted for the sake of the poor Hawaiians as your Aloha for them is so great that your poor heart is breaking but wipe your tears away man and go back where you came from. Don't come here to Honolulu and have sudden Alohas for us Hawaiians. That's too thin."

These native editorials show fairly also the tenor of the English papers on the liquor side, although no decent English paper was on that side.

Agents of the liquor dealers were sent to the coast to collect funds, large contributions were secured locally, and the tide ran against us strongly. But I was not disturbed. I thought I knew that the Delegate would be with us, and I did know, and know now, that his presence and leadership would mean certain victory. The lie of the prostitute English newspapers—editorially for sale to anybody for anything, if only the price be right—that put *me* up as the issue, would go to pieces at a word from him. One clear call from him, even by letter, saying: "The Joint Resolution was written in my office and it gives us Hawaiians a chance to prove up. Get together like men and show your quality," would clear the atmosphere of prejudice and falsehood and put the natives on their metal as patriots, Christians and loyal friends of the royal family.

But he failed us. We heard that he was ill. Then we heard of him at the Jeffries-Johnson prize fight. Then we heard that he had gone yacht racing. This letter was published in Honolulu:

"San Francisco, July 1, 1910.

"My Dear Mr. Lane:—I have been invited to go home on the yacht Hawaii by Captain Wilder and have concluded to accept. I shall enjoy the trip and believe that it will benefit my health, which you know is by no means what it ought to be, and if I can help a little to get the goat in first, so much the better.

"The only point against it is the vote on the liquor question to be taken on the 26th, but I have come to the conclusion that my being there is going to drive the election right into politics, and it will be used and handled only to get some advantage, one way or the other, for the regular elections in November.

"I allowed my name to go on the committee handling the temperance side of the fight, because on the temperance question I want to be with temperance, not against it. I also believe that many of the saloon men have forfeited all right to consideration by the way they have been handling their business, particularly among Hawaiians, and I felt a vigorous protest of some kind was necessary. Personally I would be pleased to see every Hawaiian cut liquor out altogether. They would be better off without it, but this is as far as my mind has gone.

"You know I am not a teetotaler and not a Prohibitionist, and I certainly want no laws which work race lines. The day for that in Hawaii is pau. What the Hawaiians as Hawaiians do must be a matter of free will and personal choice, but general laws reaching all races that curb the evils of liquor I will always help, and I am glad to hear that the liquor agitation has already cut out many saloons and shut off the sale of the worst kind of liquors. The present law is showing up well in these respects.

"However, as I have already said, I don't propose, so far as I am concerned, that the special election shall be used to do politics. Proper consideration of the rights of the Republican Party alone, which has made no party declaration on the subject, would require this from me. The cause of temperance itself will be injured by allowing the special election to take any such turn but I have felt at liberty to express my personal sympathy and good will for the cause of temperance and to aid in the enforcement of the laws from that standpoint, and this I have already fully done.

"So I am making my plans to go on the Hawaii, and let us hope for once that a Jonah on board will bring good luck.

"Yours with aloha,

"KUHIO."

This letter, however charitably one may construe it, suggests either the continuing shyster or the demoralized weakling. He fears that his active participation in the canvass *will drive the liquor question into*

politics. But his letters were on file in the office of the leading Republican of Honolulu insisting that the Republican Party take up Prohibition as its own issue, and (on having been advised adversely to that) stating positively that he would come home and take up Prohibition as an individual. I am not permitted to produce these letters, but they are in existence and I have read them.

He says: "Personally I would be pleased to see every Hawaiian cut liquor out altogether. They would be better off without it, *but this is as far as my mind has gone.*" Yet in committee he had declared himself in favor of Prohibition for the sake of his people, in his office had pledged himself to me to lead his people to that end, and had notified the leader of his party that he was coming home to do that.

He says: "*You know I am not a teetotaler and not a Prohibitionist, and I certainly want no laws which work along race lines.*" Yet he knew when he wrote that, that absolutely the whole cry of the native voters at the time was that the plebiscite was a white man's trick, to have his liquor by personal importation and to deprive the poor Hawaiian. And that false alarm he practically endorses.

He says: "*The present law is showing up well.*" Yet he had offered himself to lead an effort of Congress to change it for Prohibition.

The Delegate reached the Islands two days before the election, gave out an equivocal interview and lapsed into a silence that could be felt. Then I knew that, from the first, or from some later point of his departure from uprightness or courage, I had been betrayed. This is the interview:

"The Prince was met by an Advertiser reporter on

the deck of the Yacht Hawaii on which he arrived from San Pedro after the fleet craft had finished victorious in the trans-pacific race.

"Prince, what are you going to do about Prohibition?" he was asked. "I have no time for Prohibition," he replied.

"Well, how are you going to vote?" "I am going to vote for Prohibition."

Another Advertiser reporter who did not know the Prince had been approached on the Prohibition issue, met him as he came out of the Alakea wharf and started to enter an automobile in which the princess and several other persons were waiting for him. Kuhio had a broad smile on his face. He beamed with joy from having arrived home from a long sojourn in the states.

"Prince," said the reporter, "the people of Hawaii would like to know how you stand on the question of Prohibition, and the Advertiser would like to inform them. "Oh, they all know how I stand," was his answer.

"No, it seems they do not from your letter printed recently." "You will have to let me go now. I have been so deeply interested in the yacht race that my mind is full of that and nothing else." "Yes, but you can say how you stand, can't you?"

"Oh, I haven't got the time to talk about it now."

The Prince was sifling away by that time.

"Will you not say what you are going to do—how you are going to vote?" he was asked.

"I haven't got time to talk about it," said the Prince, seating himself beside the princess, and the car sped away.

It will be seen at a glance that this letter and this

interview of the Delegate were simply fuel to the flame of prejudice and lying that had been set, and from the day the Joint Resolution became a law no other public message to his people was uttered by their representative.

I say nothing about the motives of the Delegate. But I say that undoubtedly his conduct in the premises actually produced an abortion of the plebiscite and gave away the greatest opportunity he ever had, or will have, to add distinction to his name. For lack of his presence, or any clear, honest call, by letter, to his people, the liquor association had no difficulty in the way of complete success.

An ordinary election in the Territory, so far as the native Hawaiian voters are concerned, is solely and openly a matter of money. When Congress, against the protest of the Sub-committee of the Hawaiian Commission, gave universal suffrage to the natives, it drove the business interests to the alternative of controlling elections by the use of money or becoming subject to the vagaries of a lot of semi-barbarous children. There are some splendid men among them but the average Hawaiian is an amiable child, as irresponsible as the Southern Negro and less thoughtful than the Northern Indian. He is completely subject to the latest inducement that is offered him, and the last word in the campaign was a bottle of "square face" gin and a bribe of crooked money. I ought to say, however, that the use of money in Hawaiian elections is not regarded locally as a corruption, nor does it take the form of direct bribery. Self preservation is the first law of business; and the Hawaiian majority is a constant and imminent peril. Thus, the men that pay the bills of the Territory keep their hands on the natives,

and the natives themselves, in a sense, are the better for it; but they do not learn the meaning of manhood and democracy in the operation.

From liquor sources I have information showing that, of money collected locally and on the mainland, from $50,000 to $60,000 were spent to defeat Prohibition.

In this plebiscite of dollars we could not compete, for obvious reasons. We had the best men and women of the Territory on our side and we had plenty of money to swamp the liquor association, if it had been that kind of a competition. Repeatedly great men of wealth said to me: "Don't lose this fight for lack of money, you can have all you want." And when I inquired as to the sum available for proper expenses, I was told not to ask questions but to make the drafts and they would be paid. But the Prohibition league unanimously took the position that to carry that election on the usual money basis the Hawaiian political campaigns would be useless and infamous.

Immediately on my return to Honolulu I had called a mass meeting of natives, explained the situation fully, assured the people of the loyal support and leadership of the Delegate, and showed them that the matter was squarely up to the Hawaiian voters, that I was there simply to help in any way I could and that it was the opportunity of a life time for the Hawaiian voters to vindicate their quality and expel an enemy that their Kings had fought from the beginning.

The first committee of natives that waited on our League was composed mostly of ministers and wholly of Christian men, and they asked for $11,000 to be appropriated at once, for the employment of "runners,"

at $2.00 a day; which being interpreted meant that we should hire, say a hundred natives for about sixty days, to take their regular meals and enjoy life conversing over calabashes of poi, in favor of Prohibition. Our answer was: "This is a fight for life and thrift and decency by the Hawaiian people, they ought not to ask pay for it, and we ought not to pay, save for actual and necessary service rendered." And right there we lost the plebiscite. The natives had never seen such an election or heard of one, and even the best of them could not grasp the idea. We spent about $5,000 for literature, postage, speakers, headquarters, etc. The liquor dealers put the most money into the most pious and orderly districts and carried them by the largest majorities, so thick was the darkness of misunderstanding. The Delegate charged us later with having let the election go by default. We did so far as the usual, practical bribery was concerned. We simply saw to it that the case was made clear to the electorate and left it there and lost, in honor, rather than to win in shame.

While the Hawaiian conceives an election to be nothing more than a festival of workless jobs and treats and meetings, he is not really a mercenary grafter. He knows only what he has been taught about elections, and has been badly taught. In his education as a voter serious patriotism has had no place. He has been simply a boy following the circus. There is no doubt at all but he loves his country better than money. If his loyalty to the Prince and to the race had been challenged by the Delegate on the grounds of patriotism and religion he would have been unapproachable by corruption and would have moved forward a generation on the 26th day of July.

The plebiscite was a farce or a tragedy, because the Prince was a child, like the rest. I do not charge him with corruption. He is a child. He holds his office for absolutely no reason but because he alone can carry the Hawaiian vote, and the business interests of the Territory can well afford to pay Mr. McClellan the salary of a member of Congress to attend to the territorial business here.

I realize that this raises unpleasant suggestions about Hawaiian political conditions for which my own best friends and supporters are not blameless, and I should not shrink from going into it if it were necessary. But it is not necessary. I need only remind you that the Territory is the farthest and crudest frontier of American politics, and political processes are of the most elemental character. Trade not only follows the flag, but trade is the flag at the meeting place of American prowess and Polynesian weakness. The strong, rich men who made the Territory and dominate it, must have and will have security for their operations. The natives must have offices and jobs, and there you are. The natives get the offices and jobs, and the business interests get security by contributing all the election expenses and paying all the taxes. No question of patriotism arises, as a rule. The taxes are large, for the Territory is very rich. The "expenses" are heavy, for we have a wealthy Democrat in Honolulu who is opposed to the labor policy and the land policy, is a free spender, and uncommonly good mixer with the natives, and aspires to Congress. The Republicans have to beat him. They do, with the Prince and about $30,000 a round. Then they employ Mr. McClellan to do the work, at an additional

cost which in view of all the circumstances seems insignificant.

The following from the issuue of December 29 of the Pacific Commercial Advertiser of Honolulu—a high-class paper in every particular—throws strong light on this unpleasant phase of the subject.

"The revolutionary fact that during the recent campaign the congressional Republican campaign committee disbursed only $74,373 for expenses, while the Democratic committee spent the miniature sum of $27,771 and achieved considerable of a victory at that, according to figures from Washington, indicate that the days of the dollar as the dominant factor in a straight campaign is waning.

"During this same campaign it is generally understood that both the Democrats and the Republicans of this territory provided 'sinews of war' in excess of, or approximately, the total sums spent by the national committees; the excuse on each side being that the other side was spending so much money that they were forced to do so too."

There are those in Hawaii who say that the conduct of the natives in the plebiscite takes away their title to our sympathy. I cannot accept that view. They were put to a test that was too hard for them. It would be as fair to open a barrel of whisky in an Indian village and then hold a local option election. Senators knew that, and I did. The only hope in the course that was adopted lay in the promise of the Delegate. He could have stopped the liquor scourge. He could have saved his people. I still think that he meant to do it. For his failure I can only pity him as I pity the people whom he was too weak to lead in the greatest opportunity they ever faced.

So now having done what we could against hopeless odds at home, we intend to come back to Congress even more confidently than before and much

more needy; for the result of the plebiscite has so enlarged the desire and the insolence of the liquor trade that it fairly puffs like an adder in the politics of the Islands, fearing nothing but Congress.

The natives are even more aggressively and mercilessly exploited than before, and wife beating, rape and murder are even more common in our loveliest possession. Soldiers and sailors in charge of complicated batteries, battle ships and ship yards are preyed upon by the meanest business that the world has ever seen.

The spirit of civilization that impels us to hunt and kill bubonic rats, yellow fever, mosquitoes and filthy house flies, to drain malarial swamps, abolish dung hills and the typhoid pollution of our water sources seems to leave Congress no choice but to expel the liquor traffic from this focal point of American civilization, and to save it from becoming—as it is rapidly becoming—the American Port Said and make it,—as indeed Congress proposes to make it—the American Gibraltar.

Whatever special problem of Hawaii one would speak about it seems impossible to pass to it without pausing in something like an attitude of reverence before the beauty and salubrity of the land. From the white surf that wreathes the coral shores to the white squadrons of the clouds that maneuver about the summits of their central mountains, the islands lay a spell of loveliness upon the mind that makes for quietness and for goodness and for truth.

Draw a line from Seattle to Sydney; another from San Francisco to Port Darwin; another from San Diego to Singapore; another from Acapulco to Yokohama; another from Panama to Hongkong; another

from Valparaiso to Vladivostock; another from Cape Nome to Tahiti; and another from Sitka to Wellington.

These lines will cross in the Hawaiian Islands, the Pleiades of the Pacific—eight inhabited floating gardens, marvels of beauty, salubrity, and hospitality—where, even as here, the liquor trade, the leprosy of human industry, eats off the fingers of opportunity; eats away the lips of truth; eats out the eyes of ambition and the heart of hope; and pays a rake-off to the revenues for the privilege. That is my parish and my home.

These islands were discovered by Captain Cook in 1778, just at the time when King George III was discovering Mr. George Washington.

Exactly one hundred and twenty years later the Hawaiian Republic left itself on the doorstep of the United States and became the Territory of Hawaii, in line for statehood, and already beginning to play a part of prodigious significance in the drama of world politics, for the New World has moved to Asia; America fronts west and the Pacific Ocean is the future.

Uncle Sam has no niece that can compare in loveliness with his adopted daughter. The Hawaiian year has but one month—365 days of rare north temperate June. The Hawaiian dictionary contains no word for "weather."

But the climatic perfection implies no monotony of temperature. The ocean currents and the contour of the land insure variety, all the way from perpetual snow on the top of Mauna Kea to 85° Fahrenheit in the lea of Punchbowl. If one knows what climate he wishes, he takes a walk and gets it; that is all. At a given point the mean annual variation is about 10° and the range from noon to midnight about the same.

The Hawaiian landscape matches the climate by contrast. The one is as bold as the other is mild.

From my office window, to the right, half a dozen exquisite valleys open, thick with bungalows at first, but later mounting into primeval lava shards and scraps of rainbow, vocal and fragrant with voices and odors of the woods, and in the upper reaches damp with frequent rains and capricious mountain streams.

In front the Waianae range of mountains scrawls its long indenture on the sky-line, witnessing to the indefeasible title of life against the tyranny of force, and even death, the trespasser; for all these quiet, reassuring summits are old volcanoes that in some youthful passion of the world hissed their hot fury from the ocean bed and spouted red defiance at the stars while the sea boiled like a kettle. But here they stand, groups of bucolic statuary, catching rain water for miles and miles of sugar cane. The boiling lava was land in the making, the bellowing eruption was the love song of the elements, and the fire was life or full of life.

To the left, I spend many an hour watching the long catapult of the South Pacific, green, jealous, cruel, ramming, wave on wave, 10,000 miles of sullen protest against these upstart specks of change, only to fling out flags of surf against the coral bayonets of the reef, where ships of all nations ride in utter calm, and brown Hawaiian boys disport themselves as in a pond. It is the truce of reaction to reform.

The blue haze on the mountains, the green interminableness of the sea, the gracious brooding of the soft, sweet sky, the quiet of the scene and of the life induce a spell almost hypnotic. The spirit of Hawaii seems to say: "There, do not hurry, there is plenty

of time. Work if you will, but don't ferment; what is left today will be good for tomorrow, or, 'mayhope,' there will be other days."

If you gather from this that Hawaii is indolent or slipshod, you mislead yourself. Where nerves do not sputter, fewer motions give more results. Hawaii is slow, but busy. We have great riches, but no idle rich.

The extranatural conditions conduce to tolerance and breadth of beam. Ships are civilization, and Hawaii is the crossroads for the ships of all nations. All sorts and conditions of men mingle on our water front. All freaks and ingenuities of vice and all the standard forms of virtue gather there.

American civilization is on trial in Hawaii with every known competition present and working, and tourist statesmen, students, and philanthropists from the four quarters of the earth taking notes.

The Territory of Hawaii is inspector-general of American public health against the invasion of oriental diseases. No infected ships get farther than quarantine in Honolulu Bay nor clears that port without full timely warning to the mainland.

The Territory of Hawaii is the master key of the Pacific in case of war. No fleet from the Far East could even deliver a challenge to America without coaling at Honolulu. The great American question in the event of trouble with Japan would be, "How strong is Hawaii?" And the Federal Government is constructing the answer now, regardless of expense.

In the curve of the beach at Waikiki deep emplacements are waiting for the great guns that will command the roadway from the harbor to the sea. Dead in front of the channel, and sweeping it from end to

end, another battery has its position. Farther on, Pearl Harbor hides impregnable armament. The entrails of the old volcano, Diamond Head, have been replaced with vitals of artillery and ammunition for action indefinitely prolonged. The adjacent sea is platted in mathematical squares, and from his lookout on the lip of the crater an expert aims the great mortars in the pits below.

To man the batteries and shipyards and police every foot of the shore bodies of picked men from all arms of the service are on duty. It has been a part of my business to observe them carefully. They are young, clean, quiet, and a credit to the country; but the monotony and enforced idleness of the life they lead put heavy strain upon the soundest character, and it is there that the liquor trade gets in its sneaking poisonous work among them.

More than 75 saloons are licensed to lay for them in the one island of Oahu—about 150 in the group. Wholesale liquor stores are mere saloons in Hawaii, except two or three great firms that sell liquor incidentally, and bona fide wholesale. The others are dramsellers, and the worst of dramsellers, willing, and legally entitled, to sell any quantity, however small, as "bottled goods," and to operate outside bars.

The Federal Government has drummed the drink out of the camps for the health, safety, and efficiency of the soldier. The rule is enforced and increasingly respected by the officers. The territorial authorities coöperate as to the camps outside the city and refuse to license man-traps at the gates. But distances are short. The marine barracks is in the heart of the city, and the city is a cantonment of saloons.

It is not worse in this respect than other license

cities of its size. It is rather better. But the conditions that obtain make the saloons of Honolulu more mischievous than those that prey upon mainland cities of the same class.

The island of Oahu is to all intents and purposes a naval and military camp, from the water to the clouds on the mountains. The rule of Congress should embrace it all, and the illicit liquor seller should be hunted out as diligently as plague rats, for the health and honor of the soldier and the country.

The native Hawaiians, reduced now, by the vices and diseases of Christian nations, to some 40,000 in number, are as fine a race, under the circumstances, as the world can show. Measured by any standard they exhibit some virtues that would adorn the nations that are more advanced. They are nominally Christians. That is, they are precisely like other Christians. But they are still the veriest barbarians when they take to drink.

They have no love of money, to make them stingy. They have no love of power, to make them prudent. They have no loud call to thrift and industry. They are gentle, handsome, hospitable, peaceful. But they are only ninety years removed from naked animalism. The liquor traffic simply murders them.

For the sake of humanity and decency, the spirit of the international agreement to keep alcoholic drinks from South Sea peoples and the policy of our own Government, which keeps American Samoa safe from the saloon, ought to include Hawaii.

But the Territory is unequal to this plain duty, though well enough disposed, until the sturdy, middle-class democracy arrives. It has not arrived, and is not yet beginning to arrive.

Hawaii has a population of 170,000. Seventy thousand of these are Japanese, presenting a problem that is serious, if not dangerous. Their children born in Hawaii are American citizens. The time is not far away when they will be an important factor in politics.

Twenty thousand are Chinese. Sixteen thousand are Portuguese. Seven thousand are hybrids, and 10,000 are Anglo-Saxon. A percentage of the beneficiaries of Hawaiian plantations reside away from the islands. They receive their monthly dividends on sugar stock and their semi-annual interest on sugar bonds, and contribute nothing to the actual man to man problem of good government. A few of the strong white men take their political duty seriously, but speaking broadly, the better whites avoid politics. The Legislature is controlled by natives. The constabulary is native. The Territory is at the mercy of the liquor men, who are white, expert, unscrupulous, and indefatigable.

A majority of the natives are opposed to the liquor trade. But they cannot cope with the liquor power either in cunning or stability. There is abundant sentiment and courage; but both are undeveloped as to fighting power and staying power.

Even if the native officials were more nearly adequate to deal with the cleverest of all public enemies, the representatives of the internal revenue department of the Federal Government, while very efficient in that service, are—even by their very efficiency—practically abettors of the illicit liquor sellers. The fault is not in the officials but in the law, save in one particular; they do not enforce the law that requires the special liquor dealer's tax receipt to be posted up in a conspicuous place.

The illicit business in the islands is not great in volume, but it is very serious. The government and the military and naval officers protect the camps on the inside, and the Territory does its best to coöperate, and to protect the fish market—the great gathering place of the natives. But the illicit liquor seller—with his federal tax receipt concealed—largely nullifies them all, and in the operation furnishes his brethren of the legitimate trade with the stock argument for their business existence—that "Prohibition does not prohibit."

Hawaii is purely a problem of conservation and reclamation. The porous lava mountains are saturated with water, like giant sponges. Leeward agriculture means first and always development of the latent moisture and its distribution by irrigation systems. Titanic pumps today are lifting water 500 feet for farming purposes. This means enormous capital and herculean labor.

Leeward sociology presents precisely the same characteristics. The Hawaiian race, which controls the law-making, law-enforcing function in the islands, is rich in moral and political potentialities. The fruit of ninety years of missionary work surely abides. But the soil of barbarism is very porous; and the application of Christian ethics to democratic social tillage is still a matter of many years of social engineering.

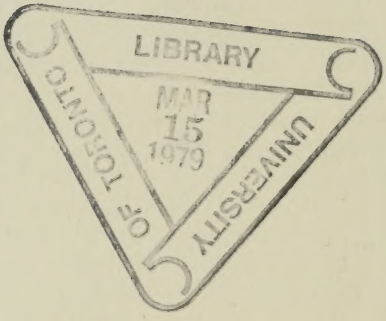
In short, the present developed police power of the Territory can not meet the liquor situation. It can help and is ready to help, and in the long run it would win. But the present need is too great to wait for a remotely future remedy.

Hawaii is the capitol of American peace and the

model of American missions. The Federal Government ought to control, can control, the liquor traffic in the islands. The ports are in its hands. The federal officers are capable and locally unentangled. Its power is respected and feared. The federal judges are independent and very able.

The Federal Government ought to take the matter in charge promptly and finally. The native people are entitled to it. The best interests of the army and navy demand it. All classes of helpful and honorable business men would favor it. And the object lesson would be famous throughout the world.

We thank you, Senators, for this courteous hearing and this large attendance of Senators at this busy time just before the holidays.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